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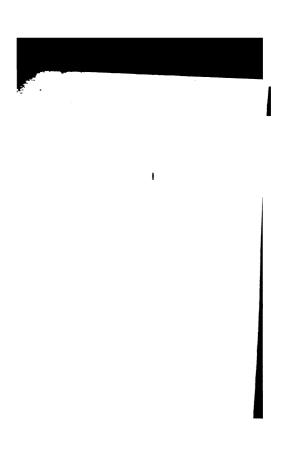
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HE DANCING FEATHER.

THE

DANCING FEATHER;

OR, THE

AMATEUR FREEBOOTERS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

THE SCAREET FEATHER

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRALAM,

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN KIDD," &c.

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HE DANCING FEATHER.

110

CHAPTER I.

Fleet in the Sound. The Merchant Brig. The and and Water Scenery. The Clipper Schooner, se Chase and Daring Passage of the Shoals. The k of the Brig. The Buccaneer Chief. The Piragy. se Departure. The Pursuit. The Brig pursues r course towards her port.

as at the close of a golden afternoon in mn, that a numerous fleet of small coasting its might have been seen making for the ow outlet of Long Island Sound, between 's Point and Hart Island, which forms the ance to that beautiful strait called East r, but which well deserves to be named the rican 'Bosphouse.' As it approaches the ance of this strait, the Sound diminishes in dth until its gradually closing shores conit within banks not a third of a mile spart. reen these it flows smoothly onward still deep, for more than a league, when it sudvery expands like a lake, to embrace many a risland, wooded down to the allvery basid.

and to shape out a hundred pleasant coves in the verdant shores darting like feathered arrows between such rocky islets as resist the zone of sparkling waves with which it would encircle them. Contracting its lake-like expanse it then bends sharply southward, and flows on awhile past descending lawns and pleasant fields, reflecting from its unrippled surface stately mansions, groves and towers, which thickly adorn its banks; but after a graceful sweep around an island it enters, all at once, a region of hidden rocks and deep abyeses! With accelerated motion, and suddenly swelling its bosom many feet, it now shoots forward with wildly agitated waves, half turns back upon itself as if it would escape the vortex—and then plunges onward convulsed with fearful whirlpools and boiling surges, roars above caverns, and flies hissing past precipices, while the lashed rocks on every side, fling clouds of sheeted foam high into the air. Appearing from shore to shore, as if wreathed in December snows, and with the noise and wild velocity of a swollen cataract, it whirls and foams and thunders on for a few mements through the rock-bound passage, then as suddenly as it had entered this Tartarean strait, it wheels into a calm deep basin beyond, upon the unruffled surface of which are mirrored picturesque villas and pleasant gardens that hang in luxuriant masses of foilage above the dark still water.

Thence it goes wandering on, like some gentle river, amid the loveliest rural scenery in the world, now binding a bright island to its bosom like an emerall; now gracefully beading to either shore and forming innumerable beautiful inlets as if it willed that each fair lawn should alope to its own. At length, escaping from the embrace of its green banks it wanders for a league amid the pomp and splendour of surrounding temples and domes, and fleets of stately ships, and then loses itself in the broad bosom of the bay of New York.

As the far-stretching fleet approached the eastern entrance to this miniature Bosphorus, it drew closer together like a flight of snowy pigeons preparing to stoop to their cote. The diversity of form among the numerous craft composing it; the contrast between those immediately in the foreground and those which distance diminished to glittering specs on the verge of the horizon: the steady onward motion of so many prows towards the same point; the ever changing grouping of the whole as the swifter sailer glided ahead of the duller, with the gorgeous dyes of the evening sun reflected from the thousand sheets of snowy canvass stretched to the breeze, altogether rendered it a spectacle of the most lively and picturesque description. There was the tall and stately brigantine, like a bride leading her train, moving in the van; from her forecastle to her foremast truck, a pagoda of spread canvass towering aloft, each sail lessening as it ascended till that pretty plaything, the flying royal, crowned the whole and completed the symmetry of the 10

THE DANGING STATHER.

well-proportioned column. Gaily-painted aloops with their single spiral masts and heavy mainsail topped by the graceful gaff topsail, hovered around her, and extending wide their broad sheets, strove to rival her speed and enter the pass before her; while numerous schooners, with their shapely top-gallant sails and graceful jibs; mackerel boats with their sharp bows, dingy sails and black hulls—the crows of the snowy flock—and pilot boats skimming like seagulls over the dancing waves, with far astern a heavy lugger laden to her bends, completed the variety of crafts composing the motley fleet.

Before the steady breeze which was just strong enough to scroll the blue water, the vessels crowded toward the pass, stretching every inch of canvass in order to reach their port, which was still seven leagues distant, before the night set in. One of the fleet, a beautiful clipper-built schooner had been for the last half hour rapidly overhauling one after another of the convoy, and leaving them behind gallantly to pass others still ahead, had finally gained a position just astern of the leading brigantine as she was entering the pass. schooner's canvas was stretched to the utmost tension, and a huge square foresail extended on the weather bow, forced her along through the water at a speed that threatened, before another half mile, to leave the brigantine itself astern, and give her the lead of the entire squadron. The brigantine continued to stand steadily on towards the usual channel be-

tween the island and the main, and in imitation of the schooner began also to increase her sail by the addition of a fore-top-gallantstudden sail and her main top-sail. Notwithstanding this intimation on the part of the brig of an intention to maintain the lead, the schooner gained on her rapidly, and entered the narrowest part of the passage abeam and to windward of her. They continued to sail abreast a few seconds until they approached a portion of the strait where the main channel inclines to the left towards the main land, and is divided from it by a rocky ridge, inside of which is also a narrow and dangerous passage, seldom attempted save by vessels of very little draught, and under the government of skilful pilots. The brig kept on her way through the broader and safer channel, and in the slight alteration that it was necessary to effect in her course to follow its curve, she threw her rival again in a position astern. In an instant the schooner's studden-sails were hauled on board, her flying jib was set, her fore and main sheets hauled aft, and putting her helm hard up she changed her course with the rapidity of thought and steered directly between the ridge of rocks and the main, as if with the intention of intercepting the brig and passing ahead of her before she could accomplish the circuitous route by the channel. The brig did not deviate from her course but kept steadily on her way dashing the foam saide from her bows, and leaving far behind upon the azure deep a showy furrow; while the schooner with swift and gliding motion, scarcely turning up a wave with her sharp prow, took her adventurous way between the rock and the beach.

After a sail of twenty minutes the two vessels approached each other where the passes met at the extremity of the ledge. The schooner was half her length ahead, and shooting boldly into the broad channel, steered directly across the bows of the brig as if intending to run her aboard. This manæuvre was observed with some alarm from the deck of the brig by a small group that had hitherto watched the progress of the chase with deep interest. It consisted of an elderly gentleman, of a commanding military appearance, and a young girl extremely lovely, but with something of a foreign style of features. But there was no likness to the gentleman that could be tray any relationship of blood to him, yet his manner towards her and his form of intercourse with her as they stood upon the deck and watched the movement of the schooner, made it apparent she was under the kindest, if not under parental protection. There was a third person of the party, or rather standing in such a position near it as to render it uncertain whether he belonged to it or not. His face was thoughtful if not sad, and he seemed to be unconscious of everything around him save when the light laugh of the maiden, would at times cause him to lift his eyes to her face, instantly to drop them again upon the deck or fix them vacantly upon the schooner.

ressed in the plain mixed grey costume rard student, with a square black cap in folds and terminating in a silken his left cheek. His age could not have 'e twenty, yet his figure was finely pro-, with an expansive chest and manly His complexion was fair and arriage. girl's, for as yet the down of opening had scarcely shadowed his chin. His of a soft wavy brown, and worn long to ders. The fashion of the vizor to his wed the height and beauty of his white which also was stamped with the imnind. His features were of a spirited ly character, and possessed that indegrace and finish which the Greeks well how to give to marble, but which ly met with in every day life. The eye gray, and naturally piercing, as an It was now subdued. The upper lip tly curled as if it were the index of a rit, and the nether was more voluptunded and fuller than beseemed a poor -for such the well-worn state of his habit. as well as other signs, showed Perhaps, however, he was now no student, notwithstanding his costume, as the usual wreaths of needle-work ld have designated the numbers of his years, had been carefully removed ruff though not without leaving traces arks appropriate to a junior. shooner will surely fall foul of us, cap-

THE DANGING FEATHER.

tain,' said the elderly gentleman, with a anxiety, as the adventurous vessel came boring with a flowing sheet across the course

the brig.

14

'If he has had the luck to run the 'De Bite,' sir, without knocking off his fore-carrying all sail like the Flying Dutchman gale of wind, he'll take care to keep the rit his nimble craft out of the way of a merebrig's nose,' said the captain, quietly replahis cigar which he had taken from his lips to ply, and coolly turning once more to lean the quarter-rail and watch the motion of graceful vessel.

The schooner was eighty tons burden. constructed on a most perfect model for sail and with a tasteful eye to symmetrical bea Her hull was painted green below her be and her upper works were jet black. A row ribbon of white paint scarcely two inbroad, separated the two colours, and relief and brightness to her sides. were as sharp as those of a club-boat; fitting as if it grew out of them, extended sharp angle, a very long bowsprit, gracef terminating to a pencil like flying jibbo Her masts were single sticks, tapering withes, and instead of being round, were tened fore and aft to an oval shape, in orde hold less wind. Her fore and mainsails very square and displayed canvass enough 1 craft of nearly twice her size. She car. fore and main gaff-topsails, a fore-topsail, h h for a brig of two hundred tons, an imjib and large flying-jib, with a square I swung to a yard extended from her rees to her fore-castle. She plainly was ather for sailing than burden, and in all pointments it could be seen that speed had been aimed at. Altogether she was ost beautiful vessel that ever danced the On her neat decks, as they looked upon her from the brig, they could see very rope was coiled with the nicest pre-, and that the decks themselves were as and spotless as a housewife's floorcaboose, companionway, binnacles, and s, neatly painted black, strikingly retheir snowy hue. At her peak was dis-I a small green flag with a white graceful r in the centre.

at particularly struck the group as the ter came nearer, was the appearance of on board. At the helm stood a young ressed in neat white pantaloons, a blue I shirt and a black knotted handkerchief, on his head he wore a red woollen Portucap: but this sailor's costume could not a certain air of refinement in his appearant at showed he had not been all his life a f thesea. Two others similarly dressed, save rore silver bands around their caps, were ng near him indolently leaning over the conversing and smoking, while the paced the weather side of the quarter lone, with a small spy-glass beneath his

arm. His dress was that of a seaman also, but he wore above his striped shirt, a round blue jacket, ornamented with a gold band on either shoulder, and instead of the red woollen conical cap, he wore a scarlet silk one, adorned by a band of gold. He was a very dark handsome young man, tall and slender, yet well shaped, and appeared to be not above twenty-two or three years of age. His carriage was graceful and commanding-his step firm, and his air that of a bold and resolute man. Occasionally he would pause an instant in his walk, glance ahead towards the brig, give a formal order, and then continue his nautical promenade.. Five or six other young men, dressed like helmsmen, appeared to compose the whole of. the crew, though an awning covering the forecastle might have hidden others from the view of those in the brig. By the time these observations had been made by the captain and his passengers, the schooner had got within fifty fathoms of the brig, and gradually falling off the wind, was boldly standing directly across her course, and unless one or the other hauled their wind, it was clear they would the next minute come in collision.

Will he dare attempt crossing our bows!' exclaimed the gentleman as he turned from the graing schooner to the captain, who was comediant to the captain, who was comediant to the captain, who was comediant to the captain of the capt

The captain made no reply, but seizing a

mpet, sprang into the rigging and waved it phatically towards the young helmsman. Luff, luff! or we shall be over you? he uted as the two vessels came bounding rer and nearer towards each other.

'he young seaman smiled and waved his d and continued to steer the same course. By Jupiter! They are determined the brig! walk into her—the land lubbers. I would the yacht for the young gentleman if it e not for the brig's danger. Luff, luff! he adered through his trumpet.

For God's sake, put the brig away, captain, shall both sink if we strike together, cried

gentleman.

he captain looked a moment at the schooner.

lision seemed inevitable.

Hard up ! hard!' he shouted to the man at helm, springing to the deck with an oath, running to his aid. 'Cast off the weather ses?' Let fly everything!'

he brig yielding to the reedom granted her, ily swung off from the wind with her bows tward. But for this sudden change in the is course, the two vessels would the next ant have come together. But the movests of the schooner made it clear she had ulated upon this, as the natural effect to be luced by her bold and dangerous maneuvre; no sconer did the brig fall off and present broadside to her former course, than the grant helmsman put the schooner directly in

the wind's eye, and laid her alongside of the brig with wonderful skill and precision. The two vessels were firmly locked together fore and aft, and the young captain sprang from the bows of his vessel into the main chains of the brig,

and leaped upon the quarter-deck.

'That was a bold manouvre for a pleasure yacht, young gentleman,' said the Yankee captain; eying the intruder with curiosity and surprise; 'but I beg, sir, when you would make display of your skill in boarding, you would come up to windward and not put me out of my course by crossing my fore-foot. It was a masterly piece of seamanship. A pretty yacht for pleasure sailing in the sound.'

'Yes, captain, and we are out for pleasant pastime, this evening. I pray you, a word with you. Ah! there is loveliness!' he exclaimed, as his glance rested on the young lady who was gazing on him with unconscious admiration and curiosity. The maiden caught the glance of his large expressive eyes, and shrank back, blushing. The intruder approached the group, and courteously saluted the noble looking gentleman, said to her in a voice most pleasing in its tones to the ear,

'I trust, gentle lady, my rude visit has not caused you any alarm; I should hardly have taken the liberty had I known there were fair passengers on board the brig. But I will soon leave you—as a few moments will suffice to dispatch my errand with this stout captain

here.'

THE DANGING PRATEUR.

'Your yacht, sir.' said the elderly is the most beautiful vessel I ever

'It is graceful as a gondola, and I feather upon the water,' said the addressing the gentleman rather tha seaman, though her eye once rested as she was speaking.

'You have named her. lady! S

the 'Dancing Feather.'

And that is the meaning of the the green flag!' she replied, looking object of her remark. 'It is a fea the waves. Pray, sir, are you the of this beautiful craft?

'Yes, sir.'

'I was not aware American ger dulged in these amusements. fortune usually alone pursue them the gentleman.

"We are noblemen of fortune, als the young man, smiling, 'but our freedom-our coat of arms, yonder

-our fortune the wide sea.

'Ha! you do not mean —

But the young man instantly to on speaking, and walked towards where stood the captain who had heard the conversation, while the drew the suddenly pale and beauti his heart, kissed her forehead, an for an instant watching his moveme 'Captain, I have a word with ve

ally, as he came up to him.

'Well, sir, pray be speedy, for I am losing time with this delay.'

'Have you not a cabin,' asked the other,

haughtily.

'I—I thought you could speak to me on deck,' replied the surprised captain,—'but I scarcely have time to go below with you. Is your business of importance?'

'It is worth full thirty thousand dollars to

me. my dear sir.'

Stand by the weather braces,' and get all clear to bring the brig up to the wind,' said the captain, giving orders to his first officer, and he then descended into the cabin, followed by the stranger.

'Now, sir—if you please,' said the captain, impatiently, as the stranger quietly took a seat

upon the transum.

'I will not detain you, sir,' said he courteously. 'The liberty I am about to take I regret extremely on your own account, my dear captain, but I fear you will have to make up your mind to consent to a little necessary freedom with a portion of your freight.'

'How sir? What do you mean?' inquired the captain, with suspicions of he knew not

what.

'I will not keep you longer in suspense, as you seem anxious to make sail on the brig. Oblige me by calling your steward.'

The captain stared, hesitated, and the next

moment obeyed.

Steward, said the cool young seaman, as a

tall mulatto entered, 'pass your finger through the ring of this run-hatch, and lift it off.'

As he spoke he pointed to a small square scuttle in the centre of the cabin floor.

The mulatto prepared to obey, when the captain sprang forward, and placed his foot upon it.

'Oblige me, dear captain—your weight makes it something heavier,' he said, laying his hand lightly on his arm and gently forcing him aside.

The captain fixed his eyes upon those of the speaker an instant, and then yielded in eilence. The steward, at the reiterated command of the stranger, lifted up the hatch and exposed a dark cavity.

'What do you mean, sir?' now demanded the captain with resolution, as if suddenly finding the use of his faculties. 'This is a liberty, sir,—'

'I do confess it is, dear captain; a very great one, but I pray you suffer me to take it. A few kegs of gold and silver here in the run must be my apology.'

'Ha! a pirate, by heaven!' cried the captain, at once giving voice to his slowly maturing suspicions. 'Ho! on deck ——.'

He could proceed no further, for the hand of the young man was upon his throat and a stiletto was suspended above his heart.

'Steward, go down and hand up those kegs of specie,' he demanded, in a low even tone of voice. 'Down with you into the run, sir!' he repeated a second time, as the mulatto hesitated.

The man descended the steps, and the foodig

throat. 'Breathe a syllable above your breath, and you are a dead man on the instant,' he said, as he motioned him towards the after part of the cabin. 'I would have this thing done quietly, if you will. Lively, lively, steward.'

In a few moments, six short iron-bound kegs filled with gold were handed up out of the run by the mulatto, and placed on the cabin floor.

'I am ruined, sir, if you take this. I shall hang myself. There is thirty thousand dollars,

cried the skipper.

'I know it, my good captain. I saw it safely stowed away here at the pier in Boston. But fear not—the money was destined for the bank vaults, and its loss will harm no man.'

'Oh, I shall be ruined, sir! I shall blow my

brains out !'

- 'I will leave you a receipt that shall clear you wholly. Now go on deck and stand by with philosophy, while my men pass these into the schooner.'
- 'Surely, you will not take it, sir! I shall jump overboard, and drown myself.'

'Obey me.'

'Never!' shouted the captain, roused to resolution; 'I have ten hands, besides my passengers, and it shall never be said that Captain Ezra Wheelock let six kegs of gold be taken out of his cabin by a bloody pirate without striking a blow for it.'

'Hush, captain. I have thirty-seven young gentlemen lying yonder, beneath the awning of my forecastle. Pahaw! nonsense, my dear

Captain Eara Wheelock. You will do no such foolish thing. Go on deck, and put your brig under sail while the gold is passed out.'

The last determination of the captain was conquered by the coolness of the pirate, as he now evidently appeared to be, and without a word he sank upon the transum and buried his face in his hands. The emotion was but for an instant. With a sudden impulse he sprang to his state-room, seized a cutlass that hung above his pillow, and with a frenzy of desperation attacked him. Thrice the young man caught the blade upon the steel guard of his stiletto, then closed with him, and wrested the weapon from his grasp. Then sounding a shrill whistle which was affixed to the end of the dagger, the answering feet of twenty men were heard upon the deck, and the next instant the cabin was filled with determined young fellows, each with a short naked sword in his hand.

'Six of you pass this gold into the schooner without noise, and the rest of you hold possession of the deck of the brig till it is done,' he aid, addressing their leader, who was one of the sailors on the quarter-deek. 'Captain, come to the deck with me. Be under no alarm—for unless your crew resist me, there can be no violence, nor anything removed save the gold—for which I have been in chase of you the last twenty-four hours. I would have preserved coming up with your craft in more open—but men of our profession must risk some—

hing. It's a timid wolf will not venture int o

They ascended to the deck to find the crew of the brig under guard in the waist, and the passengers already noticed, standing far asteria, alarmed, wondering, and silent. The young captain immediately advanced towards them, and said in a tone of apology to the elder gentleman—

'I do exceedingly regret the alarm my presence, and that of my companions, has caused you—and especially this lovely girl at your side. I need not disguise my profession. My object in boarding you is to remove kegs of specie, which I had reason to know were on board this brig. My men are now transferring it to the schooner. With the last keg I also quit the brig, and leave you to pursue your course to the city.'

"I do not less regret, sir," replied the gentleman, in a feeling, yet dignified tone of reproof, that a young gentleman of your bearing, and that of your companinns, who all seem wellborn young men, instead of pirates, should have undertaken this profession, which must assuredly end in a premature and ignominious death.

'Sir,' said the young man with seriousness, we are all young men, who have been educated to be gentlemen, without the birth or the fortune to sustain and maintain the rank of such. We entered the world, and found it already apportuned to the laborious and the useful. We

Ad not, therefore, but carve our fortunes out it with such instruments as fortune had iven us, and these were only our wits. We tried them on honesty, but they grew dull and blunted—we could not starve, and mother earth refusing to nourish us. we threw ourselves on the charity of Father Neptune. When he has been generous to us we leave his domain awhile, and live like pleasant gentlemen on shore—till empty purses drive us once more to depend upon his bounty. We are but amateur buccaneers, sir.'

'You are a pleasant gentleman, by mine honour,' said the old man, sadly smiling; 'I do grieve at your guilty profession—for you will seldom get bloodless gold, as you have now

done.

'We court no carpage. Peaceably if we can —forcibly if me must, is our motto. Descret lady, I pray you accept this gem as a memento of my visit here—my heart tells me I shall need no token of the hour I first beheld you.'

As he spoke, he placed, ere she was aware, a

brilliant diamond upon her hand.

Sir, this is bold, exclaimed the gentleman, stepping between her and the young captain.

'Nay, sir, it shall be a gage of your safety, should circumstances ever place you or herself again in the path of any of the gentlemen of the "Dancing Feather."

Keep the ring, sir, said the young lady, firmly: I can never werr the gift of a free-

booter.

ARTING PRATERS.

aid, thou shalt have it, and lips have called me a free oriend! but I will have my

e, the handsome buccaneer was his bold lip to those of the fair received a blow upon the breast erto inactive student, that made nockwards and reel ere he could

nt had remained during the whole oing scene, apparently so enwrapped sad thoughts as not to observe the ing place around him, or else so om inward serrow as to be indifferent result. But when the young buccaneer roached and addressed the maiden, he s eyes and observed the interview with

When he presented her the gem, his shed and the colour rushed like lightning prows, and he instantly threw his bod d as if he anticipated further boldnes as prepared to defend her. Scarcely he freebooter meditated the insult in l , when his eye betrayed it to the stude ere he could accomplish his bold purp youth spring forward, unarmed as he with a well-bestowed blow, sent him ree the buccaneer recovered his feet and sur

is assailant, who quietly resumed his f osture, with is steady planes of savag liotiveness, and then cleaping his !

apped upon him. The old man caught the uplifted arm and turned the blow aside so critically that the weapon buried itself in the mast by which the student was standing.

'Hold, young man! add not blood to robbery!'

cried the gentleman sternly.

'It is well—but be it so,' he said with a light laugh drawing forth the weapon and replacing it in his bosom. 'Young gallant, you and I will meet again, or I know not the destiny that awaits adventurers like yourself, in yonder city.'

The student met his menacing look with a clear unmoved gaze, and slightly smiled as if in

defiance.

'The kegs are safe on board, sir,' said the lieutenant of the schooner approaching him.

'Then cast her free. Captain, I cannot leave you without expressing my grief at the inconvenience I have put you to—but you perceive it could not well be otherwise. You are at liberty to proceed—I trust we shall have the pleasure of meeting again. Farewell, sir,' he added, addressing the elder passenger; 'I pray you will pardon the rudeness that I meditated against your daughter.'

'Nay; she is my neice, but--'

'It matters not had she been thy daughter thou wouldst have been less slow in protecting her. And lady, forgive me if thy beauty tempted me, as the sweet flower does the bee blame thy charms alone, for had they been less rare they would have been less coveted.' 'All clear, captain,' said the lieutenant, who stood upon the brig's bulwarks ready to swing himself by a stay on board the schooner; yonder group of vessels seem to have discovered our character, for there are twenty boats dropping from as many sterns, and full eighty men jumping into them. We shall be cut off by them in putting back into the sound.'

We shall have to keep on through Hell Gate, and so through into New York Bay. Let us

have a look at these gentlemen.'

He sprung into the rigging as he spoke, and looking in the direction the lieutenant was gazing, saw that a score of sloops and schooners had come to astern as if aware of the situation of the brig, and suspected the profession of the vessel that lay alongside of her. They were huddled together as if for mutual protection, and all their boats were in the water, with from four to six men in each armed with pistols, muskets, and cutlasses. Their attention and movements were plainly directed towards the brig.

As the last man passed him and leaped from the deck upon the schooner the brig's colours rose rapidly to the peak, Union down. This signal of distress which the captain had too late sent up, was instantly answered by a shout from the boats, which immediately began to pull towards the two vessels.

The young freebooter looked as if he would have jumped back upon the brig's decks to ent the colours down, but seems the intended ob-

ight was already effected, he, the next moment. spring upon his own vessel and gave rapid orders to east her off. In a moment she swung clear from the side of the brig. He sprang to the helm himself as she fell off from the wind, and, commanded in a loud tone every brace and sheet to be hauled close aft, shot under the

brig's stern.

The two vessels, while together, having laid their bows in opposite directions, had been kept very nearly stationary by the counteraction of their sails, so that when they separated they were but a short distance below the 'Devil's Bite.' through which the schooner issued to intercept the brig. It seemed at first to be the intention of the buccaneer to attempt to weather the head of the reef, and getting inside, place the ledge between himself and the boats. But a moment's observation convinced him of the impracticability of this attempt, and he was was about to turn back and encounter the boats, when his quick eye detected a deep narrow gap in the long line of reef, opening between two bold rocks leading from the main channel to the inner pass. He saw that the wind as it then was would just allow him to effect a passage through it. It was scarcely two feet more than the schooner's breadth in width. and failure would have been fatal.

Without hesitation he braced his vessel as that p to the wind as she could lie, and laid her course. It was now plain from the determined ire and firmly compressed lips of the young

reebooter as he bent to the helm, that he leemed the situation of the schooner a critical ne, and that all his coolness and skill was nessary to extricate her from it. The boats, in he meanwhile, impelled by a hundred oars, and rith loud shouts from their crews, were pulling p the main channel with a rapidity that prosised those who from the liberated brig eagerly ratched the movements of both parties, speedy stribution for their robbery.

'Let us get the ledge between us and the insmal boats and we will laugh at them,' said the aptain to his lieutenant. 'If the wind would aul so as to give us but half a point free, we hould clear the ugliest spur of black rock on ur lee bow, and then we should dance right carrily one side of the ledge, while yonder cats are pulling on the other. Haul taut every race and bowline till they spring like steel—ive the canvass not an inch of play. Let very man throw his weight to leeward. Now teady, there! steady!

'Ha, we shall clear it yet,' he cried a few noments after.

The sails of the beautiful little schooner were ow drawn aft to their utmost tension till they by up to the wind like boards, and the sharpowed little vessel as she crept along seemed terally 'to eat her way to windward.' She by within five points to the wind, and yet, as er captain looked ahead he could see the bowrit was in a straight line with the lee side of pressure which was nownot fitty yards before

him. It seemed impossible that the schooner could clear it in safety. The speed that she moved through the water was just sufficient to keep her obedient to the helm. The boats in the meanwhile were rapidly approaching, and that of the brig was also let down and manned, to join them as they came up, and from the shouts of those that crowded them, it was clear that they expected the schooner would fall short of the passage of the gap. This fate in-She continued on deed geemed inevitable. standing a few yards further, and the practised eve of the captain saw that she had not opened a finger's breadth between the lee rock and the end of the jib-boom. It was a critical moment. For an instant there appeared to be no other alternative left but to go about and force a passage through the boats, into the sound, or to put away before the wind and run the gauntlet through the East river.

The schooner was now within her length of the passage. Another moment and it would have been too late even to put about, when just as he parted his lips to give the order to tack, the wind as if willing to lend its assistance to so much skill and daring, hauled a little. The schooner's bows freely came up to its embraces — the captain saw the opening between the rock and her jib-boom grow wider and wider, and the faithful little vassel yielding to the helm glided into the gap between the rocks, which she just grazed with her sides as also passed them, and like a bixd

loosened from the hand, shot out into the channel beyond. A loud exulting shout rose from her decks.—Sail after sail was freed from its bowlines and swung freer to the breeze, and away she went darting and cutting the waves before her prow, through the 'Devil's Bite,' with the wind two points free on her bow steering

for the wide-spreading sound.

The disappointed boats which were within an eighth of a mile of her, saw at once to pursue her through the gap would be useless: but as if resolved she should not escape without annoyance they instantly pulled in towards that part of the ledge opposite where they were, and reached it just as the schooner was passing by on the other side. The motley crews immediately leaped ashore and covering the rocks, opened upon her a heavy discharge of pistols. musketry and blunderbuses, which they kept up, apparently without effect, until she had got beyond the reach of their fire.

The adventurous schooner at length re-entered the main channel a quarter of a mile below the fleet of coasting vessels from which the boats had started after her, and having received the fire of a swivel from one that lay nearest to her. stood boldly past the residue of the fleet, and was soon spreading a flowing sheet in the open

gound.

CHAPTER II.

Student and Elderly Gentleman. The Clergyman id his Family. True Respectability. A Way to ake Children Respectable. Our Hero's Character. netrs Cambridge University. His Popularity. Benevaries. A Letter from his Father. Term Bills come. Interview with the Benevolent Professor. Its sue. Departure and Embarkation. Mr. Hillary id his niece Blanche Hillary. Passage of 'Hell ata.'

s boats at length returned to their respective sels, and the fleet was once more underweigh. inmates of the brig, however, stood together groups on the forecastle and quarter-deck. soursing upon the events that had taken se. The captain paced the deck like an ins man-now pausing in his rapid walk to g after the receding schooner-now striking hands together in despair. The elderly tleman and his niece for a long time stood near the taffrail, gazing in silence upon the . tht speck that marked the pirate vessel, le the young student remained a few paces gasing upon the lovely, ever-changing feaof the maiden with silent admiration. seemed to have forgotten the visit of the booter, and to remember that the world d anything else besides the fair creature be-

fore him. At length he turned suddenly away and said sadly and bitterly—'Wherefore should I gaze, and drink in madness from her intoxicating beauty? I am a wanderer, nameless and pennyless. Why should I make myself miserable by loving what I feel I only must adore sfar off? It is madness and folly! I will not look upon her again! My fate and hers can never be linked! He sighed sind walked away to the farthest side of the deck, and leaning his head upon his hand, gazed over the brig's quarter upon the waves that leaped to her swift progress through the water. A hand lightly touched his shoulder. He quickly turned round, and the elderly gentleman stood beside him.

'Young man,' he said, in a tone of gentle reproof, 'I pray you join my niece and myself. Your conduct in this late unpleasant affair has commanded my respect and her gratitude. We have been three days fellow-passengers, but our confinement in our state-room from slight seasickness has, until this afternoon, denied us the pleasure of meeting you. I see by your habit

that you are a student.'

'I have been, sir,' said Hayward, 'but I am one no longer. I beg you, sir, to excuse me from joining your society, he added moodily.

'Nay, young gentleman, Blanche desires to thank you for your noble interference in her behalf when you rude buccaneer would have-

'Nay, sir, I did but punish insolence,' said

Henry somewhat abruptly.

You are ill at ease—Blanche shall sing for

you.'

'I have no ear for music. I pray, sir, do me a kindness—I would be left to my own thoughts. I am unworthy your notice or of your niece's regard.'

Nay, you are not guilty of crime, or there is the most finished deception in your open

features.

'Crime!' he repeated with a kindling eye;—he then directly added—'yes, sir, I am criminal in the world's eye—I am poor. It were better I should be chief of yon crew of freebooters than a mendicant student, for I did see thy niece glance with an eye of more approval than it should have had upon the handsome and bold pirate—for woman ever loves daring even if coupled with crime.'

'You speak freely, young sir, but I forgive you for the wounded spirit you seem to bear in your bosom. I think it best, on the whole, as I do now construe thy feelings towards my nice, that thou shouldst not make her ac-

quaintance.'

The gentleman then turned coldly away with a slight bend of his head and joined the young lady, who seemed to wait with interest the result of this conference. She received it as he rejoined her with surprise visible on her intelligent features, and turned upon the young man a look of mingled curiosity and reproof. He did not, however, see it, for he had turned

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away as the other parted from him, mutter-

It is best it should be so. I am resolved to banish myself from all society until I am in the path to honourable distinction. Yes, yes, the haughty uncle thinks it best the acquaintance should not be formed, now he has divined my heart's secret—discovered the germ of what might one day ripen into love in the poor scholar's breast!

Thus speaking, the young man turned bitterly away and paced the deck apart with a moody brow and a rapid, nervous step. Henry Hayward, for such was the name of the student, was the son of a clergyman in the vicinity of Boston. His father was a poor man, but unfortunately was influenced by the false and dangerous ideas of respectability that prevailed so universally throughout New England. salary barely sufficient to furnish him with the necessaries and none of the luxuries of life, he was trying to bring up a family of ten children. as if he had ten thousand dollars a piece to leave each of them on arriving at age. It was his desire, as he often expressed it to his wife, that his children should all be 'respectable.'

Now there are different notions of what is true respectability. Some very weak people have an idea that it consists in doing one's duty to God and man, leading a blameless life and governing the conduct by the rule of integrity and uprightness, without reference to the employment of the hands. But other persons, an'

tv. have an idea that 'rein the employment of a ot in the condition of his of his walk. Some persons al pursuits, and denounce and denominate only merctors, ministers and idle le money, respectable; no chant cheats, the lawyer id orphan, the doctor kills and the minister fears man nore than he fears God and this class of thinkers is ingland, and embraces not the above mentioned proome respectable, sensible it to know better; and ir false and fatal notions ruin their children by men and ladies' of them. ers of the society which adorn. The Rev. Mr. e said, of this mode of his good lady. They with strict injunctions h all mechanics' chila to be caught coming ing with any such, the precursor of a whipst son though he had dd play barbarously tracing pictures laid ig a few sentimental

airs and talk sentimentally about the moon and romantic walks: but they could not darn a stocking, hem a handkerchief, make a dress, cook a dinner, or tell, without a slate and pencil, if two and sixpence were taken from a dollar how much would be left. They were ladies to be sure! and why should they know anything in common with mechanics' daughters? Henry had an ambitious spirit, was naturally good tempered and intelligent, and possessed a singularly inventive and mechanical mind. In boyhood he was skilful in building little boats. rigging vessels, making waggons, and doing many other ingenious feats, that to the mind of a more sensible parent would have plainly indicated the bias of the lad's mind, and directed him in the choice of a trade for him, especially as he had nothing to leave him or to give him to enable him to support the character of a gentleman. But trades were 'not respectable,' and Henry must have a 'profession'-alas! the rock on which so many thousand parents wreck the hopes and fortunes of their sons! By the time, therefore, that Henry reached the age of seventeen, he was taught that even his boyish penchant for working tools and working shops was 'not respectable;' and his refined sisters used to say that he would disgrace the family if he continued to make boxes, waggons, and ships; that he was now getting to be a young gentlemen and must act as one. These ideas inculcated from early youth and daily reiterated by his sisters, and with the force of a command by his

parents, soon pronounced their effect on a naturally right-judging and ingenuous mind, and from a frank, affable, fine boy, with a liberal mind and modest bearing, Harry became proud of the profession of his father that made him and his family so much more respectable than the fathers of the mechanics' boys that went to the Academy with him; and soon grew towards them arrogant and haughty, and withdrawing himself from their companionship altogether, associated only with such whose fathers were not included in the prescribed list.

At length the time came when the misjudging clergyman must send his aristocratically reared son to Harvard College. He had managed to get him fitted for it through the courtesy of the Trustees, who permitted Henry, on account of his father's clerical profession, to attend the Academy without charge. But at Harvard, Mr. Hayward knew he should have to bear the expenses of his tuition. For this purpose he had laid by enough to pay his first year's bills, trusting to Providence, (without re**flecting that** Providence ne'er smiles on wrong doing,) to obtain means for the residue; though keeping in reserve the thought that if he should not be able to have it, Henry might keep school and so get along by himself after being once started.

The time at length arrived for Henry to leave home; and taking leave of his parents and brothers and sisters, he quitted his native village for Combined. He entered with sees the Ropho, .

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more class; and during the first year his father very regularly forwarded the money for his bills, and Henry, aided by a good scholarship, an agreeable person and engaging manners, attained a position among his fellow students highly honourable to himself. Influenced, however, by his erroneous ideas of respectability, so strongly inculcated beneath the paternal roof, he associated only with the rich and aristocratic young men, treating with haughtiness and almost rudeness, those of humbler parentage, particularly that but poor noble class called 'beneficiaries' who had to pay their way through the high-way of learning by keeping country schools during the vacations.

Henry entered on his second and junior year with a high reputation as a student. His habits were good, though his social temper inclined him to convival indulgence; while his wit and humour drew around him the best spirits of the University. No person, however, ever possessed two such opposite characters as he did, each manifested itself under different aspects and relations! With the rich and aristocratic he was easy, liberal, courteous, noble and singularly affable in his bearing; but in the presence of the sons of mechanics, for such there were in his class, he was haughty, overbearing, and scornful; and never hesitating to show his contempt both for them and their father's pursuits. With a judicious and proper education and inculcation of correct views of men's social condition, what a faultless character he would

THE DANGING

and had been, his und of good and a ses, which while it (regard of one class. tred and contempt o espectable class. At the end of the 1

At the end of the f usual, were presented, of the sums, includ maker's, and two or th ing to one hundred de ter waiting patiently for a reply and remi being compelled to ard and others who justed, he at lengt his father acknowl his and saying the increasing family dered it impossibl money toward his me, my son, he s make this confessi the dispensations 3

dry goods store in Boston, and George in Judge Warner's law office, when he gets old enough. I don't know how to advise you with reference to yourself, but think you had best apply to President Quincy for leave to continue a beneficiary, on account of my profession. I think the University would extend this courtesy to me. especially as I am an Alumnus thereof. But if they decline, you had best take a school during vacations, which, with economy, will enable you to get through your senior year. From me you can expect no further assistance. Henry, and must try to do the best for yourself that you can. Write me how you do and get along and believe me even your affectionate father, CHARLES HAYWARD.

Henry was standing in the post office lobby when he perused this precious epistle, which any father should be ashamed to write to a son; but then what better could be expected of a parent who had not hesitated to sacrifice his son to the Moloch of false respectability. He finished its perusal with a pale cheek and colourless lip! Slowly he crushed the letter in his clenched hand, and pressing his palm to his forehead, tottered from the lobby. His friends gathered round him, and anxiously asked him if he had received any melaucholy intelligence from his family! But he waived them away, and breaking from them hastened to his room and anyt himself in. Here, as soon as h

Ad command himself, he once more read his her's letter over.

'Yes,' he said, bitterly, 'this is the end of my father's false ambition, for his disgraced son! Would to God he had made a mechanic of me when at sixteen! I begged him to do so, and before I had instilled into me these notions of respectability, upon which I shall now wreck myself for ever. This is his reply. Not a dollar enclosed, and my bills amount to one hundred! I am disgraced! Keep a school? No! I could not pay my expenses by it, and much more liquidate those debts already incurred on my father's faith! Solicit to be retained as a beneficiary? No, I am too proud! I could never descend to a level with those I have heretofore been taught to despise, and the least of whom I now feel to be elevated far above me! What shall I do? Degraded, disgraced, the victim of false respectability! which way shall I honourably turn? Must I go and throw myself on the compassion of my creditors—stoop to my tailor and washerwoman, the former of whom, knowing how I have despised his honest trade, has already insolently dunned me; for my bills are the only ones that have been laid over to this second term! No, no! I am too proud! O, that I had some adviser! seek my Professor! He is a sensible, liberalminded man. I will show him my father's letter, and be guided by him.'

Having formed his determination the un-

happy young man hastened to his tutor's room and laid the letter before him.

'I wish I could help you, Hayward,' he said, with a deep sympathy, after perusing it; 'but my own position is such that I should have to borrow to aid you!'

'I do not want to borrow money, but to be guided by your advice,' answered Henry quickly.

'The board would doubtless receive you as a beneficiary,' answered the Professor feelingly, and sympathising with his young friend in distress.

'Do not speak of it, sir! I have been taught to despise them, and though I think differently now, I could not, before all my fellow students' eyes, descend to be a recipient of charity. I have not the moral courage. It is my duty to do it, I know, but I cannot.'

'What do you think of a school?'

'I cannot think of it, sir. You know the gay and exclusive character of my associates in college! They would all treat me coldly and perhaps insult me. Besides, I could barely pay my way, much more pay the bills my father has cruelly left upon my shoulders.'

'Your situation is truly unpleasant, Hayward,' said the Professor, feeling for him, and mentally censuring a system that produced such bitter fruits. 'What have you thought of doing?'

'Of quitting Cambridge this very day, sir, and seeking in New York, or somewhere where I am unknown, some employment, I care not

how degrading, that will enable me to pay the debts I must leave behind me here. What I would request of you, air, is to have the kindness to see those I owe—here is a list of their names and the sums—and prevent them from adding to my disgrace by publishing my delinquency. You know, sir, the opprobrium—should it transpire that I left Cambridge in debt,—that would be attached to my name. I will, by some means, earn the money and forward it to you before the close of the year.

'What course have you then before you, Hayward? asked the Professor, much moved by his energetic grief and poignant shame, which were most strongly depicted on his face.

'I know not, sir! I shall never return to my native village until I can do so with honour. I shall try the world and my fortune in it like other men. Indeed, sir, I feel reckless of consequences. But I trust reflection and time will tranquilize me.'

'Hayward, your father is indeed to be censured for all this? But you have resolution, firmness and good sense! Because he has miseducated you, you should not throw yourself away as soon as you have become conscious of his error.'

"I know not hardly what I shall do, sir," he said, bitterly. "Be so kind as to obtain for me from the President an honourable dismission and I will leave Cambridge this night with a lasting impression of your kindness."

'Hayward,' said the good Professor, after a

few moments' reflection, 'I will pay these debts for you, if that will keep you in college. You can then, by keeping school, get yourself through.'

'You are very, very kind, sir! But I feel that I cannot conscientiously incur a debt to you I may not be able to pay. Your goodness I shall never forget—Besides I am too proud to keep a school. I believe I feel a sort of revenge in committing myself to the wild current upon which my misguided father has launched me, and with but little care whether I sink or swim.'

'You take this too deep!" But if you will go I will obtain a dismission for you, and send it to your room. You need not subject yourself to the mortification of seein; those you owe. I will speak to them myself as soon as you are

gone—if you're resolved to go.'

After a little longer interview with the benevolent Professor, Henry took a friendly leave of him and returning to his room, prepared for his departure from those halls where he had spent so many happy months. Telling his room mate that he was under the necessity of quitting Cambridge for an indefinite period, he sold to him his books, and furniture, and selling all his clothing but that he wore, to a negro who bought second handed wardrobes, he paid up several small debts of borrowed money to two of his fellow students. Before night he received the promised certificate of dismission from his kind friend the Professor, enclosed in a friendly note which also contained a five

dollar bill.—He wept while perusing the note, while his cheek burned with shame at the enclosure. His first impulse was to return it; but recollecting the simple character of the pure minded Professor, and that it was his mite and the representative of the fullness and wealth of his heart, he retained it. Besides this he had left but three dollars in the world; and with this and a small bundle beneath his arm, he left the hall unobserved, as twilight advanced, and after his fellow students had gone into the chapel at prayers.

In a few minutes after reaching the main road, the evening stage for Boston came by, and getting into it he left Cambridge with all its fondly remembered scenes behind him.

The next day he found a brig going to New York, and as the captain said he would take him for one half the expense of the steamboat line, he went on board and the vessel soon after got under weigh. As they passed down the beautiful harbour he felt his spirits lightened by the variety and novelty of the scene and motion, and the sunshine of hope began to dissipate the clouds of gloomy despair that had settled over his soul. It was with a sensation of pleasure, therefore, that he soon discovered that he was not the only passenger; but that on the quarter deck whither they had just ascended from below sat an elderly gentleman and young lady who was of great beauty. Nevertheless he was sensitively shy in approaching them; and kept aloof from their position until after passing Nix's Mate, the heaving of the sea drove her to the state room. Her re-appearance the third day afterward, and the scene of the piracy has already been narrated, and brings our story up once more to where we left it to

give the history of our hero.

Mr. Francis Hillary, the elderly gentleman mentioned, was an India merchant in Boston. and was on his way to New York in the brig which he owned, for the purpose of loading her there and despatching her thence to Manilla.-With the specie he had nothing to do, the brig having only taken it as freight for another house. He took with him his niece, the only child of a deceased brother, for the purpose of indulging her in a visit to the great metropolis of commerce, while he transacted his business. Blanche Hillary was a sprightly laughing blonde, with blue eyes that seemed to be dissolving in their own cerulean depths. Her smile was frank and beautiful, and her countenance expressed good nature and sensibility. She had more heart than head, though she might have been considered very sensible by those who were not very profound judges of mind. She had been erroneously educated by an indulgent uncle and knew nothing of the world but what she learned through the pages of romance, which every body knows, or ought to know, represent life not what it is, but what it ought to be. Blanche having no one to guide her, took it for what it is, and was therefore prepared to mingle in the world as if she had

to the sensible and judging observer.

Henry was struck with her fine appearance, and at the same time appreciated, with the acute perception of an observing mind, the depth or rather shallowness of her own. It was plain, however, that her uncle was sensible only of her beauty and affection, and idolized her in his heart. From the remarks Henry made to him, the reader will have learned that she regarded the dashing buccaneer with an ere of favour, in whom, much to her delight, saw the living personification of the hundry roving heroes of the sea, of whom she had and with whose exploits her mind was

filled. It is true she was particularly struck by his appearance; and the novelty and romance of the affair overcame her fear at the situation Far from feeling in which she was placed. offended at his attempt to touch her cheek, she believed it only in keeping with the character of a gay and gallant rover, though she felt glad the student's interference prevented him from kissing her, for though romantic, Blanche Hillary was not wanting in that becoming modesty and innate delicacy in which true female beanty alone consists. A maiden's mind may be poisoned by injudicious reading and her heart remain pure. Blanche felt grateful to Henry, yet no anger towards the young buccaneer !

The brig now kept on her course through the East river, sailing between the sloping green shores of wooded peninsulas and islands of beauty, the eye of the voyagers filled with pleasant views of tasteful villas, lawns and gardens, some bending into the very wave, others receding and ascending to undulating eminences far inland. At length they entered the narrow passage through which the Sound pours its concentrated and compressed body of waters, confining the expansive breadth of league between rocky shores not two hundred yards apart. rocky inlet in the mid passage breaks the force of the rushing tide which meeting other bar riers in its passage, is thrice reflected from t' straight line, so that its strength, which ot, wise would have been irresistible, was br and lessened. The brig, borne onward

breeze, entered the boiling pass upon 4 the name of Hurl or Hell Gate had been owed, and aided by the flood tide, was borne dly forward, requiring no other aid than sails and the skill of the helmsman, on se coolness and knowledge the safety of the depended. The waves on all sides were d in the wildest confusion, and Henry obed as he watched with deep interest the age of the brig, that the water in the chanwas so compressed by the narrow shores it was a foot higher than that in the still es near the rocks. He had never witnessed rild a scene, and gazed with surprise and Slowly and steadily the labouring el kept her way, now running dangerously s to a rock on the starboard side to avoid a ax. now dashing across a basin of commingwhirlpools to escape a sunken ledge that ked its place by a head of snowy foam sed high into the air. At length the gallant achieved the perilous passage, and leaving rocks and roaring waters behind, emerged n a more placed link of the East River re the shores were peaceful and adorned 1 gardens and country seats, and upon se tide sailed fleets of snow-white geese and y-painted sail boats.

enry stood alone leaning over the quarter gasing upon the serene beauty of the shores water, all which presented a striking cont to the wild scene they had just passed ragh. The effect upon his heart and mind



52 THE PAROLE PRATHER.

was singularly soothing and tranquilizing; as under its influence he pictured his own peculi condition to himself with less dark shades as sombre colouring than he had done since h departure from Cambridge.

Before a gentle wind that just filled the brig's lighter sails, they glided on towards the city, now two leagues off, its position indicate by numerous towers and minaret like spir that glittered in the evening sun like needl

of silver.

CHAPTER III.

The beautiful scenery of the American Bosphorus. The Villas, Groves, and Gardens of Manhattan and Ravenswood. The Gothic Cottage. The Skiff and the Children. The dog Neptune. The Accident. The Horsewoman. Our Hero. The Horse and Rider. The Struggle. The Danger. The Rescue. The Scenes on shore. Cupid in the affair. The departure of the Student. The peculiar gratitude of Catherine Powel.

The afternoon was drawing to a close as the beautiful brigantine glided along by the green banks of Ravenswood, the far extending branches of whose noble trees almost swept her decks. The air was laden with fragrance, from shaded pastures that stretched from the villas to the water, and birds were singing in the trees, and children were at play on the lawns, as it successively passed them before a gentle wind that scarce ruffled the limpid surface of the river .-All who have sailed between the shores of Manhatten. Blackwell's and Long Island, need not be told how beautifully picturesque they are; and to those who have never seen them, words would but faintly convey to their minds any idea of their rural beauty. On both sides of the narrow Strait, through which they were now sailing, the fair scene was composed of pretty country houses placed in chosen situations; of trees grouped in groves or arranged in avenues: of lawns of the deepest and softest verdure : of gardens adorned with statues and grottoes, and lading every breeze that comes off to the passing sail with fragrance; of a hundred delightful little inlets or coves, shaded and shut in by overhanging trees and romantic headlands, with here and there an isolated rock, moss grown, with a gnarled old tree growing over its sides. Sail boats were suspended upon the translucent wave as if pleased to survey their painted and graceful forms in the mirror that so truly reflects them: ducks with brilliant eyes rivaling the peacock's hues, and fleets of snow white geese, gracefully maneuvered along the deep banks. or sat idly upon the wave; while troops of joyous children sported upon the pebbly beach with swimming. - Newfoundland dogs, and ladies on ponies pranced gaily along the winding path that bordered the curding shores; while to give perfection to the combined beauties of shore and river, vessels were constantly gliding past. almost within reach of their banks and hail of those who from their latticed piazzas watch their progress.

Our passengers stood upon the quarter-deck, their senses filled the beauty of the panorama, through the midst of which they moved. The seamen leaned in listless, idle positions over the bows or windlass, silently gazing on the ever changing views shoreward, and even the helmsman, at times, forgot his duty in the contemplation of the pleasant scenes through which he was

g his alowly gliding bark. The captain. er, walked the deck amidships, with a ed brow and angry impatient step, too absorbed in the recent singular loss of ecie, to think of anything else. Il anxiety to reach the city to dispatch er after the freebooter, and nature wore arms that he could admire while in this On the quarter-deck, near the taffmil, Mr. Hillary and Blanche, gazing in pleasure upon the shore, and only ks expressing their additional gratificawhen any new scene suddenly unfolded their wrapt and admiring gaze. Henry ard stood aloof from them proud, cold and y: for he felt they looked down upon a poor unknown student and wanderer. is sensitiveness would not permit him to e upon them, even at a time when all I them seemed to invite strangers to hange sentiments of admiration. This ity, however, was only outwardly. His had partaken somewhat of the calm and ful tone of nature, and he gave himself the enjoyment which taste and an impaseye for nature now presented to him. racceeding villa, with its varying grounds hanging scenery, drew from him as he l over the side opposite to that occupied e uncle and niece, glowing feelings of t. Under the influence of the hour his grew benevolent, and his spirit became rentle. He felt his situation less hopeless. than he had believed it to be, and looked to the future with composure. Such is ever the effect of the lovelier scenes of nature upon the cultivated mind and heart.

They had been for some time gliding along past a series of country-seats on the Mnahatten side, towards a point that projected into the river, and formed a finely-wooded headland. Above its trees could be seen the pinnacles and battlements of a Gothic cottage, which had awakened in Hayward a curiosity to survey it more fully, when they should sail past it. therefore kept his eyes fixed upon it: and as the brig rounded the headland, he was gratified at beholding the most lovely scene that the beauteous banks had yet presented to his view. The headland was one arm of a romantic basin about three hundred yards across, in which th water lay still and black, from the shadows of overhanging rocks and trees. At the head the cove, was a curving beach of white san from which a winding path led up the rocl to an elevated lawn, upon which stood t Gothic cottage, that had attracted his gaze ! ther up the river, from the other side of headland. The dwelling was of a gray brown hue, most pleasing to the eye, and composed of a Gothic hall with a square t at one end. and two turrets at the other. I lattices of Gothic tracery run around its supported by light stone pillars, around yines were creeping to the eaves and roc men the most testeful and rural abode it

THE DANGING PEATHER.

and in the style of architectu y with the mingled rock and wood and which it stood.

An exclamation of surprise and roke from Blanche Hillary and he the same moment, and even the pot nate captain paused an instant to co its quiet beauty. The sun was low i and by its level light, flinging its pardark shadows and heightening its eff

'How romantic!' exclaimed Blan thought of knights and tourname: sociation with the Gothic charact edifice.

'A fine seat, and convenient to the business,' observed Mr. Hillary, we true merchant had an eye to utility thing that ministered to luxury or to the seat of the

'I wonder,' was the idea in the h poor captain, 'if it was sold, if it was much money as those infernal probbed me of; for the unhappy mother thought than what ultimately his great loss; not that he, himself the money, for he had witnesses to as well as the certificate of the frethe piracy; but he felt sore that have suffered his brig to have been and plundered in open day in a hundred other sail, without being a any resistance or intercept him in

Henry's emotions, however par of the finer impressions of taste.— of the whole lovely scene before him, was like that of music when it touches the He contemplated it with feelings of quiet joy, yet sighed that earth was all so beautiful, and not for him! His attention was at length diverted from the mansion to a small skiff, containing a beautiful boy, about nine years old, and a lovely little girl of seven, who had just put off from the steps at the foot of the winding path, to recover a miniature boat which a light puff of wind had borne beyond their reach as they were sailing it along the pebble bank. The boy had a paddle and handled it very skilfully and soon came up with his boat, and recovering it, turned it shoreward. He then looked up in triumph. and taking off his cap, unlossing a cloud of brown ringlets in the act, he hurraed at the brig, and then taking his paddle boldly directed his pretty green painted skiff towards her, the little girl clapping her hands and apparently delighted at the idea of getting on board the big vessel which was so near them. The water was still and deep, and Henry feeling alarmed for their safety, if they should advance further, waved them back. The boy promptly obeyed the signal, and putting down his paddle, sat. beside his sweet little passenger, while the skiff floated still on the water, and with animated looks and jestures, was directing her attention to the various parts of the vessel.

All at once a plunge was heard in the water, and Henry, looking in the direction of the

sound, saw a large Newfoundland dog, which had been laying on the beach watching the sports of the children, impatient at their long stay out upon the water, had at length jumped in to swim towards them. With strong strokes of his huge paws the animal rapidly approached the boat, encouraged to advance by the boy, who no sooner saw him coming than he called to him with childish delight, and shouted and clapped his hands. Henry watched the progress of the animal with some interest as he made directly to the boat, and with a halfformed apprehension that he might in some way do them injury.—This fear was increased when he saw the little girl lean over the side of the boat and stretch out her chubby white arms to clasp him, when he should get within her reach.

The dog soon reached the skiff, for it was not more than twenty yards from the shore, and about fifty from the brig, and Henry's heart leaped into his threat as he saw the huge animal, after swimming once round the boat, place one of his huge paws upon the gunwale and depress it fearfully down towards the water's edge, while the boy, with the thought-leaness of his years, was leaning over and grasping his shaggy mane to try and lift him into the frail boat.

Henry felt his apprehensions were about to be realized, unless the dog's well-known sagacity should lead him to discover the danger he put them in, and withdraw his paw. The bring was gliding away, and the eyes of both Mr. Hillar and his niece were turned in the same directions, with their minds agitated by the same fears for the children's safety that Henry experienced.

'Let the dog go,' my little fellow,' he shouted; 'he will upset your boat. Release him, or he will drag you into the water.'

Down, sir, down, cried Blanche, in an energetic tone of alarm to the dog, who was apparently conscious of the mischief he was doing, and immediately releasing his hold upon the side of the skiff, he dropped into the water, and dragged with him the boy, who had not yet released his grasp upon his neck. The united weight of the dog and boy, as he was drawn over the side into the water, instantly caused the boat to fill and sink beneath them, leaving the three struggling in the water.

Hayward had witnessed the whole from the deck of the brig, and having already anticipated such a catastrophe, prepared himself to leap into the water. Before, however, he made the spring from the deck, his ears were penetrated by a wild shriek from the shore—and looking towards it, he saw dashing down the pathway to the beach a young girl on horseback, whom by her dress he recognised as one whom he had seen through the open ings in the trees riding along the windin road at the other side of the headland. He could now see, before he sprung, that she wyoung, beautiful, and bonnetless, that her danar and ample robes wildly waved in the wire

as she dashed down the precipice. The next instant he was buffeting the waves in the direction of the sufferers. The boy, as the boat sank, clung to the dog, who would have made for the shore, but for the voice of the little ird, who, buoyed up by her frock, cried touchingly.

'Nero, Nero, don't swim away and let me Irown.' The dog seemed to understand her, and turning back, swam towards her, the little fellow on his neck assisting his progress, by triking out with his disengaged arm, all the ime encouraging his little sister, who was fast attling beneath the surface, as her garments scame more and more saturated. The young dy, on reaching the water-side, dashed fearmly in, all mounted as she was, and pressing r spirited horse till he was swimming, urged n in the direction of the children. igent animal seemed to understand her hes, and yielding himself to her guidance. approached the struggling children, while fearless girl, forgetful of all else save their inent peril, encouraged them by voice and tre to hold out till she could reach them. y was already near the little girl, whom rother once caught by the bright tresses was sinking, but had to release her, as iditional weight drew both himself and g beneath the water.

sir, save my little sister,' he said, as swam near, 'Oh! she's sinking—she's wn!'

'Save the child—oh, save her!' cried the young girl, yet several yards distant, seeing it disappear. Henry was some feet off from the little girl when he saw her sink, and replied to her passionate entreaty by instantly diving beneath the surface. The maiden checked the progress of her swimming horse, and gazed breathlessly upon the spot where he and the little girl had gone down. There was a moment of terrible suspense—the wave parted—and Henry rose to the surface with the child in his arms.

'Thank God! Annette is saved!' cried the maiden, clasping her hands in gratitude. 'Can

you swim to the shore with her?

'With ease,' he replied; 'bnt I beseech you have regard for your own safety. Your horse shows signs of impatience, and if he should

throw you, I could save but one!'

'Then let it not be me, but the dear child,' she answered, turning the horse's head towards the shore. 'Are you safe with good old Neptune, Eddy?' she asked, looking at her brave little brother, who, with one arm about the dog's neck, kept himself above water, as the sagacious dog, on seeing the other child resound by Henry, turned and swam steadily towards the land.

'Yes, perfectly, sister. Neptune would never let me drown, and would have saved sister also, but she was too fat and heavy for him.'

'I beg of you, miss, attend to your safety cried Henry, seeing that her horse was fatigut

eatedly plunged his head beneath the ; 'your brother is well cared for, and a reach the shore with the noble dog's I will save this sweet child I hold on heed your own safety, I implore you, e your whole attention to guiding and

iging your horse.'

cautionary advice was needed by the girl, who, now that the imminent danger med had lost something of that bold and fearlesness of spirit which on desher brother and sister's danger from the which she had just reached after returnm her ride, had inspired her to risk her e in the effort to save theirs. Her horse. was a beautiful, light limbed bay, full d and spirit, was fast giving way under accustomed exertion of swimming with a pon his back; and though he struggled main both himself and his mistress, his it muscular efforts to keep his head above ter, betrayed his rapidly increasing exm. Henry, who with an eye of anxious ide for the fate of the lovely, self-sacrigirl, had observed all this as he swam ard with his own almost insensible burt length, seeing that the horse would himself, was about to swim to his bit, 10 saw her disengage her heavy skirt from ist and leave the saddle with a hand on n. The horse was for an instant relieved. rned his head towards the shore. But ung girl unable to swim and dragging

THE DANGING FEATHER.

64

with a heavy weight at his bit, drew his head under water, and thrice nearly sunk herself beneath the surface. Henry, alarmed lest the animal should strike her with his hoofs, cried to her earnestly to quit her grasp and he would save her.

'No, no, Annette, save Annette, and leave me to my fate,' she cried, and releasing her hold upon the horse's bit, she let him swim free-Henry, however, had already formed his plan of action, and as the horse passed near him on his way to the shore, he placed Annette in the saddle, fastening her light person to the horn by a firm turn of her dress around it, and then swam towards the generous girl, the exhibition of whose noble spirit had inspired him with the determination to save her or perish with her. She had already sunk twice, and rose again to the surface, and was a third time descending with a look of perfect consciousness, when he reached her and caught her hand as it was passing from his sight. He raised her to the surface insensible, and entwining one of her arms around his neck, and encircling her slight figure with a strong arm, he struck out towards the land.

The brig by this time had been brought to, at a great distance from the spot, her boat was let down, and was now rapidly approaching. Henry, however, on calculating the space, found he could reach the shore before the boat could come up to him, and kept swimming steadily on. He saw with joy that Neptun

ed with his charge, and stood shaking or from his sides, and that the horse eady touched the beach where several s of the family, who had flown down to t, released him from the sweet and alifeless burden he had safely borne to

1 you bear up, sir? anxiously inquired a man from the beach, whom Henry supto be the father of the young children he maiden; 'we have no boat, and can id you with our prayers.'

think I can, sir," answered the gallant amer, with hope, yet faintly; 'but I am

ed fast becoming exhausted !"

Io! the boat! Row for your lives men!'
ted the gentleman, and all with him who
l on the shore added their voices.

f you could send the dog again into the r, sir. The boat is too far off to reach me

re I could get to the shore.'

Io, Neptune! To the water! To his aid, a dog, cried the gentleman, urging him to

the water to Henry's assistance.

required of him, was at length guided by ry who called to him, and immediately ged in and swam towards him. Henry now full ten yards from the shore, and had me so exhausted by his previous exertions, he weight of his lovely burden, that he was able of swimming any further; and when

THE DANGERS PRATUER.

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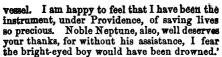
the dog reached him, he was employed only in buoying himself up, and keeping the head of the young girl above the water. The intelligent animal swam directly to her side, and fastening his large white teeth in the sleeve of her habit, instantly relieved Henry of half the weight he had to support. With a feeling of of gratitude for this timely aid, he placed one arm of the young girl over Neptune's broad neck, and thus aided, swam towards the shore with her. With what intense and absorbing solicitude was every inch of their progress watched by the anxious group on the beach ! The gentleman who had sent in the dog now waded up to his neck, and with a joyful cry, which was echoed by all present, extended his arms, and received his daughter, as her exhausted deliverer placed her within his reach. At the same instant the boat which had been rowing to their relief came up, but its aid was no longer required. All, lately in so great peril, were saved by the coolness and courage of the young student! On resigning his charge to her father's arms the energy that had inspired him to such supernatural efforts deserted him, and he would have sunk but for the aid of Neptune, to whose mane he clung, until the faithful dog dragged him to the beach. Here he was received by a group of grateful and admiring persons; and little Annette, pale but smiling, was placed in his arms by her happ mother. Eddy also clambered up to embra him, and for a moment, Henry forgot

igue in the joy his preserving courage had coduced. For an instant the father and the faughter seemed forgotten, in their gratitude to the preserver. Colonel Powel, aided by others, had, however, soon succeded in recovering his child from her insensibility when, after being perfectly sensible, she looked round for her brother and sister.

'Oh, are they safe! Edward—Annette? Springing forward, with a large Indian shawl wrapped round her as a substitute for her skirt, she embraced them: and then taking both Henry's hands in her own, she pressed them warmly, and said to him, with a deep feeling, 'God in heaven bless you, generous stranger! I have no words to thank the preserver of my life, and that of my brother and sister. So noble a spirit as yours will find its higher reward in the contemplation of its own act.'

Henry coloured with ingenuous modesty at her enthusiasm of gratitude, and as he looked into her pale, but lovely countenance, he thought he had never beheld a face so beautiful and intellectual. His heart acknowledged the power of darker eyes than he had ever looked into, and he felt he would willingly have lost his life to have saved that of one so lovely. Colonel Pewel now advanced and embraced him, and after overwhelming him with gratitude, insisted on his going to the house and changing his dress.

'I thank you, air,' said Hayward; 'but the



'To your coolness, perseverance, and judgment, all is owing,' answered the grateful Catherine Powel, 'for I feel I should have been lost, but for your self-possession. Indeed, sir, you must not leave a family you have made so happy!'

'That is right, Kate,' said Colonel Powel,

smiling, 'we must take possession of him.'

'Yes, you must come, cried Edward, grasping his hand, and pulling him along.

'You can't go now,' cried little Annette,

drawing him by the other hand.

'You see you are taken captive,' said Kate, who could hardly escape from the embraces of the grateful friends who gathered around her, to speak to him.

'Indeed, I cannot accept your kind invitation,' said Henry; 'I must now leave in the boat.'

'But you will take cold,' said the generous Kate Powel, who had begun to feel a deeper interest than gratitude, in her young preserver.

'If you will excuse me, I shall esteem it as favour,' he answered—his sensitive mind shrinking from their expressions of gratitude, besides his pride made him feel too keenly his poverty and his isolated condition, to suffer him.

be exposed to the mortification of ultihaving to acknowledge it; for he knued to Dreak

an is heart told him as he looked at the ly face of Kate Powel, that he should never ble to erase from his memory the bright ge indelibly impressed there. The rose had from her cheek, and her dark brown hair heavy with water, but even these disadvaneous circumstances under which he beheld could not lessen the interest of her beauty; the ample Indian shawl in which she was pped, conceal the symmetry of her figure, le wet riding gloves, covering them, hide air proportions of a perfect hand.

ou will, at least, certainly visit us to-morrom the city,' she said, seeing he was dein his refusal to go up to the house, whiiddy and Annette had already been taken d by their nurses and mother.

e me your address, sir'

Colonel Powel regarded him for an instant, with an inquiring glance, as if struck by the sadness of his manner, and was about to speak, when his daughter, in whom his manner had awakened sympathy, taking Henry's hand, said, with generous frankness.

You will at least give us your name, that we may often speak it—for I assure you, it will

never be forgotten by us.'

'It were better, lady, you should forgot one who may never prove himself worthy of remembrance,' he answered, sadly; 'but I feel that I can never forget!'

The look and low impassioned tone with which he said these few words, caused the maiden to drop her eyes and the colour to enrich her cheek. He pressed her hand hastily to his lips ere she could recover from her pleased surprise, and springing into the boat, he was rapidly borne away from the spot where he felt he had left his heart.

Colonel Powel looked after him with an expression of surprise at conduct he could not account for, and feeling upon his mind a load of obligation to the moody, yet gallant stranger, he did not like to leave this uncancelled; and he immediately resolved to seek him out, and if poor and unfortunate, but sensitively proud, to offer him assistance, but if otherwise, to bring him into intimacy with his family, and by kindness and courtesy in part repay him for what he had so disinterestedly done for him.

'A strange young man, Kate,' he said, look-

ing after him as the boat reached the brig with him.

His daughter started, and the quick hue of her cheek betrayed the key of her thoughts. Her eyes had followed the receding boat, and as the distance widened between her and her preserver, she felt that there was a chord drawn upon in her heart that she had never felt before. Henry, at this period, was in his twentieth year, tall, and finely made, with a dark, intelligent, expressive face; a clear hazel eye. a graceful carriage, and singularly gentlemanly air. His appearance was striking, and calculated under less interesting circumstances than the existing ones, to produce an impression upon the heart of a susceptible and generous spirited girl, like Kate Powel. She was just entering her eighteenth year, and with a heart as full of tenderness and sensibility as a woman's could well be, until this hour, she had not known the sweet sympathies of love. It was for Henry Hayward, aided by an extraordinary train of circumstances, to kindle within her young heart the first spark of tender affec-As the brig which had received her preserver kept on her course, she felt, indeed, that it bore away her heart with it.

Long she gazed after it as it moved along the shore, fast losing itself beyond the trees that lined it; and when, at length, her royal was only visible above them, she could not turn away her lenging eyes, though her father teek.

her arm, and entreated her to hasten to the house to change her wet garments for dry one 'One moment, sir, but a moment longer

said she, entreatingly.

'What has bewitched you, Kate?' he asked affectionately, yet playfully. 'Has the bricarried your wits away? Come, you will tak cold.'

But one instant, father! There, it he nearly disappeared! It is gone! And sh

sighed as she took his arm.

Colonel Powel was not so dull as not to pe: ceive the effect the young stranger had pro duced on her mind; but he was ignorant of it true nature, and attributed altogether t gratitude what he should have also given th little blind god credit for. He however, ver sensibly thought that the feeling might, o further acquaintance with the gallant youth become changed, for a tenderer one, inasmuc as he well knew that gratitude is cousin germa to love. He therefore questioned her as the ascended to the cottage, anxious to devise from her replies whether he had best pursue his in tention of discovering the young gentleman, o leave him in that unknown state in which h seemed so moodily desirous to remain.

'What do you think of the young man, Kate'l he asked carelessly.

'He is noble, generous, and brave, father, she answered warmly. 'But for him,' I—and perhaps Annette—would have been lying in the depths of yonder basin.

better for this.'

Then you like him a little, hey?' he said.

miling.

How can I help liking the gallant preserver my life! He is worthy of all our heart's matitude.

'So he is, my child, and I hope we all feel

ruly and properly grateful.'
'We should be insensible not to,' said the warm-hearted girl.

'I wonder who he is! Did you observe that he seemed to be particularly desirous of concealing his address in the city? This is at least very singular.

'No, sir. He may be, as I believe he really is, poor-though gentlemanly in his address and looks. I judged so from his dress, which I mw was much worn and that of a Harvard student for when I was in Boston, I often saw

1019 THE DARGING FRATHER. for his anxiety to suppress his address, he closely 4pc watched the face of his daughter to see the TITO effect of it upon her; for he had spoke it deli much to feel the pulse of her regard for him as br: "Guilt, Bir! she repeated with a glowing to express his own suspicions. cheek, turning her clear dark eyes round full upon her father, and which he saw flashed with indignation at the suspicion, and betrayed to -his penetrating mind, the true and, if the youth was unworthy, the dangerous state of her heart; can thought of crime or guilt be associated ł with that open brow, aside from his humanity and courage, which no bad man could possess and exhibit 80 nobly and gallantly as he has Out upon the thought, my dear father. of fear he is an adventurer, Catharine; the more I think upon him the stronger my opinion is, nevertheless he has my warmest gratitude. He may be an adventurer! Men are all adventurers, sir, when they first enter life! If you mean by an adventurer that he is a young man without means, just entering the world to make the living which Providence has demanded of all men's exertions, then he may be an adventurer, and as such, commands our sympathics But if you would infer, father, that he is a criminal, every pulsation of my heart You are a noble girl, Kate, and I love you and aid. for your liberal and elevated views; I honou tells me it is false. your generous gratitude for the preserver your life. But I fear you have let mere grad moved their lives.

Henry had, indeed, made a great sacrifice to his pride and sensitiveness, when he declined to mingle with the grateful and happy family from whom his courage and humanity had averted the dark cloud of three-fold death.

76

THE DANGING PRATTIES.

CHAPTER IV.

The arrival at New York. Hayward's conflict with Pride and Poverty. The loneliness of a great city. A hostelire in the neighbourhood of the Five Points. Adventures at the Brown Jug. A suspicious character. The Intelligence office. A new acquaintance.

Ir was already night when the brigantine came near the city, and sailed along past the serried tiers of shipping, that stretched from the battery a league eastward. Hayward was leaning over the quarter-rail, watching the effect of the long vistas of street-lamps, opening and shutting upon his view one after another as the transverse streets were successively passed. Though the evening was dark, a pale cloud of light hung over the extended horizon of the city, occasioned by the reflection from a myriad of lamps burning in windows and avenues.

While he stood watching the novel scene, and listening to the roar of wheels, which like the continuous reverberation of distant thunder, was borne off from the shore to his ear, mingled with the voices of men, the idea of his own loneliness, where so many of his fellowbeings were congregated, came over him, and he felt a painful sinking of the heart. He contemplated sadly his own condition, destitute of the discount of the means to the same of the same of the same of the means to the same of the same

. it—an enducated gentleman with the non of a beggar! His thoughts then red to the lovely and spirited girl, whose he had been instrumental in saving; in se bitterness of his soul he cursed the lot which denied him the participation of her society and that of her grateful family, and which held up an insurmountable barrier to the progress of that deep love for her which had taken possession of his bosom.

'No, no! I am poor and outcast—a common adventurer! she is rich, high bred and aristocratic; why should I think of her! chance has made me the preserver of her life; why should I avail myself of this circumstance, to dwell, till despair take the place of reason, upon the richness of the treasure, which I may never possess! No! no! I will forget her! Another, not I, must win and wear her.'

i

He sighed and at the same instant a hand was lightly laid upon his arm. Turning quickly he beheld, beside him, Blanche Hillary, whose form was not to be mistaken even in the darkness that enveloped the deck.

'You are gloomy and silent, sir,' she said in a low tone of sympathy, for which he felt grateful, but which his sensitive pride would not let him acknowledge.

'Young men are often sad,' he replied in an ill-assumed tone of playfulness; 'their feelings are enthusiastic, and as easily depressed as excited. It is the long experience and the phi-

losophy that come with maturer manhoed, I conceive, which makes men cheerful.'

But youth is not apt to be misanthropic, sir,' she replied in a low kind tone that touched him for its sweetness: 'I perceive in our brief weyage that you shun intercourse with these around you, who would cheerfully contribute to your happiness. Your noble conduct this aftermoon has commanded my esteem, and my father's admiration; besides, I have yet to thank you for your interference in my behalf,' she added warmly.

'What I did in your behalf, Miss Hillary,' said Hayward, coldly, 'was what every other gentleman should have done; what I have performed, worthy of this expression of your esteem this afternoon, was but an act of humanity. Every man, similarly situated, would have done the same. Did you not see that even the dog himself nobly worked to the same end! No, lady, I have done nothing worthy of praise

of speech.'
indeed, sir,' said Blanche, laughing, 'you are incorrigible! I like your temper, but I don't like your humour! How can a young gentleman amuse himself with so much solitude as you covet. My father waits on the other side of the deck, for me to bring you there. If we stay longer it will look like a tete-a-tete. Come, sir Knight of the gloomy brow!' and playfully placing her arm in his, she would have constanted him to her father, who interested in him for his gallantry of conduct which he had

sed, had a mind to put suadry New Engterrogations to him, touching his birth, ion in life and family connections. But, and, whose poverty, destitution and friends, made him proud and suspicious, invely feared something of this nature, and disengaged her arm from his.

ray, if you do regard me at all, Miss Hilne said hastily, 'that you will permit me nain by myself. In a few minutes we have the vessel and never meet again.

so, good sir student,' she said, in a tone ful authority; 'you must call and see me uncle's in Bleecker street, No.—. My will be glad to see you. You will give ir address.'

-I—that is, I believe that I shall make in the city, answered poor Henry, with rassment.

, if you go from New-York at once, I shall it.'

Fregret it, Miss Hillary,' repeated the man with surprise. 'What interest can el in a nameless wanderer?'

at of sympathy, sir,' she said, feelingly.
e a true knowledge of your position,' she
in a low tone, 'much as your pride
disguise it. You are, forgive the word,
harsh one, but I mean it kindly—you are

blood mounted to the young man's brow, felt a mingled sensation of anger and

'Yes, Mr. Hayward, I had a cousin who wa a student, and cast upon the world, friendles and penniless. You have reminded me of hir constantly. I sympathise with you. The ver sel approaches the wharf; we soon separate Receive them as a slight memorial of our shor passage together, and of my gratitude for you interference in behalf of my wounded delicacy. My father calls! Good night.'

As the enthusiastic, generous, yet romanti Blanche Hillary spoke, she left a small packe in his hand, and hastily left him, to rejoin he

father.

'How has she discovered my poverty?' though Henry, to whom it did not occur, that if hi thread-bare and poverty look were not sufficien to betray him, that she might have gathere the facts from the Captain, to whom he ha confessed it, on taking passage. He felt mort fied and half suspecting the contents of the fold ed paper, he approached the binnacle and oper ed it. To his surprise and confusion, it con tained a bank note for twenty dollars. His first impulse was to cross the deck and return it t her, for his pride shrunk at receiving such donation at the hand of a young lady. On a proaching the spot where she had rejoined he father, he found she had just retired with hir to the cabin. He was about to follow, whe it occurred to him that he would have a be ter opportunity of doing so, when she came ou to go on shore, as the vessel was now already a the pier. At length she came up attired for , shore, and leaning on her father's arm. enry availed himself of an opportunity afwided by her father's leaving her a moment to se about the baggage, to approach her as she wood at the gangway.

Miss Hillary, I know not how you have disvered, unless aided by the tact and penetraan of your sex, the poverty of which I confess yself guilty. You say truly, I am poor! but yy pride and independence remain, and you with therefore pardon me for declining your oble and generous donation. I return it to nu with the assurance that you will for ever agratefully remembered by me.

'You do wrong, Mr. Hayward,' she said nkly; 'this is false pride and not manly incandence; there is no loss of self-respect in

epting it.'

Yet I must be excused from doing it,' he decidedly; and placing the envelope with ontents in her hand, he gratefully pressed d turned away. She would have followed to have forced it upon him, when Mr. ry came up to escort her on shore.

od night, Mr. Hayward,' said the merwho saw by the deck lantern that Henry tanding near; 'bid him good night, a.'

d night, sir,' said Blanche, in a tone that rd falt conveyed reproof; and he followed ith his eyes till they entered a carriage od waiting for them on the pier. 1

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*Never before did I so keenly feel the degradation and humility of poverty,' he said bitterly as the hack drove off, separating, as it were, the link that bound him to any of his species; 'low low, indeed, has that young man fallen who excites the benevolence of a beautiful girl! pitiful indeed is his condition to become the object a youthful maiden's charity! oh, poverty, powerty, thou art a better draught!'

'You are stopping the gangway, sir,' said on of the sailors roughly, as if a passenger had n business on board a vessel after she had got t

port.

The hint roused him, and after going dow to his berth, and taking from it a small bundle tied in a handkerchief, he returned on deck an went on shore. As his foot left the vessel's deel he felt like leaving his only shelter on eartland he touched the wharf with a sensation deathly loneliness that caused him to lean for support against a post. His situation now force itself upon his mind in all its painful features

A wanderer upon the world's wide mano without friends, money or means, with pe haps a blighted name at home and at colleg which might follow him and prevent him from entering successfully into any pursuit! But what pursuit was he fit for! His father has given him no trade, and his habits at colleg and the condition of life in which he had move unfitted him for useful labour. He felt he was helpless as a child, and tears flowed as free from his eyes as ever they did in childhood.

s bitterness of grief will at length exhaust 6 The sorrow of his heart had found vent. reflection, and the mental formation of s for the future as well as for the present n, took the place of hopeless despondency. oused himself and looked round. The pier nearly deserted, and the silence on board dark ships around, broken only by the l of the watchmen on their decks, told him he had been standing there a long time, so lost in his own sad meditations, as to be asible of the passage of time, and unconis of what was passing around him. Slowly now took his way up the wharf; and. led by a dim lamp that stood at the head of ound his way into Front Street, at the foot faiden lane. Ignorant of the metropolis, having no correct idea of where he was, he his uncertain way up Maiden lane, in ch of some lodging place for the night that at suit his narrow finances, which in all, found amounted to just one dollar and His wardrobe was on his tw-two cents. . save a shirt, a pair of stockings and two irs, which his little bundle contained; so owly had he reduced himself to pay as w of his debts as possible, by the sale of ffects, before leaving Cambridge. As he sed along the dimly lighted streets, passing erous drinking rooms and cavernous oyster rs that that lined the walk, he came to a ; alley where was a sort of combined. m and bar-room, with a victualling collar

henceth, and in the window of which was stuck a sign, signifying that 'Genteel Lodgings were to be had there at twelve and a half cents After hesitating a moment between his pride and purse, he opened the narrow, greasy door and entered. The tap-room in which he found himself, was small, and crowded with mer drinking and smoking, and playing at dominos On one side was a bar, behind which stood a thin, sharp-featured, black-eyed woman, with her hair profusely curled on each side of he cheeks, and an old cap stuck on the back of he head. Havward's entrance drew no one's no tice save that of her quick and restless eye. He stood a moment surveying the scene of low and vicious life into which he had intruded, and was about to turn away to seek at least, les disgusting quarters than those promised to be when she spoke to him-

'So, Master—we have as good liquors and cigars as any of our betters, and if you wan food or bed, you may go further and fare worse What shall I help you to?' and taking a dirt; tumbler from which a negro had just drank gin she held it in her hand ready to wait hibidding.

'Nothing, I thank you,' answered Hayward

scarcely able to conceal his disgust.

"Then what the d—l are you doing in her with your black coat and shabby gentility? she demanded, angrily. 'Come! drink, or give your for others.'

'I was looking for lodgings,' interposed the

arranged Hayward who saw that her lange had drawn the eyes of two or three upon

sen; and as he spoke he turned to go.

'Lodgings, hey!' repeated the hostess in a less angry tone than she had before spoken: 'well then, if you can pay for them, you can stay. I can find you a clean bed and a single one at that, being as you look as if you had been used

to such things. Will you go up now?

'Yes, I believe I will,' said Hayward, after a moment's hesitation, thinking for one night he might put up with inconvenient accommodations; resolving during the next day to look out something more congenial with his taste. But he had to learn, that in a large city. poverty is always the handmaid of squalidness and vice: that to live poor one must live amid dirt and moral degradation. The tenement in which he was, was an old wooden structure. and an air of slattern debauchery pervaded it. A citizen would have suspected a bad character to belong to the house and would not have trusted himself there; but Hayward knew nothing of New York or its varied scenes.

'Will you take a drink, before you bunk !' asked a man coming up and laying his hand

familiarly on Hayward's shoulders.

Hayward started, and looking at him saw that he was a thick set fellow, about thirty years of age, with a red bushy beard and small keen eyes, but with a pleasant smile as he spoke, which displayed fine white teeth. His costume was half nautical, so far as a seaman's

THE DANGING FRATHER. round jacket and checked shirt went but he wore a second-hand Leary's beaver, with a rakish air, and straps to his pantaloons, which were out gaiter fashion, over a pair of fashion. able high heeled boots split out at the sides, and also much run down at the heel. In his hand

he carried an ebony stick with a silken tassel, and on the little finger of his right hand was a hugo seal ring. His voice as he spoke, was friendly and familiar, and remarkably pleasant

There was something both repulsive and prepossessing about him. Hayward in its tones.

felt, however, no disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, and answered coldly—
(No, sir, I seldom drink. I have just landed

from a brig from Boston, and need sleep.

A Vessel from Boston! repeated the man

quickly, what is her name? The man started with a look between surprised and pleasure, and after a moment's close scrutinizing of Hayward's countenance, he

'Look ye, he said in a low tone, 'has the touched him slightly on the arm

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"I have but now landed from her at some wharf which I know not?" Ariel come to port safely?

Met she no one by the way—that is—brought she all her freight in safety to the dock! inter rupted the man in a low, eager tone, fixing hi penetrating gaze upon Hayward's open feature No, now I recollect, said Hayward, who

the succession of subsequent events had I

thought of the robbery of the brig; 'that we were boarded by a---

'Sh-h-h!' warned the man, pressing his arm; 'there are ears here. Come with me aside a step.'

As he spoke, he crossed the room to a recess half hid by a faded red curtain, and motioned Hayward to follow him.

Henry's curiosity was awakened by the man's manner, and he went and seated himself in the box upon a bench opposite to him. He immediately drew the curtain and then said in a whisper.

'I would not like to tell every thing I know before that old woman, nor would I advise you to; here we are alone. Now for the brig?'

'She was robbed this morning of thirty thousand dollars in specie, by a piratical schooner. If you have any interest in the loss of the money, sir, I fear you will be likely never to see it again.'

The eyes of the man danced with secret pleasure, and reaching his hand across the board, he grasped that of Hayward.

'You are a bearer of news, man! Carried this vessel a blue flag with a feather floating in

the centre?

'The Dancing Feather, by the gods! What course took she after!'

'She stretched away up the sound."

And so got off? This morning, say you? It must have been ten leagues off. She was bold!' said the man to himself.

"Do you know the pirate vessel, saked Heary, whose suspicions were aroused by the man's

whose subjusting word around by one makes words and manner.
No, man; but I know there is such a craft.

on these waters; and the Ariel is not the arst vu our waver, and with. Well, sir, thanks Vesser sue has lanen in with vell, sir, thanks for your news. You will drink with me? I was just going to take a whet when you came, was just going to take a whet when you came, with and seeing you were a likely looking chap, with more ballast than freight, I would ask you.

We'll now have it here! Old dame!

here a couple of brandies!' and the man seconded his order by a rap on the table with the butt of

Excuse me, said Hayward, rising; I don't an iron fork that lay near him.

It's time then that you should begin; come comrade | I have seen better days as well ! drink.

you. Don't look lofty. All who once lodge Betty Southack's house, are brother companion That's a good girl, Betty, he added with a smi to the withered old woman, as she set glasses of logwood-looking liquid upon the d doth that covered the board, cohalk med another double mark. Saturday next I'll so secounts with you. drink to our better acquaintance. and off. keenly looking after him; I have a pure

lowance now left for myself. Pay down your scot beforehand, Mist some folks are apt to rise early, and f till they get round the next corner. Fore pay

is sure pay !

The hostess reached forth her skinny hand for the money which Hayward drew, with all he had, from his pocket. On seeing that he had not only a shilling, but considerably more, she looked more favourably upon him, and said to him, in a low tone, as she thrust the piece of money into a leathern bag, which she kept in her huge pocket instead of trust to a money drawer—

"You seem to be a nice young man, and I have had a good many nice people in my house in my time; now let me tell you if you have got much money about you, don't make too much of Red Fred there in the box, and keep a sharp eye on him! Now if you want to go to bed, just take to the stair head and you'll find a small room on the left, with a single bed. I call it the gentleman's parlour, as I puts none but genteel lodgers in it.

Hayward thanked her for her kind warning about his late comrade Red Fred, and following her directions, after crossing the thronged and noisy tap room, came to the foot of a dark stumbling stair-case, at the top of which glimmered a ray of faint light from some unseen source. With some misgivings he ascended the narrow steps, glad to escape from the fumes of gin and tobacco, and the company of the rude contomers of Dame Southack.

At the top of the stairs he came upon a landing place, dimly lighted by an old black lamp

THE DANGING PRATECLE iore w stuck on a chair. By the light of it he could ma 1 gigos an all sides surrounded ph a pe g board partition, dirty and unpainted, in which of i none set several doors made of two abright 11 boards, fastened together by two shorter crosspieces, and hung with leather hinges to their posts. Which of them led into the Gentle-10 man's Parlour, he was at first at a loss to conjecture. But after an instant he recollected he was to turn to the left; and in doing so, opened a door which led into an enclosed space, it could hardly be called a room, about seven feet long and four wide. It contained a narrow cos frame, on which was laid a starved mattrage, covered partly by a piece of patch work quilt At the head of it was a suspicious looking affair, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a which, on closer inspection, proved to was stuffed with rags, which was meant to supply the place of an honest pillow

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The only light which entered this 'parlour, for a Christian man's head. was from the moodily burning lamp on the landing. It contained a chair without a bottom to hang his clothes upon, and that was all its furniture. Hayward looked at his wretched quarters, and sighed to think of his condition. And so, thought he, this is the end of my father's plans of respectability. like his educated gentleman, who is about to stretch hi limbs on a twelve-penny bed that a negro woul hardly accept. Well, I will sleep to-night, as to morrow shape out my course.

me I know not. I am at feud with fortune. feel reckless of consequences. I may yet lad, outcast as I am, to make a friend even ne rude man, against whose companionship s warned. Poverty and friendlessness are hoosers of their associates. Alas! my r. did you know the situation of your this night, you would repent the day you thought of making him a gentleman! Had trade or handicraft whatever, I could find owment to-morrow. As it is, I am fit for ing, and destitute of means even to avail If of what might chance to offer to my ntage. Well, 'tis useless to complain! I to sleep and see what the morrow brings it.

ayward then threw himself, undressed, the rude unsavory bed, and placing his lie beneath his head, sought to bury in all his misery. He lay a long time restwith the fever of his thoughts, but finally saleep amid the carousing sounds below, ning of rescuing Kate Powel a second time drowning, in reward for which he thought che Hillary gave him a one hundred dollar

had been asleep about two hours, and the a was all still, the last lodger having half our before stumbled up to his cot, when y Southack crept from the tap-room softly airs, and listened at the door of her 'Genm's Parlour.' All was still within. There ao sound to be heard save the mores of her

twelvepenny lodgers around her, and the clear ring of the watchman's club upon the pass. Finding the inmate was saleep, she gently pushed open the door-for Betty Southack's chamber doors had no fastenings on the inside. though all could be hasped on the outside. This was a policy peculiar to her, and one which she found very convenient both to keep lodgers in. if necessary, and to enter their rooms herself if

it should be expedient.

She, therefore, found no resistance at Henry's door, and softly entered the chamber, shading with her hand the lamp which she had taken from the entry. Instantly an expression of disappointment passed over her sharp and eager visage, at seeing that her lodger's clothes were on his person instead of hanging across the chair back. She approached him closer, and looked wistfully at his pockets, but evidently without being able to come to the determination which hovered half-formed in her mind. After watching his sleep a moment she left the spet muttering-

'Well, well, let it so. I'd a liked to look at his pockets to see what money he really has got, to know just how long I could lodge him. and be sure of my pay. Red Fred says he has landed from a Boston brig; and as he is a stranger here, I might keep him at the Brown Jug while his tin lasts, as well as let any body else have it out of him. I'll find some way tomorrow to know. He seems a nice looking young gentleman, and I'll put a sheet on his ted to merrow, and give him an inch of candle be go to bed by. That'll make him undress, and to morrow night I'll know all about him.'

By the time this worthy dame of the Brown ing had ended her soliloquy, she had reached he door of a little room back of the tap, where she herself slept, and having entered, sea forgot in sleep her disappointment in not using suffered to go through, in Hayward's mass, her usual process of searching her more respectable lodgers' pockets, to know how far

he might keep them with safety.

It was late the next morning when Hayward woke from the long and deep sleep of the night. He looked around his little lodging worm, and listened to the roar of wheels upon the paved streets below with bewildered surmiss. The chamber had no window, unless a mane of glass set in the door, and admitting a light from the landing place, could be alled such. At first he mistook the narrow dage for his cabin on board the Ariel, and the hander of the pavements for the roar of the But this passing idea was dissipated as con as conceived, and he recollected where he was, with all the preceding links of circumtances. He remembered his lonely and poor madition, and a feeling of depression came wer him. Rising with a sad heart, he took his est and bundle, and went down the dark stairs the tap-room. Betty Southack was in the mer cleaning glasses for it was nine o'clock, by time the topers had had their 'mornin' and had not yet come in for their 'eleven.' So Betty was at leisure for awhile, to mind her own concerns.

'Well, young gentleman,' she said pleasantly, as he made his appearance, 'you have slept a sixpence worth on the forenoon; but we won't mind that. I generally turns my lodgers out at peep o' day light. But I saw you were tired, and I knows people just come ashore al'ays sleeps 'special sound the first night on land. Well, what'll you have for breakfast?'

'I thank you,' said Henry, hesitating at the recollection of his narrow finances—'but I believe I will walk out first a little while.'

'You have never been in York before?

'No,' replied Henry, walking towards the

"I thought so. Now if you want a good, nice place to stop in while you are here, you won't do better than with me. I'll put a clean sheet on your bed, and give you a piece of candle to go to bed by, a cup of coffee and bread, and a sassenger, for breakfast, and a nice cup of tea, and toast, all for two and sixpence a day."

Much as he had felt the humiliation of being compelled to take such humble lodgings as he had done the last night, and determined as he had been on seeing his room, to seek another abode: he had, nevertheless, slept well; the woman appeared kind; the crowd of ill-looking men had departed; and so, after jeliberating a moment he concluded to accept the offer, and remain, at least, until his money was expended,

which would be in three days at the farthest, and make use of the interval to try what he could do to improve his fortunes. The shrewd and avaricious hostess closely watched his face as he was deciding, and saw that she had gained him; and before he had time to reply in the affirmative, she said—

'Well, there now, give me your bundle, and I'll put it safe in my room till you want it. Sit down in the box there, and I'll bring you a cup of coffee and a sassenger and a roll.

You'll breakfast like a Duke.'

Hayward's appetite did justice to the mysterious beverage the hostess denominated coffee: to the more mysterious looking affair she had called a 'sassenger,' and before he got through with his roll, he oftentimes paused to thank heaven that he had thirty-two sound teeth in his head. But hunger gave flavour to the coffee, relish to the sausage, and sweetness to the bread. He leaned back on his bench against the wainscotting, and picked his teeth with the feeling of one 'at home.' The little room where he had slept, the table where he had eaten, the landlady, his entertainer, all three began to be pleasant to his mind and to supply to him the home that every wanderer seeks somewhere.

'Yes,' said he, emphatically, 'I will remain here! This shall be a home to me till I get a better.'

He drew saide the curtain which hung before the box, and was going out, when the careful landlady intercepted him with a silent appeal from her open palm. He was at a loss to understand her, which, she seeing, explained to him with the significant word—

'Eightpence!'
'For what?' demanded Henry.

'Breakfast!'

'Oh, I thought I was to pay up at night.'

'Pay when you get, you'd get when you pay, is my maxim! You might forget the way back.'

But my bundle is with you,' said Henry, handing her the sixpence, and sighing to see how rapidly his little stock of money was diminishing, and trembling at the consequences, if he should, at the end of three days, be without money and employment. He had already had several lessons, young as he was, in the selfishness and heartlessness of the world, and shuddered at the idea of being wholly at its mercy.

He left the tap-room of the Brown Jug with less elated feelings than he had left the table with, and standing upon the steps, looked about to decide what course to take first. The idea had been in his mind two or three days before his arrival, to put an advertisement in the paper, and wait the result. He now thought of it, and decided on going at once to a newspaper office. He was, however, at a loss how to move the first step from the door. The Brown Jug stood at the corner of a narrow lane leading into the purlieus of Five Points, and fronted.

mon a street leading into the Bowery. The street was filled with carts, waggons, drays, carriages, and thronged with a constant counter current of people mostly of an inferior condition. The noise and bustle bewildered him. and he remained sometime stationary, watching the tide of human life as it heaved and flowed around him. At length he moved from the steps and walked up the street. All that he saw was new and interesting to him. stately structure of the City Hall, and massive pile composing the Astor; the height and extent of the buildings along Broadway on the Park; the style and grandeur of all in Broadway: the gay and fashionable throngs on the pave, all were to him sources of novelty and interest. But amid all the life and motion. and hum of pleasure or business, he was alone ! Among the thousands that he passed, there was not a face he knew; all were strangers and he was solitary amid a world of his species. How he felt this solitude. It lay like a load upon his soul. Men around him were to him as trees or rocks! he had no sympathy from them. or with them !-and so he walked on through the city till his heart ached to have communion with some one! and he resolved to ask of the first kind face for a direction to a Gazette office. He looked in the countenance of hundreds as they hurried past, but one and all seemed wrapped in themselves and wholly absorbed in their affairs. He saw none whom he would

like to stop. Thousands passed, and he found no eye that met his with a kindred glance.

At length an old African came along and set down near him a heavy burden that he was carrying. It was directed 'Exprese Office.' Hayward remembered that this was a distinguished New York journal, and he asked the porter if he was going there.

'Yes, massa,' said the black, touching his

hat civilly.

The respectful reply and trifling act of civility, slight as it was, was grateful to him. He could have wept that a human being, humble even as that poor negro, had spoken to him in kindness.

'My good man,' he said to him, 'I am seeking a newspaper office. I will follow you there.

Is it far?

'Jiss'cross de Park and ober todder side de

Post Office, please sir.'

The negro then resumed his load: and Hayward, by his guidance, soon found himself at the door of the New York Express. Entering a side door to a small room, he saw a boy folding papers in wrappers by a window, and a young man writing behind a short counter.

'I wish to have the privilege of writing an advertisement here to insert in your paper of

to-morrow, if you please,' said Hayward.

The lad gave him a pen and a slip of buff coloured envelope paper, when he wrote the following advertisement—

'A young man of education wishes to get

SHE SANGEM PRATERL

sme samployment, either in a store, a com, a school, or as a copyist. A triemation only would be required for ant. Address R. R. at this office.

'How much is the price for insert sked, as he held the advertisement up refessional scrutiny of the clerk.

'Fifty cents for three insertions,' s lerk, resuming his writing after castin ificant glance at the young man of so reficiencies.

'How much for one insertion? asked I ho felt mortified at this open confession eed.

'Twenty-five cents; and a shilling for accessive one.'

You may insert it twice, said poor Haywing him three shillings, and then, wit yer in his heart that his advertisem; the successful, he left the office, resolvall again as early the next day as the ld be any prospect of his hearing from iteling that he had now done all that I do at present, he bent his course at a along the streets, wandering till near night turned his steps towards the Bro

the location of which he had careft and remembered. On his way he paralligence Office, when the tempting a signs and advertisements upon its will doors drew his attention, which instantly alive to any circumstance there him an apportunity of getting

ployment. Around the door were standing groups of men and women, black and white, while within, through the open door, he could see the office was thronged. A young man, about twenty-six, with a very genteel figure and air, with a seedy coat buttoned to his chin, to conceal the absence of a shirt and vest, and a much worn hat upon his head desperately brushed, stood near the door, looking wistfully in. Hayward saw he was like himself, a poor gentleman—and feeling a kindred sympathy for him awakened in his breast, he approached him.

'Will you be so good as to tell me,' he said,
'if young men are often successful in getting

employment through this office?'

'Indeed, my dear boy,' said the shirtless young gentleman, smiling affably and touching his hat with the air of past better days, 'I cannot tell you, upon my soul. I have just come here myself to see what I can find worthy a gentleman's accepting.'

'What place do you expect to obtain?' asked Henry, laughing at the amusingly lofty air and nonchalant way of his new acquaintance.

Oh, I can do anything, from casting a sheet anchor to making a penny whistle; from driving four-in-hand to a milk-cart. I am a sort of universal genius, I have not yet been able to get along, and so have lived the last year on the spout and sponge system.'

'And what is that?' asked Hayward amused; for there was an air of serious drollery about

n that was irresistibly comical while it chal

iged sympathy.

The gentleman of unappreciated genius red full in the face of our hero as he put; question to him; then laying his foreger significantly against the side of his nose, used his countenance to assume a peculiar pression which is better seen than described; twhich rendered into English, means, 'Do a see any thing green in my eye?' Significant as this was, the unsophisticated yward could not understand it, which the ser seeing, immediately performed another nificant operation with his four digitals, the amb slightly touching the tip of the process; which to the initiated was as significant for he had emphatically said—

Green.'

ayward was not so dull as not now to watand what his new friend thought of and amused at his manner of expressing pinion, he laughed and said good humour-

s, I am from the country, as you seem to discovered, and wholly ignorant of the f a great city.'

in you are my protege! I will be your.

I will initate you into mysteries than the Eleusinian! Come, my leave this infernal place and go to and take a cool inspirer. But stop, d the universal genius, speaking in a one and fixing upon Hayward a look.

like that which the ghost fixes upon Hamlet? 'my friend, hast thou the bullion where-withal.'

'I have no money, I confess, to spend in drink,' said Hayward, smiling, 'besides I am at this office to seek some opening for employment.'

'Employment!' repeated he, throwing himself into a dramatic attitude; 'work was made for slaves not men!'

Out upon the grovelling soul that would, For the mere getting of base silver coin, Degrade the God within!

Thou hast coin, for I did hear it now Ring in thy pockets deep unto mine ear, Most musical.

Come, let us imbibe! I will show thee Gotham! Wouldst thou work, I will show thee work. Wouldst thou be idle, I will help thee. Wouldst thou eat, I will

'Be by thy side, my love.'

Wouldst thou drink, I will pledge thee! Wouldst thou sleep, I will share thy couch, and—

> Like two buds growing on one stalk, We will together cleave as long as Thy money lasts.

•

Come, let us seal in fragrant juleps our bond of brotherhood.'

And thus speaking, the universal genius placed his arm beneath Henry's.

He, however, succeeded in extricating himself from his new friend; and instead of entering the Intelligence Office, he took his way towards the Brown Jug.

CHAPTER V.

Hayward's Peril at the Brown Jug. The Landlady's Warning. Hetty Bell. The Promise. Mr. Fink, of Chatham Street. Disappointment. Meeting with an Old College Chum. The Temptation.

When Hayward reached the Brown Jug it was already twilight. The dingy lamp at the entrance of the lane, on the corner of which the inn stood, was already lighted, and a glare through the dusty panes in the window of the tap-room showed him that Dame Southack had trimmed her lamps for the evening orgies of Bacchus that were nightly held there. As he surveyed the wretched premises, he certainly felt that he had got into very disreputable lodgings; but when he thought of his meagre purse, he resolutely opened the door and entered. The hostess' quick black eye fell upon him as he came in, and he saw that she gave him a warning and cautionary gesture, while her glance was turned in the direction of the box where he had sat with Red Fred the night before. His eye followed hers, and he started at seeing this personage there, half concealed from view by the faded curtain, in close conversation with another person, whose foot and hand only were visible; but they were enough

show that he belonged to a better class than is companion.

Surprised and wondering what there was in him, or his fortunes, that could awaken an interest in her iron bosom, he returned her a glance of gratitude, and retreated behind a Venetian screen placed on the inside before the door, to prevent passers by from seeing who was within when it was opened. Red Fred had not seen him; yet Hayward had no particular reason for avoiding him, save a repugnance for his companionship, and a decided dislike for his physiognomy. He therefore resolved to leave the bar-room and stroll about until he had left. His hand was upon the door, for this purpose, when Dame Southack came through an opening in her bar and touched him on the shoulder-

Young man, if you have any regard for your life, keep out o' the way o' Red Fred. I overheard them talking about you, and the stranger swore he would have your life. You know best who you have angered. I see you are a young man that don't know the ways o' the world, and I have a son just your age away at sea; and so I do you a kindness, hoping it will be one day returned to poor Bill!

'I have given no offence to any one,' said Hayward; 'I thank you for your warning, however, and shall avoid them. What can be their

motive?

Devil knows, except you have peached, or

got some secret they would rather have the sole keeping on.'

'I can guess, I think,' said Hayward, remembering Red Fred's close interrogations in reference to the robbery of the Ariel; 'I have a secret of theirs, I now feel assured, and they apprehend discovery. I am sorry to have to go from your house, just as I find in you a friend.'

'You needn't go. Just step out doors and go down the cellar, and you will come to a flight of steps that lead into my back parlour. I will find out what their intentions are, and

what they are afraid of.'

'Hullo there, Dame Betty! are you flirting at your age, behind the blind with a customer, hey? called Fred, in a loud coarse tone. 'Come, come, give me and my comrade here, another pint of true blue Jamaica. We have got money—gold and silver by the gallon, as you measure your beer. Come bear a hand, bear a hand!'

'Now go, and you will find the back parlour door open,' hurriedly said the hostess, quitting

him and entering her bar.

Hayward hesitated an instant, and left the tap-room. He paused on the side-walk, and deliberated whether it were not better to leave so dangerous a spot altogether, and seek other lodgings, than remain in the vicinity of spansins, and under the doubtful protection of Dame Southack. But Hayward was no coward—on the contrary, he had a spirit that courted, rather

than shrunk from danger. He felt a curiosity to know more about the parties in the box, and what motive they had in conspiring against his life. Yet he half suspected that he knew the truth.

His bundle was in Dame Southack's charge. and as he had found a friend in her, he finally resolved to follow her directions. The cellar was dark, and he descended with care and suspicion. crossed the stone floor, and was looking for the stairs, to ascend, when a door was thrown open at his right, and a pleasant voice of a young girl bade him follow her. Surprised and more confident, he approached the spot and found a door open at the foot of a fight of stairs; but he could see no one. He, nevertheless, began to ascend, and had got half way up to a landing, when the same voice said, laughing, 'you must to the left now; at the same instant a door was thrown open at the head of the stair-case and a lamp shone brightly into the passage-way from a small comfortable room, which he knew must be the 'little back parlour,' of hostess Southack. But who was his guide, who had made herself known only by one of the sweetest voices he had ever heard, and was now no where visible? While wondering at this little spice of romance, Dame Southack entered from the tap,

While wondering at this little spice of romance, Dame Southack entered from the tap, and quickly closed the door behind her, and bolted it. She smiled, but seemed perturbed as she saw him, and said hurriedly, 'You did well to take the cellar, for Red Fred got up as you went out, and swore I had been talking to

you at the door, and sending you off. The other jumped up at this, and both rushed after you. One has taken the street and the other the lane. You are safe here! Oh, I hope the Lord will remember this good turn I have done for you when my poor Bill gets into a scrape!'

'There is no doubt your goodness will meet its reward, good dame; but pray who was my

invisible guide through the cellar?

'Oh, that was my niece, Hetty Bell; a nice child she is too, I have to keep her out of sight in such a dangerous place for young girls as my house is. Red Fred has seen her, and I had as lief the horned Satan had laid eyes on her.—
That is what he keeps skulking about here for! But Hetty is a good girl, and minds me, though she is something wild. I told her not to be seen by you, for she's too pretty, if she is my blood, to be too common. But you may see her while I'm here. Hetty!

A door opened from an inner sleeping room, at her call, and a young blooming girl of sixteen or seventeen made her appearance. Her hair and brows were black as a raven's wing, and her eye dark and full of fire. She was a neat, round figure, with a charming bust and small waist. Her look was demure, but qualified by a playful smile. She looked like a girl who was graceful and beautiful, in spite of no education, and of evil circumstances, with a disposition of great good humour, united to passions of the strongest character; a weman whose career would be marked by strength of

pulsive passions! A girl to re again, strongly, but one here her love was crossed, kened.

d her, at first, with admiraa a look of pity. He was e and figure which nature society, degraded by such which her life had been of those faces, he felt, which he curse of its possessor.

l, Hetty,' said Dame South-You see I do you a favour! many a one his better, would ild to be in the same room But she's a wise girl, and I'd have her. Now, niece, and a roll, for the gentleman; to bar.'

to speak to the young girl, se, he saw her bolt the door then secure the door leading re he could divine the cause or ask her for explanation conduct, she tripped lightly her finger placed on her lip and taking him by the hand, and placed herself beside him.

d,' he answered, smiling at ddressing him.

'You came pessenger in the Ariel, from Boston, and were witness to a piracy on board?' she saked, rapidly. 'Yes.'

'What are you?' 'A poor student, thrown

upon the world to seek my fortune.'

'You are like to find it at the knife's point.
You were in company here with a young man last night.' 'He was a stranger to me, if you mean he they call Red ——'

'Hush! she exclaimed, putting her hand en his mouth,' no matter what they call him. You told him you were witness of the piracy!' 'I did. Is he one of the pirates?'

'It matters not what he is. He has threatened your life. You are no where safe. He will scent you out like a sleuth hound! You can be secure no where from his purpose of

murder.'

"How know you this! How is it you are so familiar with his purposes? asked Hayward, looking with suspicion of treachery upon her dark, beautiful face.

'It matters nothing to you. Your life is

forfeited. Yet I can save you.'

'How?

'Promise—nay swear to me that you will never reveal to an one your knowledge of that piracy, nor recognise, if you see them again, any one who was concerned in it.'

'I have no motive in exposing it. I am,' he continued, recklessly, 'a wanderer, with as much as I can do to look after myself and my own fortunes, without meddling with other

thirs. If the laws have been broken, tice look to it. I have had so little justime the world myself, I care little for her ts. But why this cath, pretty one? your own safety. Will you swear? 'If sh it.' girl smiled, and went to the cellar door, had been heard a light tapping, and softly, 'Frederick, you may come in! ere!' removed the bolt as she spoke, and the ual, called Red Fred, came quietly into m.

ward's first thought, on hearing her to him, were of treachery: and his first i to step back and seize a short harpoon in the becket over the mantel piece. at the same time whispered in the inser,

young sir, you may as well put up your in its becket again,' said Red Fred,
. 'The girl tells me you are willing to tot to expose what you know about the of the Ariel. I have been waiting for day and would have put my knife into art, to secure the silence of your tongue, this wench who plead for you this g, and promised to make you take the You are a likely fellow and I like your

You shall be one of us.'

h, Fred! Let him swear, and then leave
pursue an honester life than thine,' said
L cuickly.

'If I am to save my life by an oath, extracted from me for fear of an assassin's blade, I refuse to take it,' said Hayward, firmly.

'Refuse!' repeated the brave, drawing a

knife and brandishing it before his eyes.

'I am not to be intimidated,' answered the student, with resolution. 'So far as I can learn, you belong to the party of river robbers, who rifled a brig, in which I was passenger; and now, lest I should recognise some one of you on shore, you menace my life.'

'You have it, master, as regular as print,' answered Red Fred, winking at the young girl.

'Further, you agree to take my oath of secrecy, and forbear to molest me.'

'A priest wouldn't have said truer.'

'Now then we understand each other. I

shall take no oath!'

'Then by heavens, you shall die. Forty gallant fellows are not a going to swing, for the paltry life of a ragamuffin student.'

As Fred said this, he approached Hayward with his uplifted knife. The girl, however,

caught his hand.

'Nay, Frederick, take his word! He will

give that,' she implored.

'Yes, I will pledge my word freely, for this young woman's sake, never to betray my knowledge of any person I may meet or recognise, who may have been concerned in this piracy.'

'Take it, Frederick! His word, I am sure, is

to him an oath.'

'Pshaw!' ejaculated Red Fred, contemptu-

onely casting her from him; 'this is all very good in poetry, wench, but it don't do where men's lives are at stake. Yet I will take his word, for I believe he will keep it. You promise not to betray them.?

"Good! Give me your hand!"

'I do.'

Hayward extended his hand, and grasped that of his late fee, who, with an eath, declared he was a devilish good fellow, and that he liked his spirit.

Haward smiled at the change in his friend's manner and hostile bearing; and feeling that he had nothing more to apprehend from the fears of the man, put up his harpoon, saying to him. in a careless way—

'Pray, tell me how you knew I was here?'

'Hetty, here, the good girl, saw me running down the lane, and called to me.'

Was this after you vanished, on letting me in ? asked Hayward, turning to her.

'Yes.' she answered with a smile.

'You were treacherous! So you brought me in to make me take an oath, and for Fred, here, to put me out of the way if I refused. So this is the object of mine hostess's hospitality—for, of course, she is privy to it,' said Hayward, angrily.

No—the dame was only protecting a customer, by sending you here. She had an eye to future profits out of you. Hetty, here, is in my confidence, and when I told her, this morn-

ing, that I had talked with you about the brig, and that you must be put out of the way, she promised to make you take an oath of secrecy. Her mother, it seems, also overheard me talking with a comrade in the box, and sent you here for safety. So it has turned out all round as it should do. Now, comrade, let us drink and be friends,' said Red Fred, thrusting the stiletto beneath his vest out of sight. 'If the world goes bad with you, seek out Fred Berry, and he'll show you a way to retrieve your fortune.'

For the present, Hayward thought it best to humour his new ally, and following him through the cellar, greatly surprised all as well as Dame Southack, by walking into the tap-room with

him.

They drank together—Hayward just bringing the glass to his lips, and setting it down again; and then Red Fred left the house on plea of important business. Having explained to Dame Southack's satisfaction, except so far as Hetty's agency was concerned, the cause of his reappearance, he sat down to his coffee and roll. The conduct of the girl-her evident collusion and intimacy with Red Fred, as well as her influence over him-the ignorance of the shrewd aunt, of any acquaintance between them-her beauty and apparent guilt, were all subjects of reflection, which, the more he thought upon them, as he ate his humble meal, the more the whole puzzled and perplexed him. But the progress of the tale will unfold what to him was mysterious, touching the beautiful Hetty Bell.

While he was sipping his coffee in his little narrow box, where, now that there was no danger. the hostess had set it for him, a person came abruptly into the tap room, and by his quick, firm step, drew his attention. He was tall, and carried himself well, if not haughtily. His figure was half concealed in a brown wrapper; and a large fur cap, notwithstanding the season, covered his brows. He approached the bar, spoke to Dame Southack, and then, as if satisfied with her reply, turned about and went out. exposing his side-face to Hayward's gaze.-He thought he had seen him before—the features, air, and general carriage were familiar. While he was endeavouring to recollect where he had met him, the hostess came and said in a cautious tone.

Do you know who that was?

"No-yet I have seen the face."

So you have, she said, in a suppressed voice, and with a look of significant mystery.

Who is it?

'A gentleman,' was the dry reply of the old woman, who feared she was going too far.

'He is a pirate,' exclaimed Hayward, half rising. 'I now distinctly remember the face.'

Then the sooner you forget it the better.—You have sworn, Red Fred tells me. But, ah me! how has Hetty and Fred become acquainted? and I have watched her so closely too! Ah, the girl! I have long suspected something! If he speaks to her again, I'll give such information as will soon have old Haya's grip

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upon him, and I as much as told him so!— Where the sakes she could first see him, or how she could see any thing in his green eyes, and red head, and fire flame beard, to like, I can't

see. I'll lock her up, the minx!"

The ensuing day at eleven o'clock, our hero was at the Express office; but there was no reply to his advertisement. He wandered about the city until night, brooding about his disappointment, calling so often at the office as finally to excite the smile of its inmates, and to become angry with himself. He returned to the Brown Jug at night with a heavy heart, and ill at ease with the world. He saw no more of Hetty or Red Fred, and the old Dame. careful to exact from him payment for lodgings and meals as he had them took no further notice of him. At length, for the seventh time the next day, he called for an answer to his advertisement, he found in the rack a note addressed 'H. H.' He took it down with trembling fingers, and tore it open. It read as follows :-

'If Mr. H. H. will call at No. -, Chatham

street, he may find employment.'

With eager steps he hastened to find the address, and of the first person he met after leaving the office he asked without taking his eyes from the paper, for Chatham-street. The individual addressed, stopped, turned short round, and throwing himself in a tragic attitude, thus addressed him:—

"Art thou a stranger in the city, sir,
That thou dost ask where lies the street
Called Chatham—the paradise of Jews?
Of suctioneers of furniture, of old ware?
The empire of three gilt balls,
And mart of cast off vestments? Who art thou?
Nay! I know thee now, my rustical!
What takes thee hither? Art thou short
And hast a ring, a brooch, a golden key—
Last relic of some long pledged watch—
That thou must hie with such great speed of foot
And earnestness of eye, to Chatham,
And its golden balls? Speak! for thou art challenged."

Before the 'universal genius' had spoken the arst line, Hayward had looked up and recognized his Intelligence office acquaintance. There he stood with the same rusty coat, buttoned desperately close to the chin and pants, lesperately stretched to meet the top of his shoes by narrow straps. As he stretched forth his arm in his address, there was visible beneath a terrific wound in his coat, vawning horribly s ghastly smile at each elevated gesture. Hayward could not help laughing at his appearance and felt in the loneliness of his situation, a legree of pleasure in meeting with one whom he had ever seen before. To be sure his new sequaintance's wardrobe was not very crelitable, but Hayward did not know how soon, to far as that was concerned, they might become par nobile fratum. So he repeated his inquiring for the number on his paper.

'What wouldst thou in Chatham my rustical' demanded the other with a patronising air.

'I have advertised, good sir, for business and having first got this reply, hasten to the writer.'

Let me see? and the gentleman with the horrid gash beneath his arm, took the paper daintily between a thumb and finger and hele it up to his eyes as if he were near sighted 'Oh! dem! vulgar! I know the place,' he said with ineffable contempt.

'What is it?'

'What! 'tis a wholesale peddlery. Shoulds thou go there, I would cut thee direct and instant!'

'Is he an honest man?'

'Honest?' repeated he scornfully and dra matically:—

'Aye; he'd pare a dead man's nails
And draw his teeth, if lucre came of 't!
Honest? Aye, he'd cheat no man nor lie
If more were got by honesty and truth. He
Thinks, that men should eat three times a day
A waste of good provision, which else might bring
The ready money and the thrifty penny. Aye,
He is an honest man. God help his honesty!

'What is his business?' asked the amused ye misgiving Hayward.

'To make money,' returned the other with

gesture of contempt.

'So is mine. I will go to him.'

- "And he will coin thee! Thy garments,
 Unrepaired, will fall from off thy flesh;
 Thy flesh, no more renewed will quit
 Thy shivering bones; and these lest thou shouldst slip
 His hands, he'll hold from falling 'part
 With wires and rivets, and so keep thee
 A skeleton clerk, no more a walking
 Draft before his eyes for bread and breeches!"
- 'I will try him, nevertheless. Come with me, as I am quite ignorant of the way.'
 - No! Chatham-street is my abhorence, sir!
 "Tis filled with ghosts of long departed coats
 And rings, and chains, and canes with heads of gold,
 Which once did appertain unto my person; if,
 Thou wilt go, walk thou alone! The first
 Left turning there, will bring thee hither.
 Now
 Friend and rustical good mine! hast thou
 About thee what men vulgarly call coin?"
- 'I have but little of that vulgar metal, good sir, but I will share with you,' said Hayward, taking from his pocket a sixpence, the ninth of all his money, and handing it to him.

Thanks! said the other with a lofty air receiving the money.

- 'When next we meet I shall repay thee, Or, else, call me coward!'
- 'Stop, I will give you my card, air,' and the 'universal genius' placing the sixpence between his teeth for want of a safe pocket, drew forth a very suspicious looking object which was in-

tended to represent a wallet. This he opened, and took from one of its greasy and well worn receptacles a pledge ticket and handed it to Hayward.

'There, sir, is all the card that fate has left me.
'Tis both the sign and index of my name and fortune!
Thou sees 'tis Simpson's ticket—not Simpson
Of the Park, nor a Park box ticket—
But Simpson's, prince of pawn brokers! My name
Is writ there—George Frederick Cooke Sykes, Esquire.
Take it! The day of sweet redemption for the ring
I plodged therein, hath long since passed.'

Hayward, with a feeling of sympathy that did honour to his heart, bade his tragic friend good morning, and hatened to answer the note, wondering on the way if the person who wrote to him, was in truth the character Mr. Sykes had dramatically described him. He soon reached the number designated. It was a tall. narrow structure of wood, old and tumbling to pieces. The front was hung with clothing, furniture, bedding, strings of crockery, old keys and a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, of cast off house-keepings. The walk was blocked up with stoves, tables, pots, kettles, tin ware, &c. &c. The door was low and seemed to give entrance to a cavern of old clothes.

He hesitated to enter; but finally resolved to know the worst. Behind a counter stood a stender, thin, and very little man, about forty years of age, in white iron spectacles, burnishwom it to ing up the knob of a door. His restless grey eye fell upon Hayward as he entered, and he stretched his neck towards him, as if he expected in him a customer.

'Are you Mr. Fink?' said Hayward, satisfied he saw before him bodily, the original Mr.

Sykes's portrait.

'Yes, yes, I believe I'm Mr. Fink, when I'm to hum,' replied the little thin anatomy, with a simper and a smirk, and a bow affable.

'I received a note from you at the Express office,' continued Henry, faintly; and casting his eyes around the gloomy place, he shuddered lest he might have to make it his home.

'Oh, ah!' ejaculated Fink, drawing himself up till he bent back; and looking Hayward full in the face, he surveyed him through his spectacles, letting his gaze slowly descend over his person, to his feet. 'Hum; so you are H. H!' and Mr. Fink looked with as much contempt on H. H. as he could bring to bear upon him.—'Humph! so you are H. H.! Well what can you do?'

'I can cheerfully knock you down,' Hayward felt like replying, but he thought of his reduced purse, of his exacting hostess, and of utter destitution; so he called the philosophy of necessity to his aid, and answered quietly. 'I can do almost any thing to make myself useful.'

Oh, ah! you can! Well, Mr. H. H. I supcase you have a reference; and Mr. Fink placed both hands behind him, crossed, and spreading less astride, as a man sometimes pesta him-

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How do I ise. . H. glar, a robber, or somebody about ight be murdered eth stolen. Come 'My name is Hayindignation rising. Il referring to yourreplied Mr. Fink; vit. 'I know no one rered Hayward after d, Dame Southack, l, and even his late derick Cooke Sykes,

r me, answered Fink, uld you think of pay-

! Why, what the d—!
! Why, what the d—!
elf! I should give you
a meal as often as I ate
ff garments.'
ful eye to the loft, a pitink's shrunken abdomen,
woe at the threadbare
, and sighing while he
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I do? he repeated a hun-

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"So—you to Hase and thus addr

THE DARGING PRATEIRS.

dred times to himself, as he walked alc Chatham-street. 'I have but five shill the world, and to-morrow I shall be pe I cannot even advertise again. What a tion is mine; friendless, houseless, we and moneyless in a great city. Alas! ther, my poor misguided father! God you and forgive my bitter thoughts you:

He walked along with his head de and his forehead bent low towards the meditating what course to pursue, to himself from starving and secure a she his head, now fully satisfied of the fact had not before occurred to him, that h get no reputable employment without a table reference. Suddenly he felt a ha upon his arm. Looking up he saw besi a fashionable dressed young gentlema long brown hair waving upon his shou moustache adorned his lip, and with headed stick and white kid gloves. A gold chain was hung from his neck a green velvet vest, and from a slender c finger metal, dangled an eye glass. H was slight and elegant. His eye was la: piercing, but his face wore an air of reck that marred the beauty of his handson tures.

'So—you are sad, sir,' he said in a to ent to Hayward's desolate heart, for hi and ready sympathy. Surprised addressed by a stranger whose cor so far as the superfluities of life went, evidently was so different from his, he nevertheless smiled and replied—

'Something sad, sir, But you have probably

mistaken me for some one else.'

'No, you are Henry Hayward, are you not?' he asked in a frank way that at once drew a reply in the affirmative.

Well, I knew I had my man. You and I

have met before.'

'Where? inquired Hayward, surveying his features with a slight consciousness of recognition.

'Not where you think—but come along with me and you shall know. The street is too publie for a private conversation between two old fellow-students!"

'Ha! I know you now. It is Morris Greeme!' cried Hayward, between pleasure at meeting an old college acquaintance and suspicion at some recollection associated unpleasantly with the recognition.

'You know me, I find, notwithstanding the time and change. Come with me and let us

talk of the past.'

Hayward would have shrunk from his invitation from some secret cause or other, but feeling his own destitution and his need of friends, and willing to fly to any society for retief from the painful thoughts which weighed down his spirits when Morris Græme met him, he suffered him to take his arm.

Oznano led him some distance down a cress

street, talking lightly with him on various subjects and finally stopped in a narrow lane, before a low door with a pent house roof projecting above it. Although the middle of the afternoon, the place was silent, and the wretched houses about seemed uninhabited. The court was dark and narrow, and bounded on the side opposite to where they stopped by a high brick wall. The fashionable costume, and chains of Morris Greeme were ill-assorted with the scenes around him. The place seemed entirely strange to Hayward, yet he thought it was not far from the Brown Jug. Morris knocked once heavily with his stick, not against the door, but the beam above it, which returned a very ringing and prolonged sound. After a moment's delay, the low oaken door was unbarred from within. and opened by an old decrepid African.

Without interchanging a word with the negro, the young man motioned to Hayward to follow, and preceded him through an obscure passage up a flight of steps to a long gallery. This he traversed to its extremity, and entered a door that led into a spacious room, in the centre of which were two billiard tables. The

room was deserted.

'Where do you lead me, Morris?' demanded Hayward, stopping as he saw him approach a door on the opposite side, as if to pass through it.

*Come, and I will show you, said he smiling, throwing it open and displaying to him an apartment gorgeously furnished with crimson curtains descending from the calling to the 0

floor, marble pier tables, velvet ottomans, gili satin chairs, and costly girandoles; with a profusion of painting and statuary.

Hayward started back astonished at the unexpected sight, and stood surveying the sumptuous room with incredulous surprise, so great was the contrast from the rude apartments he had just passed through.

'Why do you hesitate, man?' demanded Græme. 'This is my home and I welcome you

to it.'

Hayward's suspicions were now confirmed but he had no friends, and so he clung to Moris Græme for the relief which friendship af fords. After entering and surveying the rich apartment, he walked to the windows, and was about to put aside the closely drawn curtains to look out into the street upon which it front ed, when Morris politely detained his hand and quietly removed the fold of the draper; from his grasp.

'Pardon me, Harry; but I have wine waiting here, and you must pledge me;' and he led him to a sideboard in a recess which glittered with decanters, filled with various rich wines.

'I am bewildered,' said Hayward, passively receiving the wine glass, placed in his hand 'I can scarcely believe I am not in a dream.'

'Let us drink to our meeting,' said Greene without seeming to hear him. 'Pledge me Harry.'

Hayward filled his glass and drank. The wine was Burgundy, and delicious; and he was

easily persuaded to take another glass to—'The Halls of old Harvard.'

Greene now threw himself at full length on an ottoman, after having seen Hayward seat himself, and in a careless tone said,

'So, Hayward, you have left Harvard with-

out a diploma, as well as myself."

'How did you hear of it?' asked Henry, with a quick flash of shame, as if his father's error

had become his own guilt.

'There needs no greater proof than your being here in New York during term time, and wearing a Harvard coat something the worse for service,' answered the other with affected carelessness, while his searching glance was scanning every line and lineament of Hayward's face.

'True,' replied our hero, half angry, that his poverty already had a tongue to speak so open-

ly for itself.

You have just arrived—three days ago—in a brig from Boston, continued Morris in the same tone of seeming indifference. How do you like town.

'I have seen but little of it. But how is it

you know so much about me?

'It requires no necromancy to tell you much more—but that you lodge at the Brown Jug, and are without money, and are puzzling your brains to know what to do to keep soul and body from taking leave of each other!'

'You know all I know of myself, then, and there is no need of disguise,' said Hayward,

frankly. 'How you have got your information,'
I cannot conceive.'

"I knew you were in the city only yesterday and I have been seeking you ever since you left the Brown Jug to go to the Express office."

e Brown Jug to go to the Expre

'You told it to Dame Southack—and what a woman knows is not apt to rest for want of telling.'

'And you know the hostess of the Brown Jug?' I called there for you,' answered Greene evasively.

'Do you know that daughter or niece of hers? She is a singular girl.'

'She is a singular girl! You have seen her then? asked Morris with interest.

'Only once. What connection has she with the fellow they call Red Fred?

Greene smiled, and was silent; and then replied, 'You may know possibly, more by and by. What do you with yourself to-day?'

Hayward was at a loss to answer. An indefinite idea that he must do something, and that speedily, floated through his mind; but what he was to do he was puzzled to tell. Greene

seemed to divine his perplexity, and said, "Well go with me."

'Whither?'

'You shall see by and by,' said Morris, with a reckless and important air, as if he did not like the suspicion which the question conveyed.

'Nay, Morris Greene,' said Hayward, firmly;
'I am poor, and have, as you conjecture, left

THE DANGING PRATEIR.

Harvard on account of my poverty, yet I can be blindly led into crime.'

'Crime!' repeated Græme, with a loud lau

'poh! Harry, you are preaching.'

I remember you were expelled from coll for a crime, and came to New York. I he heard strange stories of your subsequent care Recent events have confirmed my suspicithat you are a——'

'What,' demanded Græme, in a slow s

low tone.

'Nay—I may be wrong. But I firmly lieve I saw you one of the foremost in a part; amateur freebooters who boarded and robl the brig in which I came passenger.'

Morris Græme pleasantly smiled at the charge, twirled his moustache, and then lau ed aloud, 'Truly, Hayward, you have a gomemory. I was not there, nor could you he seen me there, therefore. You have your he filled with pirates, and look upon every hon man as one. But nevertheless, I have be this day seeking you about that very affair piracy. Another time, however, will serve well. Will you lodge and live with me whyou are in town?

Hayward declined.

Well, well; I see you have no confidence me. I will confess I am something free in a mode of life; but poverty and want, such you are on the verge of, drove me to it. Y will yet come to it or starve, mark me, Hi

ward! What has the world, or society or the laws done for you that you should be their slave and die of hunger and perish for want of shelter, rather than break your chains and live! Come, you are poor, friendless, and have a feud with mankind, and with fortune! fickle jade goad you to despair, act while you can! Frankly and freely, I am one of a party of clever young fellows whom fortune made footballs of, as she is making of you, until they kicked her in turn. They are now free cavaliers, and have neither sorrow nor care. Come and join yourself to us. What has the world given you that you should be honest and virtuous for it? Unite with us and you shall be equally with us. These rooms shall be yours. and gold at your will !

Tempt me not, Morris Græme, cried Hayward, bitterly; 'tempt me not! I confess I am poor, and have little but despair and hopeless misery before me. Yet I am a man, and never will consent to war against, and prey upon my species. Say no more to me! Let me depart,

and leave me to my own sad fortune.'

'Be it so, Hayward,' said Græme, kindly; and going to the rear door by which they entered with him, he suffered him to depart, adding—'Now, Harry, if the world go hard with you, and Fortune turn her back, remember the offer I have made you. Here you shall always find a home by knocking once at the bar above the gate. I need not remind you that I depend

oa your honour for secrecy, as to what you have discovered this afternoon.'

Hayward shook his friend's hand with a warmth of feeling he was himself surprised at: but he was voluntarily parting, from principle, with the only familiar face he had seen in the

metropolis.

*And this, then, is the course of the wild and reckless Morris Græme? he said, as he walked slowly away; and have I listened to his temptations. Have I, Henry Hayward, deliberated whether to join league with freebooters er not! Yes! I felt the temptation! I felt iny wrougs plead for this sacrifice of honour! Oh God! protect me and defend me! If I am driven to this at last be the guilt on the heads of those whose weak and wicked ambition to make me a gentleman, hath driven me forth a houseless wanderer upon the free and beautiful earth which God has given for man's haritage!

CHAPTER VI.

Hayward's utter destitution. The doors of the Brown Jug closed against him. A Starving Man. The Oyster cellar. Encounter with Mattocks. The death of Sykes.

As our hero went slowly homeward towards the Brown Jug, after quitting the companionship of Moris Greene, and flying from the temptation he held out to his poverty, he began to reflect upon his future course. He had but five shillings and threepence in the world, and the little bundle in dame Southack's bar would not bring much more, if pledged or sold. Yet he had a lodging and a breakfast to pay for. and the second day he would have nothing left. He devised a hundred impracticable and romantic plans, rejecting each successively as it came up in his thoughts. He thought of shipping as & sailor; or hiring himself as a servant; of going into Jersey to seek a school. He envied the sweep that passed him with his cheerful song because he had employment and the means of life.

In this mood he reached the Brown Jug. and going into the tap, seated himself in one of the little dark boxes, and gave himself up to gloomy forebodings, and the contemplation of his own wretchedness. He at length, attracted the at tention of Dame Southack.

come? you look low-spirited! she ng to him from behind the bar. 'Take andy and water; it will cheer you up?' nk you,' answered Hayward, rousing

then, here's a newspaper! I've seen a a sa did'nt care to drink, take a paper to enjoy reading on it, just as if it was glass o' liquor ever tapped.' she spoke, she tossed him the 'Flash.'

paper taken at the Brown Jug.

d was both amused and disgusted, in ver the classic sheet, and was about to side, when his eye rested upon an adnt for a 'carrier.' The thought inruck him, that if he would examine apers, he might find advertisements ons, one of which he might fill. Inrenewed hope with this idea, he went ought the Express office, where he obight of the day's newspapers. They I with advertisements of all kinds. but applied to him, and his condition. re several for servants of every sort, or a footman, who would not object g a livery, but none for poor young He left the office in deep depresidenly he stopped and turned back.

I will take that address for the footcannot starve or run in debt, and rot! I will do any thing that holds out

minutes afterwards he was on his way

and britaine levices

had made up his mind, and walked resolutels on until he came to B large old feeblood before the house which was a large old feeblood before the house which was a large old feeblood before on until me came to host street, and before the house, which was a large old fashioned brick mansion, placed back from the street, with a manance, placed back from the street, with a

He hesitated at the gate, and felt his cheek burn. But he recollected his destitution, and shadowing the whole place. opened the gate and entered the yard. It was near twilight; and it being a summer's evening. the family were seated on the Portico.

The moun consisted of an alderly contlamen group consisted of an elderly gentleman, a group consisted of an elderly gentleman, a maided lady sewing, and a young Hayward ap-

proached with a faltering step.

As he came
the vone lady bearing his stem lifted has and near, the maiden lady eyed nim closely, and the young lady hearing his step lifted her eyes from the book. Conceive Hayward's surprise to the book. from the book. Conceive Hayward's surprise at beholding Blanche Hillary! His first impulse was to fly for shame, as if she had divined

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pulse was to fly for shame, as if she had divined his yet unspoken purpose; but a moments's reflection showed him the impropriety of such a sudden retreat. He therefore She rose a sudden retreat. Her, and spoke. She rose and extended her hand to him with a warm and extended her hand to him with a warm release.

'I am glad to see you, Mr. Hayward. I we a sun gian to see you, air, mayward, 1 will speaking of you to-day to father, and wondering the see and the see an speaking of you to day to faction, and wonders if you had left the city.

This is my uncle, I wonders to you had left the city. ar you had sold this is my aunt Mary. Mr. H. Welcome. mand, uncle ! He was a fellow passanger w

us from Boston!

Hayward bowed, and declined a seat to which Miss Hillary had invited him.

'Hayward! Oh—a friend of yours, Blanche!' said the old gentleman, who appeared to be hard of hearing. 'I didn't know but he was a young man come to get Peter's place.' 'Fy! uncle! Mr. Hayward is a gentleman. You must excuse my uncle, sir,' said Blanche, with a smile; 'he sometimes makes strange mistakes.'

Hayward could not, however, but give him credit for coming very near the mark for once.

'Here is an end to my visions of a footman's place,' he said to himself. 'The fates are against me!' 'You are not going, Mr. Hayward! You will surely remain to tea!' entreated Blanche, seeing him descend a step, as if to go.

Not knowing how to refuse, after having ignorantly placed himself in the situation in which he was, he reluctantly consented; and so he sat at the table as a guest, where it was an hour before, his ambition to wait as footman.

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After tea, during which he was charmed with the vivacity and humour of Miss Hillary, he took his leave as early as etiquette would allow, and bent his solitary way homeward. The meeting with Miss Hillary, had given him pleasure, but it was greatly qualified by his disappointment. He had been buoyed up with the hope of obtaining even the humble situation of a footman, but this hope had now vanished.

A few days elapsed, during which poor Henry had availed himself of every possible means to obtain employment. But these was no situations he could fill, and those he would have gladly taken were only given to such as could furnish references. His money was expended to his last penny—his little bundle had been pledged to Dame Southack, for his last night's lodging and last meal, which was his breakfast.

It was late at night, and the little tap-room was deserted of its last visitor for a 'night cap,' and Dame Southack had blown out all the lamps but her bed taper, which she held in her hand as if prepared to retire.

'Come, sir,' she said in a harsh unfeeling tone, directing her attentions towards the box with a faded and red curtain, in which some one was visible, leaning his head upon his hand. 'Come young man, you needn't think you're going to loaf on me, now you have got no more money. I kept you as long as you could pay, and even took what nobody else would ha' done, your shirt and waistcoat, out o' charity, coz l've got a son Bill 'way to sea, and hopes it'll be remembered to him some day. Come, now! I want to shut up! There is the clock striking twelve, as true as I'm a lone woman!'

As the charitable hostess finished speaking, she came out from behind the bar, with the lamp in her hand, and with a quick, resolved step, approached the box. The occupant slowly raised his head and showed the countenance of Henry Hayward. But how changed! His high manly forehead was pale and heavy, with claumy sweat; his fine eyes were sunken as

hard in their expression; his cheek flushed, and his lips fiercely and painfully compressed.

"Woman, what would you? he demanded, in a quick, stern tone, but as if he hardly had proper consciousness of what he said, or whom he addressed.

Dame Southack stepped back, with an exclamation, 'Oh, la! you needn't look so like a madman! Poor young man! I pity you—I do from my heart, for I think if poor Bill should be without a shilling, and in a lone house, at twelve o'clock, how sorry I'd feel if I knew it,' and Dame Southack put the corner of her apron to her eyes. 'But then, that's neither here nor there! If I gave every body free lodgings that came to the Brown Jug without money, I'd have my hands full. No, no! I am sorry young

man, but you must get up and go.'

By this time Hayward who had been for the last few hours, seated in the little box, in the stupor of heavy grief, completely broken in heart and spirit, had recovered his full consciousness. He quietly rose up, and, with a a faint smile, that he meant should be apologetic to Dame Southack, but which was painful to see for the pallor and rigidity of the face, he stepped out of the box. She stood aside in silence, to let him pass, and slowly he walked to the door, turned, tried to smile, and say good night, and then with a loud, phrenzied laugh sprung forth into the street. Dame Southack's blood was chilled at the cry, and

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door, and went to her comfortable bed; for scenes of startling and unusual kind, were not so unfamiliar to the charitable hostess of the 'Brown Jug,' as to leave for any length of time. an impression upon her mind.

In that wild, miserable shrick, poor Hayward had given vent to the feeling of deep and silent despair that for hours had burdened his heart ! Naturally sensitive and proud, educated like a gentleman, and possessing a mind and person fitted to adorn society, he had within the last few days, found his sensitiveness wounded and his pride insulted: while the education he had received, only rendered more poignant his degradation; and his gentlemanly appearance and manner, had proved more than once, obstacles

to his success.

The night was like day, for the brightness of the midnight moon, which silvered a hundred spires, and shone upon the tiled room around, as if they were plated with ateal Henry stood upon the walk and heard the locking and barring of the door from which he had been ejected, and he felt a loneliness more dreadful than the prisoner is who shut up and locked within his solitary dungeon. The Brown Jug had been his home! He had found there, while he had money, kindness: and in the little closet where he slept he had forgotten each night the disappointments of each day. It was his home His thoughts, associations, all had centered there since he had been in the city. He has received sumpathy and attiention, too, from that strange young girl, Hetty Belt, when she was at home and saw him there, which, however, was not often; and even 'Red Fred' had made himself agreeable to him, and been company for him in his loneliness. Humble as the inn was—vicious as those certainly were who resorted to it,—selfish as Dame Southach herself was—it still had been a home to him, his only shelter in his exile and wandering.

He stood upon the walk, and as he looked up at the little sign of the 'Jug,' swinging to and fro with a creaking sound, and cast his eyes into the window from which Dame Southack had just withdrawn the light, leaving all within in darkness, and then thought upon his own desolation, he felt his heart melt within him like a

child's.

Slowly he moved away, bending his footsteps he knew not whither. There was no sound in the moonlit streets save the quick step of some belated citizen, hastening along in the black shadows of the moonless side of the way, or the distant noise of a hurrying hack, crossing the city through some far off street.—On a corner above him stood a watchman in his glazed helmet, and thick coat, with his short, heavy club swung on his arm, and looking as if asleep on his post, notwithstanding the cry that Hayward had just caused to ring through the echoing streets; but watchmen, like Dame Southack, are used to strange sounds, and do not let small matters move them from their propriety.

Hayward passed the silent keeper of the city.

reace, as he stood leaning against a lamp his dark shadow thrown across the walk. envied him that he had a means of livelil What would he not have given to have changed all the hopes of that 'respectab his foolish father had intended should be issue of his paternal ambition for his wretched son, for the occupation and positi society of this man! Thus reflecting, he wa on up the street, calmer in his mind the had been for some hours, for the bitterness of despair had passed by, and began to be st reconciled, as it were, to whatever was b him. He felt his cup of misery and deg tion could not be fuller. Every curtained beaming from the chamber window of some man's dwelling mocked the houseless and be wanderer of the streets.

"Woe,' sighed he, 'woe, for the wealth men heap together, for itself! while ar them they see so many who are in utter of tution, men bone of their bone and flesh of flesh! Will not a just God require the lit the poor at the hands of the rich, who are God's stewards of the bounties of Providen

A distant light of a pale crimson colour him on, uncertain which way to wander, he came to a cellar, still open; the light he seen being in a transparent box covered red cotton and labelled 'Oysters.' He sto and looked wisfully down into the well-lig subterranean apartment, and contemplated the feelings of a hungry man, who had e

nothing since breakfast, the display of steaks, chops, soups, sausages, pies, cakes, pickled oysters, &c., which, enclosed in a glass case, were visible to him from the side walk as he looked down. Poor Hayward! to what a low and pitiful state wert thou reduced! Poorly clad, without money, without shelter, without food, eyeing with a beggar's longing the rich and savoury viands thou must not touch!

As the full force of his miserable situation pressed upon him while he stood there, he experienced that feeling of self-contempt, which a proud mind acknowledges at its lowest point of degradation! His teeth met and ground upon each other involuntarily at this consciousness of despising himself, while his hands clenched till the nails pierced the flesh of his palms, that he had fallen so low as to be a subject for his own

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'Yes,' he said bitterly,—almost savagely,— 'Yes, I am a despicable wretch! I feel as if I could fly the face of man, and bury myself for ever from the eyes of my species! Yet what have I been guilty of, that I should regard myself as the cold world would regard me? Nothing; I do not experience that feeling which is common to humanity! It is natural for men to look with contempt upon the wretched of their kind, and I but share the same emotion in contemplating my own wretchedness! But there is a sensation like guilt which I am conscious of feeling! Yet I am not guilty. I have done nothing yet to bring a blush upon my otherk. Is poverty then crime?

believe it is! It is attended with punishment and suffering, as crime is! it brings down the censures and scorns of the world, as crime does! it shuts man from generous sympathy, as crime does! it exiles him from society and his species into the dens and holes of the earth, as crime does! it causes him to hang his head, to lose his self-confidence, to 'flee when no man pursueth,' as crime does! Yes, poverty is crime, and because I feel I am criminal, it is that my disapproving mind condemns me at its own tribunal, and that my soul is filled with bitterest self-contempt! I loathe my very existence! Life is become a burden—the gift of God has become a curse upon me! I can fall no lower. save in vice ! Yet that must follow. Does the ragged, pitiful wretch—the ridiculed loafer. retain his integrity and his honour? Can he do it in this low state of degradation? Does not want and starvation, and wee, lead to treachery, to falsehood, to theft, to every vicious thing? Yes, poverty is crime, because it leads to it! The effect is so identified with the cause, that they are individable in the world's eye! This is the truth of it.— Ha, what poor wretch is here? he exclaimed, discovering at that moment a person seated on the curb stone, with his back against an empty box. He was in the Shadow of the houses, and Hayward could see him but indistinctly from where he stood a couple of rods from him. 'So I have company should to night! He approached the place where the man wat,

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and found him so busily engaged in picking out shells from a pile that had been poured out from the adjoining cellar, as not to notice his approach. Hayward came close to him, and saw that he was picking off, with his attenuated and meagre fingers, the gristly ligaments that secure the oyster to its shell, and voraciously eating them. A second and closer view of the wretch. told him that it was his dramatic acquaintance. George Frederic Cooke Sykes, Esq. He stood still beside him, and watched him for a few moments. The poor 'universal genius' was sadly changed in his outer man, pauvre as it was before. His second handed beaver hat was gone, and a torn straw, not worth two-pence, with the brim hanging like a torn feather over one shoulder, supplied its place. The coat, kept so carefully buttoned up to the chin, was absent, and a miserable old linen jacket had taken its place. His shoes were gone, and he was barefooted: while he exhibited no sign of shirt or vest. Poor Sykes! starvation had driven him to the 'spout,' till he had nothing left that could be pledged for a halfpenny. He was now on his last legs. The probability was that his feet would never know the luxury of shoes, or his head the comforts of a hat again; or that he Would ever find shelter for his head, till Death kindly laid it upon the sweet pillow of that couch from which there is no waking to a world of suffering and woe. The poor 'loafer,'—we mean the word in its kindest and tenderest sense—was so busy in sa-

tisfying the cravings of hunger, that he took no notice of Hayward, although he once glanced up to him from the pile which he was picking over He examined with a low muttering noise every shell, with the avidity of a miser seeking for grains of gold; and thrusting close to his lip each shell that had upon it the least particle of nutriment, he tore it ravenously off with his teeth, like a man dying of starvation. Hayware could compare him to nothing but a famished wolf, growling over and gnawing at the bones o a carcass left by another. He forgot his own misery in the contemplation of him who sat or the earth before him. He forgot his own hun ger in sympathy for his which was fearfully s much greater. Yet he trembled to think how soon he might be in the same situation. Two days more would drive him to the offals of th street, like poor Sykes! The thought was hor rible. He spoke to Sykes, but he faintly growled out, raised up his shoulders and shook his head and covered the pile of shells with his spread arms and body as if to protect them.

'Go away—go away! They are mine—mine! and he fastened his teeth upon another liga

ment, and tore it from the shell.

'It is I, Mr. Sykes,' said Hayward kindly.

'You shan't—you shan't. They are all mine, he cried peevishly, and covering them with his hungry body.

'I don't want to take them from you, my poor Sykes; I am your friend.—Have you cater

ng today? Speak to me, I will not harm

kind voice of Henry seemed to have an saion upon him. He slowly removed his rom over the pile of shells, and looked up face.—Hayward was astonished at the a few brief days had made! His eye rge, white and glassy, and glared on him fierce, unearthly stare. His cheeks were 1; and his lips, shrunken from his teeth, em exposed with frightful shining white-

od God, sir, are you starving in truth? ed with mingled pity and horror.

s, I'm starving, answered Sykes, in a line, poking again among the shells.

ve you had nothing to eat to-day? thing since Sunday.

d this is Wednesday! What can I do a! Have you got much nourishment hese miserable shells?

, not much, he replied, in the same ne, like one who answered without being of speaking, or like one who talks in his

y have you not begged?'
gged!' he repeated, looking up with
g eyes, and speaking in an indignant but
tone—'beg! I beg! Sir, I will starve

u are likely to starve, then, poor fellow, syward, who, proud himself, could not

but sympathise in his feelings. 'But you not starve in the sight of food. Come wit and you shall have something to eat.'

'Shall I?' cried the poor famished w making an effort to rise, but falling through weakness. 'Have you any mon

'No, but I will see that you have some to eat. Lean upon my arm. It will assito your feet!'

Stop, stop! there's a good piece on this let me eat it first! Oh, I am so hungry! 'Then come with me into this cellar Henry, resolutely, resolved at all hazards

something to appease his hunger.

He succeeded in getting him to his fee even then he could, with great difficulty him away from the pile of shells, whi seemed to cling to in his heart as if he quitting the only hope of his life.

'Come, my poor friend, we will get some better here, said he, conducting him oyster cellar, and taking him down the leading to it. As the light flashed on hi Hayward was appalled by its ghastliness hurried him in, and made him sit down first seat that offered. It was directly or the 'stand' where the oysters were open customers. Sykes' eyes immediately d and seemed to devour a heap of unopene ters that laid upon it.

Sit still, and I will get you somethi both eat and drink,' spoke Henry kindly. He then went towards a bar placed a

the wall in the centre of the long, sanded apartment, where sat a man upon a high stool, in a white apron, reading a newspaper, and two negroes, that looked like waiters, seated by a side table eating supper; and as he passed along by the row of curtained boxes, he also saw that two of them were occupied, but the inmates were hid by the closely meeting curtains.

'Sir,' he said to the man who was reading,
'here is a poor man whom I found starving at
the door. He needs food!'

The man looked up from his paper, and eyeing Hayward steadily, glanced in the direction of poor Sykes, and then said, in a cold tone, and with an immoveable face—

'Well, he can have anything he pays for.'

But he has no money, said Henry, earnestly. Then he must starve for me; and the man resumed his reading, while the two negroes at the side table set up a coarse nigger laugh, with their mouths stuffed with potatoes and mutton. Hayward's indignation rose at the want of feeling in the man; and he felt like knocking the negroes over, and taking their supper to Sykes, and defend him till he had eaten it. But this was too Quixotic an idea to be carried out successfully, and so he resolved to appeal to the man's humanity.

'The man will die in your apartment with-

out something to eat.'

What the devil did you bring him in here then, for! Have you any money yourself?

'I must confess I have not,' answered Hay-

ward, martified, and feeling more bitterly the want of money for the sake of Sykes than he had vet done for his own privations. His was one of those rare spirits which have so little that is selfish in them, as to forget their own griefs and wants when those of others appeal to their hearts. He had also so little knowledge of the world, of the selfishness of human nature. of the indifference custom will create towards human sufferings in men's breasts, that he wondered other persons did not feel as he did, and other hearts bleed as his did for the wretched and necessitous. His answer that he had no money was received by the man with a scornful laugh, which was echoed by his two blacks.

'But what will become of him?' asked Hay-

ward, angrily.

'That is none of my business,' answered the man doggedly.

'If he dies, his blood will be upon your head,'

said the indignant Henry.

'I'll look to that,' replied the man, removing from the stool and walking deliberately towards the spot where Sykes sat, panting with mingled hope and fear, as he listened to the progress of Hayward's exertions on his behalf.—'Hollo, here! What are you doing here, you d—dleafer!—you needn't think you are going to die in my house, and give it a bad name! I'd as hief see the devil as a Coroner in my cellar. Come, get up, and take yourself off!—With the took Sykes by the shoulder, and violently

shaking him, being a strong man,—placed him upon his feet.

Why, Mattocks, don't put me out to one, Mattocks! Don't you know me, Mattocks? said Sykes, in a pitiful tone. 'I'm Sykes?'

The devil you are,' repeated the man, laughing aloud. 'I thought you had starved to death long ago! Why, what the devil keeps your soul in?'

· I have been eating oyster meat from the shells about the doors, answered Sykes, in a

childish tone, or like some poor idiot.

'Is that the way you darkies open my ovsters? he cried, turning to the two negroes; 'd—n you, if you leave enough in your shells again to balt a fiea, I'll keep you on short commons a month. You mean to make me support all the infernal loafers in the city. No man shall live off mine, Master Sykes, without my having the benefit of it!'

I have paid you a good deal of money, Mattocks', interposed Sykes, sinking again upon

the bench.

'And because a man pays his rent this year.
the landlord must let him live rent free the
next! You have always had your money's
worth, and no thanks and favours asked. Besides
you have owed me three and sixpence these
three months.'

'I couldn't pay, Mattocks.'

Then don't come into my place. Come move! I'm going to shut up. Its one o'clock, And you may go and get fed where you can get

credit; for I'll be d—d if either of you get anything here to night, without money. Come, ie here, and he gave Sykes another shake,

and made him groan with suffering.

Hayward had remained silent during all this. his blood boiling and his heart aching. He felt himself impotent, so far as his services might avail poor Sykes, but he did not want resolution in his defence, nevertheless. Without saving a word, he laid his hand upon that of the man, and quietly but firmly removed the hold it had upon the poor fellow's shoulder. The man started, and fixed his fierce gaze on Hayward's face, whilst his fist contracted with the blow he meditated. But Hayward's glance encountered his, so full and resolute, and his bearing, as he faced him, was so calm and determined, that he, after hesitating a moment, turned aside his look, and relaxed the muscles of his sinewy arm—the physical and animal power was subdued by the moral and intellectual!

'Give this wretched man something to eat,' said Henry, quietly and in a tone barely above a whisper; but he heard it to whom it was

addressed.

The man looked dogged and sulky, and

seemed to be undecided how to act.

'He must not perish,' added Hayward, in the same quiet and firm tone, while his clear resolute eye sought the averted glances of the other, At length he answered, and said sulkily,

'I have got nothing but a pie and them

crackers in the tray there.'

'Shall I give him the pie and crackers' asked Hayward, approaching the oyster bar, upon which, with crusts of vinegar and pepper, and salt cellars, they were standing.

'Yes.'

'I thank you,' said Hayward, hastening to get possession of them and place them before the famished young man. Sykes snatched a biscuit from the tray, and thrust it whole into his mouth, crushing it with his teeth and murmuring with idiotic joy. But he could not swallow it! His throat was parched and inflamed.

'He must have a glass of ale,' said Hayward,

to the man who stood by in silence.

One of you darkies bring a mug of ale here—quick! said the man, giving the order and

then turning on his heel walking away.

The ale revived Sykes, and he was able to est the crackers soaked in it. Hayward sat beside him with the kind assiduity of a brother, until he had eaten and drank as much as he thought would be safe, the keeper of the cellar walking all the while impatiently back and forth, looking, at each turn he took, as if about fercely to order them out, but each time catching Hayward's glance and withholding his purpose. Hayward had not been insensible to the power he had temporarily obtained over the man, and having given Sykes all the benefit from it he could desire, he wisely resolved to

leave before the force of his influence—that of mind over matter, of good or evil-should be dissolved. He could not expect to get a night's lodging for Sykes, and felt it would not be prudent to ask it. So he rose with Sykes, who appeared very much improved, though still weak, and thanking the man for his kindness, he bade him a civil 'good night.' He was leaving the cellar without even satisfying his own hunger and thirst, for he was too proud, and also too indignant at the other's inhumanity, to confees, by taking a single mouthful of biscuit, his own pinching hunger, when he received a blow in the temples that nearly felled him. As he had suspected might be the case, the man had recovered from the spell of submission to another's will -- the meameric wand by which Hayward had held him, through the power of the eye, had snapped—and no sooner did Henry move away, than he approached him, and struck him a blow with his fist on the side of his head. Staggered by the force of the blow, it was an instant before Hayward recovered himself, when he returned it with such good will and judg-

blood.

'Excellent, never saw a better hit. You handle your fist better than a harpoon, my hearty one,' cried Red Fred, coming out of an of the boxes. 'Mattock, boy, your peepers at put handsomely in mourning set off with w lining!'

ment between the eyes of his assailant, that he fell against the side of the boxes, blinded with

tecks made no reply; but as soon as he manage to see, he made his way to a tin hand-basin, at the further end of the ent.

w my good friend of the harpoon, aid red coming up to Hayward, 'I would you to make the best of your way out of attocks' premises! He will put a knife u and no boy's play.'

is a wretch, and I shall not move out of undrel's way,' answered Hayward, wiping ling stream of blood from a slight wound temples.

come good valiant, said Sykes, drawing wards the steps, scarce able to support f.

I, go with the poor devil, thy friend there, isps thy shadow,' said Red Fred, laugh-Have you left the Brown Jug? I,' said Hayward slowly retiring.

; of pocket and so out of doors!

,' said Hayward, adopting the slight tone other.

hought so. What poor devil have you ler convoy there? But I see Mattocks ng. Do you want to fight him fair?

I wish to have nothing to do with the an wretch. I am no brawler.' ke you, and will be your friend. I know n't fear him.' As he spoke, he advanced the man who was approaching the foot steps where Hayward stood awaiting

him, too proud to leave, and with Sykes half up the steps pulling at his coat-tail.

Red Fred stopped the savage Mattocks and

said a few words to him.

'Is he indeed?' demanded Mattocks with a look of surprise, glancing towards Hayward.

'Yes, took the oath, is one of us!' replied Fred in a low tone, which Hayward indistinctly heard.

'Well, then, as we have had a fair turn about,

I'll let it pass.'

'You will, of course,' said Red Fred, quitting him and approaching Hayward. 'Now I have got you out of this scrape, you will believe I am your friend.'

'I believe it,' said Hayward, yielding at last to Sykes' entreaties, 'and am obliged to you for your kind and very friendly interference. Good

night.'

'Good night!' repeated Red Fred, as he walked back to his box; 'why, the fellow is as cavalier as you please, and says me 'good night,' with an air of a man out of better earth. Yet he is a brave fellow, and I like a brave man! I have taken a fancy to him ever since the harpoon affair! Damn my blood, if I wasn't afraid of him, while he was as cool as if he was waiting to take a partner for a waltz.'

With these words, he re-entered his box, where he had left a comrade, who was too much absorbed in the discussion of certain excellents, seasoned with brandy and water, to leave his

at at so trifling an affair as a midnight contre in an oyster cellar.

Arriving outside, Hayward asked Sykes where was going to lodge?

'Lodge,' repeated the poor fellow, whose sak brain the ale had by this time excited.'

odge! in Heaven's free Halls, with the earth y bed, and the blue Heaven my curtain; the pale moon y lamp to light me to my couch, and the stars ith their harps of gold, to charm with song, y slumbers! Wouldst thou, bethink thee, lodge prince or monarch in a better state?

'Nay, my good sir, but have you no home!' Sykes was silent for a moment, and then anvered in a melancholy and touching manner, twithstanding the bombast of his style:—

am a poacher on the world's broad manor!

uere was a home I once called mine—a mother,

hose love did make me her heart's fond idol. As

rew to boyhood, I did fill with sacred pride her

east maternal, by spouting tragedy;

d she, with all a mother's pride, did see in me a second

amble, Kean or Cook. I looked thenceforward to

the stage!

d on the day my wiser sire to some good trade
ould have bound me, I made my debutina country barn
a wondering audience, of country people, as
hello! My genius triumphed! Like youthful Norval,
ten I left my home and sought renown upon the
Bowery's

ard's-deeming myself a rival of the Forest!

!

'You must have had ambition at least,' said Hayward gravely.

'Hear! Hamblin—from rivalry—did not appreciate
The lofty genius that had filled a barn
With thunder claps of glorious applause,
And so, from Hamlet, sir, he basely made me
Supernumerary. Ye Gods! I would have challenge
Him—but had no pistols—and so I bore the wrong,
And played the part; and after that my genius, sir,
Was made promiscuous for part or service
That might, perchance, a blockhead call for! And so
Disgusted with a treatment so unworthy, I did quit
That stage—because the managers did fear my rivalry.
Thus was I degraded! The day will come I'll write
His Epitaph—no other vengeance pray I for than this!

'And how do I find you now so destitute asked Hayward.

'Listen! The Park did have Macready at the time Who, hearing of my genius, doubtless, and how Tom Hamblin had dismissed me from his boarde, For very jealousy, and fearing that Simpson should Engage me, for Richard or Othello, I should eclipse him, being a native genius! And the He did conspire with Simpson, and so I was ejected With a kick posterior from the green room, sir! Since then I've had a feud with players, and scorn To be their 'sociate. I'd rather stave than take, On Simpson's boards, or Hamblin's, or the Chatham, Engagement for a night! I am a genius, sir, The world shall see that genius can have revenge on't

This rambling dramatic relation of Sykes

effil okilailia fikeriiki.

in a semi-dramatic attitude, one hand by a lamp post, and the other stretched gesticulate with! now his voice was tion, now pathetic, now lofty and proud! ras, throughout, a pervading enthusiasm rnestness of feeling which, while his amused Hayward, inspired him with hy. When Sykes had, ended, the influthe ale, which had awakened his sensibis wrongs, subsided with the comtion of his griefs, and he sank upon the ainst which Hayward had first found ning, quite exhausted.

lling to leave him there, yet anxious to te shelter for himself, he was deliberation do, when a watchman appeared lking up the street. The idea occurred give him in charge to him: and on aching the spot he mentioned briefly ion, and advised him to take him to house, and have him taken care of watch house! repeated Sykes, rising king indignant, while his face was I his eyes strangely dilated, 'never! eman! 'Never to the watchman's commit myself!

sleepy guardian of the night, thou, paving mallet, to tread the flag-stones

! I know thee, thou Somnabulist; vell-clothed sleep-walker! Begone !



158 THE DANGER PRATEER.

'He is drunk,' said Charley, with a a 'Drunk! I! I! Thou liest! I! Grank but once for three long days, say Tou—th—th—t-t-t'

'Hold him up, watchman,' sudder Hayward, seeing him falling, 'he is This long fasting, poor fellow, has I much for him, and the food he has tak as it was, has driven the blood to his p brain! Hold him, watchman!'

'It requires little strength, he is bu Poor fellow, how his bones stick out dying, sir.'

'I trust not,' cried Hayward, 'yet I will hold him while you go down the for means of resuscitation.

But human aid was of no longer as fore the watchman returned with br tumbler, and one of the negroes, the cocased, and the spirit of poor Sykes ha frail tenement, for that world when and thirst, and famine, and woe, are known; but where, alas! the fruits coducation in this life will be expersome state, throughout eternity.

THE DANGING PEATHER.

CHAPTER VII.

The Temptation Resisted and Overcome Misery. The Force of Hunger. Hay Officers of Justice on a charge of Thei Court. The Rescue.

HAYWARD stood for a few mome sadly upon the corpse of poor Sylhaggard and famished face of whilight brightly shone. The head against a barrel, one arm hung ove the box, and the body was stretch pavement.

'Poor Sykes!' sighed the student upon him; 'there is an end to all

Yes, sir, he was a poor miser'bleure,' said the stout watchman, lupon him, leaning over his staff. many a sad sight, master, in myrenever seed a man die o' starvation an awful sight. He was a poor thinking.'

'What is to be done with the h Hayward, after dropping a tear to of his poor friend, and turning t man.

I spose he must be got to the and kept there. But a coroner's

set on the body, 'fore it is stirred from the spot—that's the law.'

Well, then, I will leave the arrangement of this matter to your care, watchman. I suppose the city provides for such contingencies?

'Oh, yes. If a poor devil has nobody to bury him, the corporation does it at its own 'spense. Never you fear, but he'll have a better night's lodging for his head to morrow night, than he seems to have had for many a night. Poor man! He had good larning too; for I've had him, afore he got so bad off as he was to night, stop and talk with me on my post, as intelligible as a schoolmaster; and sometimes I've seen him stanin' on this here very box, and act out pieces o' some play he said a friend o' his'n, named Will Shakspere, writ, as good as I've seen Mr. Forrest do it at the Bowery. Poor man! he 's done up now. He 's walked his last round, and stood his last beat for this world.'

Good-night, watchman; I can be of no use to my poor friend, and will leave you, said Hayward, moving away, anxious to leave a scene which some painful foreboding in his heart seemed to tell him fore-shadowed his own tate. He cast a look at the body of poor Sykes, and hurried along the street with a rapid step. The moon shone like noon from its unclouded brilliancy. Objects were visible the whole length of the street; only the side lanes and alleys were dark, impenetrable to his eye. He wandered on some time, he hardly knew whither.

ar by, of two o'clock; the sound breaking id and startling upon the silent city. He pped, and looked up to the tower upon the lden hands and letters, on which the rays of a moon fell brightly reflected. Where shall I be when next those hands int to the early hour of two?' he said, after ew moment's meditation. 'I have no prosot but misery and starvation. I feel a weight ing upon my heart—an ominous sensation coming evil. I feel, and cannot shake off horrid sensation, that the end of this poor wer will be mine. And am I so reduced ! I in fear of starvation. Can I realize it? n it be myself, so lately the happy, admired, pular Henry Hayward, at Harvard, myself, ndering at midnight in the streets of New rk, without where to lay my head; without d since morning and destitute of means to wide it? Yes, these shabby clothes—my rn shoes—my gnawing appetite—the burning er of hunger that I feel, all, all bear witness it. God of mercy! what will become of I have no hope of any employment. re offered to ship before the mast, but 'they ated seamen, not shabby gentlemen.' I ofed to become carrier to a newspaper but ey wanted somebody that knew the city.' fered to wait at an hotel, but the proprietor ting his eyes upon my dress, said, 'he wanted steelly dressed waiters.' I have even offered black shoes, but the man said he employed

As he ended this petition, he discovered in the shadow of the church tower, an individual intently regarding him. Feeling a sense of shame at being seen in an attitude of prayer, he walked a little way on and turned into another street or alley-for it was narrow and the shadows of both sides meeting, filled it with a gloom, singularly contrasting the bright streets. The darkness and solitude of the aller harmonized with his feelings, and he walked on, brooding in the silence and obscurity of the spot, over his dark fortunes. He felt keenly the calls of hunger, and his mind was filled with ideas of food and his own destitute comdition. He felt weak from sorrow and long abstinence, and at length stopped and leaned against the wall.

He had scarcely turned the corner into the lane, when the individual he had seen watching him in the shadow of the tower, and who himself had the moment before, emerged from the alley, turned down after him. He wors a slouching cap, and his face was covered by the cape of a short half-cloak. He came with a light step to the spot where Hayward stood with his arms folded, his chin fallen upon his

hreast and his whole attitude weary and desponding, and too wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts to hear any thing around him. As the stranger came close to him, Hayward's voice

speaking to himself, arrested his steps.

'Yes,' said the young man bitterly; 'there remains for me only crime or starvation. 1 an see no relief! Houseless, penniless, without food or money, without a friend or a home. I see for the morrow, only additional misery, without one ray of hope. Ha! what thought s that which flashes upon my brain. Morris Greeme and his wicked temptation. Why has this fiendish idea occurred to me? I will not harbour it a moment. I am yet innocent, though destitute. I will continue to preserve my integrity though I should be compelled to preserve life with offals of the street. perished from a pride that would not let him beg. No. no; whatever be my fate, I will not avert or lessen its horror by the sacrifice of my integrity.'

He remained with his head drooped and his arms folded, without looking up. The individual who had approached so near him and had heard every word he uttered, now silently retreated unobserved, and walking slowly up the alley, displayed, as he emerged into the moonlight, the dark and intellectual, but dissipated countenance of the tempter, Morris Græme. He had been foiled by the integrity of the poor

student, and fled.

'Not now; another time,' he said as he passed

on; 'he has not yet been sufficiently starved. How is it that he has wandered towards the spot then, if it were not in his heart to throw himself amongst us! Well, another time! He is as sure as if I had him already, one of us! And so Morris Græme walked rapidly on to some midnight rendezvous.'

Hayward was roused from his painful reveries by the stroke of three, and looking round, was about to walk on when his eyes were arrested by the appearance of the house near which he had been so long standing. It was familiar to him, and a second glance at the pent house roof above the sunken door, told him it was the place to which he had been conducted and admitted by Morris Græme. A sensation of, he knew not what, unpleasant feeling passed over his heart at this discovery. He felt like sinking to the earth. What wicked destiny had directed his footsteps hither. He looked upon the door with fascinated eyes. He felt the temptation grow stronger at his heart. stood gazing upon the door-upon the beam above it-one stroke upon which would open to him all the luxuries the soul of man could desire—he trembled like a leaf—his heart ached for the load upon it-his wretchedness came before him in all its horrors. Famine and starvation were vividly presented to his imagination -his thoughts were filled with the crowding momories of the comforts he had seen within -pleasures and temporal advantages which were at his command; — he sunk upon his

knees, shaking fearfully;—his soul was torn with the struggle—the strong and territation ornflict between vice and virtue—between virtueous penury and guilty affluence—between starvation and abundance—the houseless wanderer debating whether to surrender the bright jewel of his integrity for the shelter of the sumptuous halls of crime the tempter had held out to him.

'It is but a single stroke upon the hollow beam,' he gasped, and the hollow eye gloated, as it were, upon the door that one word would fling open. 'I do remember how comfortable were Græme's rooms,' and poor Henry, in an eager tone, surveying the door before which, from weakness and excitement. he had sunk upon his knees: 'I remember the fruit on his side-board and the rich wine that is so warming to the heart. I—oh me—I wish I had but a glass of wine-one single piece of bread. It is but one knock.—But I will not knock. I feel I am growing weaker every moment. I don't know if I could drag myself away from here. It is only one, a single stroke upon the beam, Morris said. Yet I will die first. Perhaps Morris is one of the Pirates as I think he is. He says he is not among them. Perhaps he is not so bad as I have thought. He may give me something to eat—he would not let me starve here. I will knock.

The poor young man, whom long abstinence, sorrow, temptation and continued mental excitement had rendered exceedingly weak, with

188

THE DANGERS PRATURE.

difficulty got to his feet. He saw near him, a it of a cooper's stave and taking it is his hand, approached the door. There was it his face an expression of uncertainty, painful and touching in the extreme. He lifted the billet of wood with a trembling hand, and held it suspended near the beam. Another moment, goaded by hunger and despair he would have struck, when it dropped from his fingers to the payement.

'No, no. It was at the price of my honour only that he promised me relief,' he said indignantly. 'It is well my memory hath brought them to my mind. He pledged me his aid only en the condition I would become like him. What he is I know not—what he would have me become I know not, save that it is to enter into a compact of guilt. No, no. I have no business at this threshold unless I am willing, when I cross it to take leave forever of my integrity and honour. No, no, Morris Græme, I have escaped thy snare. I will leave this hateful spot. If I must die, I will die with the proud and sweet consciousness to the last, that I have brought the evil upon me by no act of my own.'

He turned his footsteps hurriedly from the fatal door, as if afraid to suffer himself to remain in the vicinity of so great a temptation, and walked up the alley;—he had gone but a few steps, when he heard the door itself opened and looking round he saw a female step forth, the next moment followed by a man. They walked rapidly away in the opposite direction;

but Henry had time to see that the man was Red Fred, and he felt he could not be mistaken in the female figure which he was quite sure could be none other than that of Hetty Bell. And this is the companionship Morris's temptation would have led me into; he said; 'these are his companions. Can it be that the young girl is depraved and vicious. Yet I could not be mistaken in her air and figure. What a den of infamy, what a rendezvous of crime does vender low and sunken door lead to. I am peer and hungry, and ready to die, but I will net, so long as God mercifully gives me my fesson, sacrifice my honour to retain my existence. I am a gentleman at heart, if I am more destitute than the vilest street beggar. Ah, here is an apple.' He eagerly grasped at the prize which his eye had detected in the gutter, and though it was decayed and scarce suffirst a mouthful, he eagerly devoured it. The excitement to his appetite which this created, now made him incapable of thinking. of anything but of something to eat, and actually quitting the side walk, he went along in the sewers, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, examining and eagerly searching, if perchance, he might find something else that would furnish him with a mouthful.

in Thus had poor Henry Hayward become reduced: even to seek for food among the refuse of the street offals. Alas, for the gentility his smitstaken fither had in view for him, in sending him to college, and then leaving him there.

to struggle through, if he could, with a load of debt upon his shoulders. Would to God every such father could read the history of poor Henry Hayward; for it is no tale of fiction, but a story that has too much truth; and the sufferings and privations of Henry Hayward, will find an echo in many a heart.

The gay dawn of the morning broke upon the sleeping city. The early milk cart was heard rattling through some distant street leading from the country: the watchman retired from the street: the chimney sweep began his sonorous and monotonous cry; a hack, with a trunk behind, rolled off to some early boat : - the omnibus appeared, and the drays began to thunder towards the scenes of business: the sidewalks were filled with workmen, with tin pails in their hands, going to their morning tasks. The poor loafer crawled forth to seek his food, and the beggar to pick up alms. The day had fairly commenced with all the noise. bustle, confusion, sorrows, cares, hopes, fears, ambition, happiness and miseries. It was eight o'clock, and the sun had been three hours giving life and cheerfulness to the scenes around. when, from beneath a pile of boards, which were so laid as to afford shelter under their cover and suffer their grass to grow long and rank between, Henry Hayward, the unhappy hero of our story, made his appearance. At four o'clock in the morning, wearied, and ready to die, he had wandered to this spot, not far from where we left him, and lain down, overne with the weight of his woes. Sleep on locked his senses in blessed repose, and a woke only when the high ascending sun ught outhis covert, and shone bright and arm in his face. He opened his eyes and illed on feeling the refreshing beams of the n, which, too often, serves both for fire and arments for the wretched poor—God's own liversal gift, of which no man's power can

mrive them.

Hayward rose to his feet, and looking round, and he was in a lumber-vard, not far from me noisy thoroughfare; for the sound of voices d numerous feet, and the roar of wheels were netant and loud, and not a great distance om him. His face was pale and haggard, id wore a look of anguish-of mental sufferg. He walked away as firmly as he couldi felt very weak and broken in spirit-he had coceded but a few steps before he expeenced the terrible gnawings of hunger-his outh was parched and he felt like choking, as he was deprived of air-his head throbbed. d his pulse beat quick and unsteady !-he It that unless he soon obtained food he should e or go mad ;—he hastened from the yard and tered the crowded thoroughfare. natham-street, and he recognized near him e shop of Fink, whose note for a clerk he had awered in person. He walked along slowly, e growd jostling him to the right and to the ft and none caring for him, except he stood their way.

'I shall perish with the bright sun shining down upon me, the faces of my kind about the, and amid the merry laughter of passsaid bitterly. 'Yes, I shall perish in the midst of my speties, with none to relieve-none to pity-till I am dead. I must eat. Oh God, this suffering! I must eat. I cannot perish. will not berish; he cried with desperate energy. 'Here is a stall. God of Heaven! see the fruit—see the cakes—see the means of life. I cannot die with these in view. It would be a crime against the Providence of God to die when I can stretch forth my hand and save my life. Yet I will ask for it. I will not take it, though I can scarcely restrain my fingers. The woman looks at me. I will ask her.

Henry approached the stall that stood at the junction of Chatham-street with the square. All Irish woman, with the hard brown features of one exposed abroad to all weathers, sat behind it with her arms folded beneath an old shawl. Her eyebrows were angular and lowering, and the little grey eyes that twinkled beneath, were cold and avaricious. She had a nose that turned up, always the sign of an ugly temper in the uneducated, and her upper lip was very long and strait. Her mouth was very ugly and brutal. As Henry approached the stand, her quick eye ever on the alert for a buyer, saw him, and she bent over life seall

towards him. Henry laid his hand upon a pile of three or four penny molasses cakes.

le of three or four penny molesses cakes.
Pinny a piece, she said mechanically.

Hayward's hand involuntarily relaxed, as he heard the term money, but it was laid again irresistibly upon an aple pie next the cakes.

'Tuppence astch,' said the woman, 'baked

this mornin.'

"My dear good woman, will you—will you give me one of these cakes,' he said eagerly, and earrying one to his mouth he bit off a large mouthful before he could successfully resist the impulse.

'Giv' yet a cake. Och give? Was e'er the likes? Now ye have bit that ye'll plaise tip me

the pinny.

I have no money—I'm starving, said Henry, eating away with a voracity that bore testimony to the truth of his words.

'No money, is it!' repeated the woman, setting her arm akimbo, and looking fiercely; 'pay me that pinny or I'll have the police on ye.'

Indeed I have no money, pleaded Henry, who by this time had devoured, with a sort of animal instinct and famished ferocity, half the

cake.
Thin by Jasus ye don't feast off o' Jinny
M'Thwafter, yer thaif o' the world. Thaif—

Thaif - Thuif. Stop Thaif.

At this cry of the enraged stall-woman the passets by, whom nothing less than the try of thief, or murder, could stop in their head.

long course, immediately thronged around the stall, and two rough fellows, in red shirts and tick pants, and rolled up over the top of their boots, seeing her point at Hayward, immediately laid hands upon him.

'What has he done? What has the thief stolen?' were the cries that assailed Henry's ear, mingled with the vituperation of the woman.

'He has stolen my cakes! drag him off to the police-office,' shouted the virago. 'l'll have hold o' him, the villain,' she screamed, getting round her stand and catching poor Hayward also by the arm.

'Indeed, indeed—I have not stolen'—but Henry could go no further in his defence.

'Hear to the villain! hear him!' shouted the woman, shaking him. 'He says he haint stole, and see the gingerbread in his fingers, and his mouthful! He shall go the police-office, and I'll have justice if it is to be had in Ameriky.'

'Only a cake—pay her for it and cut sticks,' said one of the men, letting go his grasp upon his shoulder.

Henry was about to answer that he had no money, when the man in the red shirt and his comrade disappeared in the crowd.

'Hallo! what's the row here? said a coarse stout man, forcing his way into the crowd, which was now composed principally of the lowest order, negroes and boys, all talking and making confusion together, with Hayward standing silent, unresisting, in their midst.

· Och, Mister Constable, an' its your blessed

face is welcome this minnit, said the woman. Here's the spalpeen of a thief, thinking coz I'm a lone woman he'd be after coming the blather over me: and so he steals my ginger cakes, and thrumbs them into his black maw without niver askin' by your lave, or havin' never a pinny in his impty pockets!'

'Aye, and so this is your game, my covey, is it? said the policeman, taking Hayward by the shoulder, when the woman released her grasp upon his wrist. 'What have you to say for yourself, hey? You are an old lark, I see! Don't my gripe feel like an old acquaintance?'

For a moment Hayward was silent. He was overwhelmed with grief, shame, and disgrace! He felt he could not have resisted eating that cake if his life had depended upon withholding it from his mouth. He was taken in the act of stealing what he could not pay for, and he felt that there was no defence that he could make in the face of the fact. His painful and public situation forced itself upon his proud and sensitive mind, and he felt as if death at that moment would be a relief to him. His heart ceased to beat. All the blood rushed to his brain!

Well, what have you got to say, my fine

cove? repeated the officer.

'Nothing, lead me where you will !' he answered in a low tone, with difficulty articulating the words.

'Will you appear against him, old woman?' baked the officer, leading off the desponding.

Henry amid the jeers and jokes of the heartless crowd.

'I'll do it, if I don't sell another thing today, said the virage, turning to fasten up her

The officer, who was an underling of the police, was a short, thick, stout fellow, who looked as if his former trade had been to knock down bullocks for the slaughtering knife, and who had a beetle shaped head and beetle brow, with a gross animal physiognomy, in the expression of which there was not one atom of charity. kindness or benevolence. He led Hayward away towards the lower police by a rough grasp of the collar, and with a troop of ragged negroes and boys at his heels.

How deeply did Hayward feel his degradation! How his proud spirit was humbled, and his kind heart hardened by his wrongs. How his sensitive nature shrunk at this public ignominy! He felt as if the bitterest moments of

his life had come.

'Have I been suffered by Heaven to come to this—have I but retained my integrity to be branded as a criminal—is this the reward of virtue?—better had I been guilty and lived in luxury than — No/—no. I have now the consciousness of innocence. I am not guilty !before God I did not steal that food: I could not resist the impulse to convey it to my mouth. No, I am innocent, whatever be the issue. And I am now on my way to prison—dragged like a murderer-dragged, a thief through the streets.

And what is my crime? Poverty. If ever any man had reason to war henceforward with society, it is I. If Heaven desert me, I fear for my integrity when I shall be released; for then I shall be indeed for ever an outcast, with the brand of crime upon an innocent brow. Then there will be no career open before me but that in which I can have criminals like myself for companions. Oh, that I could free myself from life—that I could breathe my last breath ere I be taken and arraigned before the bar of a criminal court. What will Blanche Hillary my? What will my enemies say? Oh, God! am I about to be branded before the world with infamy? I, Henry Hayward!-I, who have never committed an act unworthy a man or a gentleman. God help me! I shall sink under this blow,' were the bitter feelings of his broken

'Will you join us if I get you clear from this ugly scrape, comrade?' said a voice close to his car.

Hayward started as if his secret thought had been read, and beheld a few feet from him, mingling in the crowd, the form of 'Red Fred.' He had recognized the voice, and knew that he must have been the speaker. Fred's glance met his significantly. The temptation was a great one. 'How can he aid me?' thought Hayward. 'He may be in league with the officer.' Fred watched his opportunity and again jostled near him.

You will be sent up for those months. Dis-

Haywar

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graced for ever. Better say 'yes.' Nod your the next head and you are free before you turn the next corner. Come, shipmate bear a hand, Will you join? asked he in a low tone. · How can you save me?

There was a violent struggle in Hayward's Speak quick, for I can't be seen here, breast, between his innate principles of honour

and his horror at public arraignment for theft, perhaps followed by imprisonment. His pride permups tomored by impresonment. ris price public exposure and the price public exposure public exposure and the price public exposure pub pleaded for release, before public exposure and infamy had branded him. His fear of giving himself up to the oriminal life of the one now himself up to the oriminal himself up to the original him Assis of fearless and himself up to the original him Assis of fearless and himself up to the original himself up to the or

numeer up we one ormining me or freedom at near him, restrained his desire of freedom at

Come, comrade, there is little time for congulting charts the rocks are dead ahead and would strike and go down unless you tack ship such a price.

you'll suries and go down unless you take saily and follow my track, said Fred, and he pointed and ronow my trace, said red, and no pointed in

Henry shuddered as he looked at the massive granite prisons, and for a moment his resolution

grante prisons, and for a moment his resolution. half wavered. He mus has hen flung the arm from

No, no! I will bear my late. I thank you but cannot listen to you on the terms you pout to cannot listen to you on the headed to but cannot listen to you on the added to but cannot listen officer, lead on; he added to pose. Come, officer, lead on; he added to pose. The pose of the

honoman, and hard potween his bisoner ng owner. Fred looked dissprointed, and standing ' the other.

/ward had replied to him, he let the crowd

Well, if he isn't a rum 'un, may I never old another glass of half and half between my oft eye and the light. I don't know what to take o' this chap. He is either a fool, and on't know what is best for him, or else he is a ethodist, and thinks he's going to martyrdom. ad I dare swear would rather be burned at stake than eat a steak. Well, I'll back to the ptain, and report progress. Here I've been I the morning in chase o' him, and just as I me within hailing distance he must steal a iece of gingerbread, and be nabbed by Butcher ill. I wonder what there is so very special ice in him that makes our captain so anxious get hold of him. He is brave and resolute. nd would be a good bargain to the band if could be made to work well and pull steady.' Red Fred having given utterance to this myscal speech, turned on his heel and took his av rapidly in the direction of a crooked street at diverged eastwardly from Centre-street, in hich stood the Tombs' or city prison. He pt on his way along the ill-paved side walk r a few minutes, and passed a row of old, If sunken houses, that seemed from the great umber of black and white children about the ors and cellars, to be inhabited by Africans d Irish. At the extremity of this wooden age of tumbling tenements, he descended a w stone steps, which led him into a narrow

paved alley three feet wide, and shut in on e side by the walls of houses. At the end of t alley he came to a small, open court, at opposite side of which stood a sort of qu rangular tower, which in the earlier days the city, had been a windmill. It adjoined the rear a lofty rambling pile of brick te ments, with a narrow wooded terrace or pl form to each story.

'Here is the rookery, looking like an hulk at her moorings. I wonder if the capta has got here yet. He told me to bring a student here if I found him, and he would here. Ah, here's one o' the lads. It's the litenant.'

As he spoke, a person appeared from a later open archway beneath the tower which ruthrough it, leading to some dark unknoplace, beyond where the light of day did appendix the was clad thoroughly like a sai of a North River sloop, but the face was the of Morris Græme.

'Are you there, Fred? said the individ advancing and meeting Fred beneath a entrance of the arch, 'have you seen a captain?'

I was to find him here.'

'He has not come. I wish to see him. He you fallen in with Hayward?

'Yes—he has been taken up for steali ginger-cakes from an old woman's stall.'

'Stealing. Arrested. Then he is ours;' as Morris, with delight.

'Not so sure. I spoke to him as Butcher Bill was leading him off, but he wouldn't listen. He will die hard game.'

'Is he at the police?'

'Not yet. I left him on the way.'

'I will get him off. Tell Carleton I shall soon be here, and wish him to wait for me, as I have something of importance to tell him.'

With these words Morris Græme, in outward appearance looking like one of the commonest fellows in the street. took his way rapidly towards the police office, resolved to ply his

temptation at this hour of trial.

Morris Græme was the son of a Judge, who had spoiled him from infancy to youth, by a series of indulgences. At the age of eighteen, he entered Yale College, but was dismissed before he had been there six months, for his vices, the indulgence of which, his father supplied him with ample fuuds. His father's influence succeeded in getting him admitted to Harvard, where he soon made himself notorious for his dissipation. Morris's indulgences in a college life were restrained, and having involved himself largely in debt, he executed a forgery upon a Boston merchant. Detection ensued. and he was arrested, but by the influence of the faculty and friends, the prosecution was suspended, and he was sent from college in disgrace. This was the first year of Hayward's collegiateship, and he had then become acquainted with Morris, and indeed intimate with him, until he had discovered the vices of

is head and heart. From Cambridge Morris came to New York, and entered upon a career of fashionable extravagance, which it was known he supported by gambling. Gambling. however, if long followed, impoverishes, and ruin is the issue. Morris Græme, therefore, struck out a new path for the exercise of his genius, and associating himself with a few other kindred spirits, began systematically to prey upon the community. He became President of a secret society, the field of whose exploits was not only confined to the city, but to the waters surrounding it, the islands and opposite shores. But as we are by and by to introduce our readers to the company of these gentlemen, we will leave further accounts of them to future developements of the tale*

Hayward was led by the officer in the direction of the Tombs, and as he approached the vast gloomy pile with its huge Egyptian pillars and solemn portals, his heart sank within him. Fatigued from wandering by excitement, he felt truly wretched. It was with difficulty he could get up the steps with the unfeeling aid of the officer.

The chillness of the stone hall cut him to the heart. He looked round on the stern faces of men who scarcely heeded him, for the presence of prisoners under the charge of officers, too common an occurrence there to be noticed be-

^{*} Also see the 'Gipsy of the Highlands,' for a feat of the same association.

i a passing glance. The policeman con-ted him to the upper vestibule, and then rough a passage leading to a guard-room. He ere delivered him to an officer or keeper in attendance, who thrust him into an inner apartment, and turned the key. The place was filled with prisoners of very low degree. He here found himself in company with the foulest negro wenches, the most squalid looking white men, and bad and vicious and filthy people, such as he had never met before. His appearance did not cause any emotion, as each was too much occupied with his own condition. They were all prisoners who had been taken up the night before, and were now waiting to appear, and receive their sentence at the hands of the judge of the petty sessions.

Hayward turned away with a full heart from the wretched company, in which he found himself, and walked towards a grated window which looked upon an inner court of the prison. He began to reflect painfully and sadly upon his situation. In how short a time had he come to this, and without crime! It seemed to him that innocence and guilt met with the Mame treatment from the hands of men, and that, save the loss of that self-confidence which inhocence gives, it were best to be guilty! But this was a momentary error of thought, and he banished the idea the moment it entered his mind. He felt to be innocent in the eye of God, was well worthy every sacrifice he had Fight or could be called on to make! This reflection cheered him, low in spirits as he was for want of sleep, food, and freedom, disgraced in ignominy, as he felt himself to be in the eye of the world, even within his prison walls. Yes, he felt as if he would not exchange his gloomy prison with his honest heart, even for the gorgeous hall of Morris Græme, with the guilty conscience with which he felt their enjoyment must be purchased.

And to whom was Harry Hayward indebted for these noble principles that sustained his heart in its integrity, even in such an hour! To his mother! She had early instilled into his infant heart the pure principles of virtue; taught from his obligations to God, as his Creator, and to man as his fellow. She had been weak in desiring him to be made a gentleman, but she had trained his young mind to piety and love of truth; and now, in his manhood, in the hour of temptation and of trial and of deep adversity, he had not departed from it. He was happy in his heart as he stood by that window, for he felt the peace of a mind at ease within itself, and uncondemned before the allseeing eve of Heaven.

Yet Henry Hayward was human. He had pride and was keenly sensitive. He deeply felt his situation, and felt in the great recess of his heart that he would make any sacrifice, but that of his honour to escape the public exposure of what the world would call his crime! He feared not the gloom of a prison—he trembled not at the anticipation of long weeks of con-

nement. His thoughts dwelt on the ears of all who knew him, and there were many whom he respected. He groaned aloud, as he thought it would reach his beloved Professor's ears, or the respected President's, that their late friend and pupil had been arraigned at the bar for theft! He felt miserable at the idea, and shuddered at the picture of their surprise, and just horror at his crime!

'Yes. I shall be lost, and an outcast from all I ever loved and honoured. Oh, that Heaven would open to me some way of escape from this fearful disclosure. As yet my name is unknown To-morrow it will be branded with infamy. Oh, God: my cup is indeed drugged with the bitterness of thy displeasure. He leaned his head against the iron bar of the window, and tears filled his eyes. The door now opened on the opposite side, and looking up, he saw an officer come in and take two prisoners out into the court-room for examination. Through the open door he caught a glimpse of the interior of the court, and beheld their honours on the bench, and the throng of spectators, and knots of lawyers and reporters about the bar. knees smote together, and his heart sunk with-He was a gentleman in feeling and in him. education, like themselves, and yet he was to be led before them, charged with a crime of theft.

Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of painful surprise, and at the same instant the door was closed. Among the spectators, he had caught a glimpse of the face of Colonel Powel.

184 THE DANGING PEATHER.

This discovery nearly deprived him of all life and motion. For several minutes he stood clinging to the iron bar of the window, with his eyes set in the direction of the court-room, and the muscles of his face as ridged as iron.

From the hour Henry had saved the life of Catharine Powel, he had not ceased to think of her. In his wanderings, his privations and sufferings, her image had cheered and blessed him. If the future held out any charm, it was Kate Powel, that was to give it zest, and value. He desired to live only for her, and if possible, to die, for her. If he looked to win an honourable name in the world, it was that he might wear it for her: if it was his ambition to be great and good, it was that he might be so in her eyes; if riches filled his vision, he contemplated them only as a means of making her happy. If he wished to appear to do well, it was in her opinion. His present disgrace drew all its bitterness from this feeling of living in her, and through her, and none but a lover's heart at such a time could fathom the depth and pregnancy of his sorrow.

To behold now among the spectators, the father of the maiden whom he loved and worshipped, was only wanting to fill the cup of his misery and disgrace. From his former desponding and quiet manner, his whole bearing suddenly became changed. His form dilated—his face flushed, his temples throbbed, and his whole manner became excited and discomposed. He paced to and fro the prison-

chamber, weak as he was, from continued hunger, a quick, firm step, and muttering lips Every eye was upon him, and those prisoners about him stood involuntary aside to let him pace to and fro, at his will. His eye flashed, and his hands were clenched together, and flung madly out with the intensity of his thoughts. While thus excited, the door by which he had entered the keeping-room of the prison, was cautiously opened, and a man was let it, when it was locked again by the keeper without. The person who entered, wore a short, light drab watch-jacket with large horn buttons, and the collar turned up about his ears. His pantaloons were rolled up, and rested on the top of stout soilor's boots; and a broad tarpaulin covered his head, pulled low over his eyes.

Hayward was too much excited by the fever and delirium of his own thoughts, to notice him, and he stood observing the young student a few minutes in silence. At length, as he passed him, and as if timing the expression by the young man's countenance, he laid his hand lightly upon him. Henry stopped short, and looked him full in the face, and repeated with-

out betraying surprise-

'Morris Græme.'

'Yes, I am sorry to see your here, Harry,'

said Græme in a kindly tone.

'Ha, ha, ha! So you know it too! Well, the whole world will know it, ere long: Red Fred knows it, and——' here he came close to Greeme, and whispered housely in his ear, 'and

186 THE DANGING PEACHER.

there is one who, rather than she should know it. I would willingly die!

Who is this? asked Græme, startled by his wild and earnest manner, and looking at him as if he doubted if his reason had not been moved

from its throne.

"I may not tell," he whispered, looking round, and lifting his finger as if fearing any one should overhear, his whole look and conduct precisely that of an idiot, or a lunatic, half afraid. 'I would not breathe her name in such a hellish place as this! for there are devils about trying to catch it, and snatch it away! Her name should be breathed only in heaven!

'Henry, you are ill! You must come with

me! This is no place for you.'

'No she is not here, I must go,' he answered,

without seeming to know that he spoke.

'Come with me, then. I saw the stall-woman at the door, and have sent her away satisfied; so she will not persecute you. You are at liberty.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Hayward once more in the house of Græme. He again resists and overcomes temptation. Græme declares the motives of his conduct. Imminent peril of Hayward. The Death Struggle.

THE carriage into which Henry had been conveyed from the Halls of Justice, after leaving this stately but gloomy building, turned down a street leading in the direction of Chatham Square, and after two or three devious windings through narrow and filthy lanes, was stopped before an old house with a pent roof projecting above the sunken floor. It was the same spot where Morris Greene had first conducted our hero.

'Is this the right place?' asked the hackman, getting down from his box and opening the carriage door,

'Yes,' hurriedly answered Græme; 'help me

out with the insensible young man.'

Morris sprung out, and striking the bar above the door with a heavy stick he carried, returned to look after his victim, for a victim Henry Hayward certainly was destined to be. The virtue, sterling honesty, and manly integrity of Hayward's character, so repeatedly exhibited when they were in college together, to his own disparagement, as well as during his present poverty and misfortunes, had filled I with that resentment the bad feel against good, and made him resolve to make him evil as himself.—This is the key to his inte in him—the clue to his espionage and endiffer to bring him into companionship whimself.

He looks as if he was dead, said the he man, as he assisted Morris in lifting him fi the carriage, insensible as when he had fallen in the room of the prison, from exc

ment, famine and despair.

The old negro now made his appearance the door, and taking the hackman's pl Græme dismissed him. The carriage drove and Morris and the negro disappeared withe portal, with their lifeless burden. I conveyed him to the same apartment in wl Henry had once before been, and placed on a sofa. The negro then departed, and Mc rung a bell, which brought into the room a beautiful girl, with the too evident trace dissipation and lost virtue in her fine featur Ellen, he said, hastily, without noticing

'Ellen,' he said, hastily, without noticing surprise, 'bring restoratives, and assist m bringing this young man's senses back!'

The girl obeyed, and by their united of poor Hayward revived. Græme then despe ed a servant for medical advice, and on the rival of the physican, communicated to him fact that his illness was caused by want of and mental anxiety.

The physician judiciously advised t

Athed should be pursued, and under his eatment, in a week's time Hayward was alsost well, though pale and reduced from the former fulness of his flesh. During the whole time Morris had been kindly attentive, though he had not seen the female a second time. Nothing he had seen, in the meanwhile, had given him any clue to Græme's mode of life. The house seemed to be like that of a wealthy citizen, without any appearance of wrong in any thing connected with it, save that Hayward knew the female could not be Græme's wife.

After the lapse of a week, Hayward felt that it was time for him to look for something to do. and resolved to trust himself once more to the precarious fortunes which death had so nearly ended. He was alone in the room allotted to him, when he came to this determination. pacing to and fro. It had a window in the rear, which was closely blinded, and had not been opened since he occupied it. He stopped at this window, and attempted to throw it open to see where the house was situated, as well as to inhale the fresh morning air, and look out upon the gay and stirring scenes of life. effort to raise it was ineffectual, and, on examination, he discovered it was secured by an iron bar. This singular cautiousness on the part of his host, brought vividly to his mind all his former knowledge of him, and his previous suspicions of his mode of life; and he inwardly resolved that much as he was indebted to Morris, even for his life and liberty—he would not only resist all overtures, but immediately

remove himself from the temptation.

'No,' he said, turning from the window, 'life is not worth preserving—liberty not worth the gift—if the one is to be supported only by guilt, and the other to be maintained by the sacrifice of integrity. I will seek Morris Græme, thank him for his great humanity, and beg him to give me the privilege to depart.'

'And whither?' was spoken close beside him, in a low ironical tone, accompanied by a light

laugh.

Hayward stepped back a pace, and saw Græme himself before him, who had entered the room by a door hitherto invisible to Henry.

'My obligation to you hardly gives me liberty to choose, Græme,' said Hayward, quietly; 'I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay, I fear. Your motives of conduct, I sincerely believe, were dictated by humanity, and a kind recollection of more youthful days. But the reward of the humane is left for a future world! Let me now thank you and leave your roof.'

'To die in the kennel. No, Henry Hayward, you go not so easily. The only man who has been kind to you, you scorn, because he has broken laws made for the protection of the very men who would let you die of starvation. I know your thoughts of me. It is true, I am an offender against the laws of society. I am leagued with men who get their subsistence by their wits. Men of bold spirit and ready

Men.' continued Morris Græme with 'who, like, you, have been victims se system of society; gently reared, educated, taught to look towards , and taught nothing else! who having s, when ill fortune laid her iron grip m, and the world scorn them, flew to save life, and avenge the wrongs and done them! Such are the men my companions! You know my hisknow yours. You should have been nic with your father's means. Now t needs be a villain!' ve listened to you, Morris,' said Hayslingly and spmpathisingly; 'I know t crimes spring rather from man's circes than their depravity. But then no excuse! These circumstances are by God himself, and he who dies in ther than escape from them by crime. honour and saves his own soul.' n't wish to listen to any preaching, l,' said Morris contemptuously: 'I wish nu-will you become a member of our ciety?'

owe me your life.'
it back then, if I am to retain it only
ng it with crime.'

is cant, Hayward,' answered Morris pacing the room with a quick, short Heary was silent and waited the issue. h Græme stopped and spoke, 'Henry Hayward, you are an ungrathypocrite, and did I not know you to be brave man, I should add, a cowardly kna You talk of honesty! you whom I took fi the very heart of the city prison, where had been taken for paltry theft! Out u such morality!

Hayward felt as if he should sink throthe floor at the charge. His heart felt lead in his bosom; the blood forsook his che and he felt like one guilty and condem. This had been an afterthought of Græme Red Fed had told him the true facts of case, and Græme well knew he was innocen intentional theft. But the fact was a power weapon and he used it.

Morris Grame, said Hayward solemnly, in a tone that came from his very soul, 'I appeal to God in attestation of my innocence

'God is not here to answer the appeal,' a Græme scornfully, 'I believe you stole wyou are charged with stealing. You know did, and so then there is no need of furtidouble dealing. Come, join us freely frankly. We have an undertaking in hithat will just suit your humour, and you all be second in command in it. It is to seize plate in a country house, which, we are told unprotected. Come, you will get at least hundred dollars as your share, and then may snap your fingers at the world. What you say?'

'I prefer the miserable condition from wh

I have been so recently taken, to any position to which guilt could hold out to me a temptation.'

'You are either a knave or a fool.'

'It is friendship that prompts this interest in my behalf, Græme!'

'No. sir. it is hatred!' cried Greeme, all at once speaking with ferociousness; 'I hated you in college because you were always held up in opposition to myself by the faculty. I hated you too as I do every man that thinks himself more moral than other men. The day after I was expelled, you met me and turned away your head! I swore then I would be avenged! and when I heard you were here, in this city, in poverty, I then said the time has come. resolved to work your moral degradation! kept spies on you-I knew all your motions. threw temptations in your way, and daily watched your descent into the lowest state of poverty. I could have assisted you; I could have relieved you with putting my hand into my pocket—but I chose to break your proud spirit and then see if your morality would stand the downfall of all else.'

'May God forgive you,' repeated Hayward in

the low tone of deep emotion.

'Pahaw! you have stood the test better than I supposed. You have foiled me by your superior cunning and duplicity.'

'I care not what you term the motive powers of my resistance. I have at least, as you con-

fest, not faller, thanks be to that dear mother who early instilled into my mind the principles of morality and obedience to the laws of God; and gratitude be to that great and good Being who has enabled me at so sore a season of trial, to prefer obedience to his injunctions, and homage to his laws, before every earthly interest.

You are a canting fool, Hayward! Your preaching, however, shall not avail you! I am not to have all my time and hospitality thrown away. By Heaven, aye by the name of God!

you shall enter into compact with us.'

'You menace me, because you have me, weak and hopeless, in your power, Morris Græme. But you can never threaten a man to do evil, if temptation, in itself, will not allure him. You may enslave and imprison the body, but the soul, which is the true man, defies all human coercion. What am I to understand from your language. Am I your prisoner?'

Morris Græme paced the room for several moments without replying, and then answered in a tone of anger. 'Yes, you are my prisoner! Do you think I am fool enough to expose myself, my abode, my secret haunts to you that you may betray me. No, no. You shall either sign the compact of our band, whose nightly rendezvous is net far from here, or starve to death where you are.'

With these words Greeme left the chamber

by the way he had entered.

Henry Hayward stood a few moments on the

spot where he had left him, and then walking to his bedside knelt there and devoutly thanked God for the moral strength, to resist temptation, he had endowed him with, and confiding himself so long as life should last, to His protection, he took a book and sat quietly down to its

perusal.

All that day passed slowly by—the sun went down-twilight deepened into night, and Hayward had heard no voice or step near his chamber. He tried his doors, they were bolted without! He tried his windows and found it impossible to open them. Twelve o'clock struck. midnight, and the conviction came over him that he was a prisoner in the house of an evil man who was familiar with crime; and that that man might stop at no act, either to bring him into the same guilty compact with himself. or to remove a dangerous enemy who had too intimate knowledge of him. Not yet entirely convalescent, he felt the need of refreshing food. and hunger stared him in the face. He resolved to commit himself to Heaven, and sleep and see what the morning would bring forth. He approached his water pitcher to quench at least his thirst—but to his horror and suffering it was empty. Could it have been so by design ! He threw himself upon his bed and slept until a hand, laid upon his, awoke him. It was broad day, and he saw Morris Greeme standing by his bedside. The temptation of the morning previous was renewed. Hayward was still as firm as before.

'I will try another twenty-four hours,' answered Greene going to the door.

'Stav.' Græme returned a step. 'Do you

intend to murder me?

'No; if you die it will be by your own obstinacy. Sign but this parchment and you are free.'

'What motive can you have in wishing me a partner in your compact?

'I have told you partly my own reasons. Our

chief has resolved on it, or on your assassination.'

'How have I incurred his vengeance?'

'Merely by having been on board the brigantine which he robbed, and being able to recognize him. This he fears you may be called upon to do, as the affair has created immense excitement, and the police are using every means to arrest him. If he is arrested, you will be summoned as a witness against him. To prevent this, he has resolved you shall die. I have solicited your life on the promise of securing you as one of us. The captain is secreted at present, and I have the acting control of the affairs of the society. Thus you see I have interceded to save your life.'

'To sacrifice my honour, make shipwreck of

my integrity, and ruin my soul!'

'Preaching! By heaven, Henry Hayward. this is no boy's play! You shall either take the oath of the band, or, here perish of thirst and hunger.'

Hayward, though by no means strong in his present condition, wanted neither courage nor decision in action. He saw by Græme's countenance, as well as learned by his words, that he seriously resolved to put his design into execution. Life is sweet, and cheaply purchased even at its own risk! Hayward, during this conference, had risen from the outside of the bed on which he had cast himself the night before, and was now seated on the edge of it.-He suddenly, as Greeme turned away from him to leave the chamber by the private door, threw his arms about his neck together with a post of the bed, and drawing them together till neck and post met in his embrace, he clung tightly round his throat !

Græme was so taken by surprise, that he could not resist the fearful embrace, and groaned with pain as the thin and pliant arms wound themselves closer and closer, forcing his neck hard against the post of the bed, as if he would crush it. He struggled fiercely till he grew black in the face. Hayward had life at issue, and the reflection gave him strength and energy that was almost supernatural. Long, long, and fearful was that horrible struggle. At length, Morris Greeme sunk lifeless towards the floorthe arms of Hayward relaxed, and he fell over upon his face like one dead. Hayward looked at him a few moments, and threw himself back upon his bed with all his thoughts about him, his reflection clear! It was many hours before he rose up from that wretched couch. Morris Græme lay still upon the floor. Hayward gas upon him with horror. The idea of deprivi a human being of life—even in self defencedreadful to dwell upon. He got up and proached him. He bent over him. There v no apparent sign of life! He laid his ha upon his heart; it had ceased to beat to touch. He placed it upon his brow: it v not yet cold, but clammy as the grave.

'He is dead. Oh God, who knowest things, acquit me of this fearful deed,' he cri

kneeling beside the corpse.

He rose to his feet and went to the door which Morris had entered. He had no defin idea what course he should pursue. Flig food, water, were all strangely alternating in thoughts. He found a door ajar, and pas through it into a narrow hall with which was familiar. He descended the stair to main hall below. He heard no one, saw one; he entered the drawing room and rus to the side board. There was no water upor -but he seized half a decanter of wine putting it to his lips drank till the torture of thirst was temporarily allayed. He found br and meat and viands in the side board, and voraciously. He did not speedily satisfy mad cravings of forty-eight hours's fasting. length he finished his repast, and finding wa drank freely. He felt invigorated, and began reflect upon the course he should pursue. thought of delivering himself up to justice, he felt he was not guilty, and that God adv judged and acquitted him ! He knew there was no witnesses, and that a human unal would condemn him to death. at reflection led him to take a different r of the subject! Life was protected by hu-. laws, and who he took it away innocently itentionally, was equally answerable to them acquitted by their tribunal. 'I will surler myself, and leave the issue to heaven.' said firmly. He now felt more composed sought the way out of the dwelling. He id all the doors so guarded by locks that ad his knowledge he could not open them. ally he descended to the basement which vacated. He found a low door aiar which passed through and followed along a dark age that led him such a distance that he ame surprised, and stopped. But a shout ar off laughter caused him, between curiy and anxiety, to proceed. As he advanced, shouts became louder, and sounded like the oar of bacchanalian revels. At length he e to the extremity of the brick arched pasand descended ten or twelve steps, all the guided by his feeling, as the place was olly dark. On reaching the foot of the steps ud chorus of voices broke out not much her ahead of him, and going a few paces ig he discovered a faint light. He approachhis and came to a door ajar from which it the sound proceeded. He looked through s large underground hall, around a long le in the centre of which were scated shout thirty persons of both sexes, feasting, and smoking. At the foot of the Red Fred, and by his side, or upon the innkeeper's niece, Hetty Bell, who ther side sat the tall girl, whose Morris Græme had called to restore to consciousness.

CHAPTER IX.

The Robber's Den. Hayward discloses the Death of Morris Græme. Hayward's Peril. The Rescue.

AROUND the table in the centre of the subterranean hall which he had been conducted to by the passage he had traversed from the basement of the dwelling, he recognised faces he had seen on board the 'Dancing Feather.' He looked in vain, however, for the features and commanding bearing of their chief, whom he had once since met at the Brown Jug in company with Red Fred. He had, now as Morris Greene had intimated, doubtless hid himself for the present, until the vigilance of the Police should abate, or he could gain time to temporise with them and buy them over.

Hayward now saw that he had unknowingly, penetrated into the very heart and rendezvous of the band of secret outlaws. He gazed sometime upon their wild bacchanalian orgies. Silver tankards were on the board, silver cups were in the hands of many. The richest wines were in abundance, and cards, cigars, dirks and pistols were confusedly mingled with glasses, decanters and fruit. It was evidently a galanight. He saw that most of them were intoxicated, and felt that if he was discovered by them, his life would be forfeited, unless he

should enter into solemn compact with them.
'But what matters it how I die? I am on my
way to deliver myself to justice for a murder.
I will confess it to these, and let them bring
me before the authorities, if they will.'

The long train of painful circumstances which had followed poor Hayward from his first entrance into New York, up to this moment, with the supposed murder of Grame wrought up his mind to a species of calm despair! Life was no longer a blessing—death was a relief. Under the action of these feelings he strode into the hall of revel, and approaching Red Fred, laid his hand upon his shoulder before his presence was discovered by any one.

Red Fred at this unexpected salutation sprung to his feet with the cry, 'The hounds,' and drawing a pistol, levelled it at Hayward. In the act he recognised him, and threw up half a dozen pistols and knives that were aimed at his life from others, for every man had sprung to his feet. 'Hold, my mates, he is a friend, said Fred; 'though by the grip upon my shoulder, I tho't old Hayes had scented us out. So, my knight of harpoon, you have repented and come to join us! Give us your hand. Hayward after touching him on the shoulder had folded his arms upon his breast, and stood calmly before him. He now replied, 'No.' 'No; then why are you here!' asked Hetty Bell carnestly, laying a hand upon his. 'To deliver myself up for the murder of your chief. 'Ha, murdered; Carlton murdered? Down with him;' were the furious offes. 'Not Carlton, but Morris Græme;' he answered, unmoved by the wild uproar he had created around him. 'Morris Græme dead?' was repeated on all sides, in a tone less fierce, but deeper and more appalling than before. 'I have murdered him in the room above stairs, where he confined me,' he said, addressing Red Fred.

'Who knows the room? 'Follow me,' cried the tall girl, whom Hayward supposed to be Morris' mistress. 'Some of you seize him and detain him.' Red Fred, preceded by the girl and Hetty Bell and followed by half a dozen men men, who dragged Hayward along with them, left the apartment for the chamber. On entering it, they beheld Græme lying upon the floor, apparently dead. The girl threw herself upon the body with a shriek, while all were filled with horror.

'How was this done?' demanded Red Fred of Hayward.

'I strangled him. We struggled for life and he fell.'

fell.'
There may be life in him,' some one cried.

'Let me see;' exclaimed the girl; and tearing open his vest, she laid her hand upod his heart. For a moment there was a deep silence which was broken by a glad cry.

'He lives! he lives /'

Fred placed his own hand there.

'His heart beats faintly as an infant's pulse, but it beats!'

Those words fell like a blessing from Heaven on Hayward's soul. He was not then a murderer, if perchance life could be restored. Every means were now used to bring back animation, which had been suspended so many hours, and by the aid of the lancet, baths, and application to the head and extremities, he at length was revived so as to open his eyes. In an hour he sat up, and spoke with the possession of perfect consciousness.

Hayward, in the meanwhile, had been held prisoner in one corner of the chamber, between two men with dirks in their hands. Red Fred having explained to Morris the events that had transpired, then demanded what should be done

with Hayward.

Guard him, on your lives, in the lower hall till morning. I shall then be better, and take

my own revenge.'

Hayward was then dragged away through the passages he had first traversed towards the scene of revelry, and being led to the opposite extremity of the subterranean hall, was thrust rudely into a dark vaulted room, which, from the roar of wheels above his head he believed to be beneath the pavement of the street.

The revellers returned to their drinking, and late in the night the sounds of their bacchanalian orgies reached his ears. At length these gradually ceased, and all was silent, save the occasional heavy tramp of a watchman above his head. His first act, on being left to himself, had been devoutly to offer thanks to Hea-

ven, that he was no murderer. He now began to feel a love for life, and to contemplate escape. He carefully examined the sides of the vault, and even the arched roof, to see if possible egress might not be made into the street over his head. But the closer he scrutinized the place, the firmer his conviction was that he could not escape. There was no kind of instrument in the cell, and no outlet, save the door by which he entered.

'Escape is impossible. I will commit myself to Heaven, and meet my fate on the morrow with resignation. I will die rather than sacri-

fice my integrity.'

He was startled by a slight noise at his door. He listened, and heard the key turn in it. The idea of assassination entered his thoughts, and while he committed his soul to God he resolved to defend his life. He stood back, and the door opened, and instantly closed. All was dark, save a faint gleam from the revel hall through the door ere it closed. He felt some one was present in the cell with him. Each instant he waited for a blow from an unseen hand. Suddenly a dark lantern was sprung, and the cell was filled with light. The shade of the lantern prevented him from discovering who held it, but he could see that it was a female. She approached him, slightly averting the direction of the rays, and he saw, to his surprise, that it was Hetty Bell.

'Henry Hayward,' she said, at once addressing him, though in a low, cautious tone, 'it is

resolved that you are to be starved to deat this place."

'God have mercy upon my soul,' gross

'Yet you have one mode of escaping

'Name it, and I will bless you.'

'Sign this condition of the secret socie and this extraordinary young girl took f her bosom a paper, and unrolled it before h It contained, he saw at a glance, several a lutions, and appended to them were upware one hundred signatures, at the head of what were Morris Græme's and George Carlto She set down the lantern, and holding parchment toward him, offered him a pe an inkstand.'

Who sent you hither?

" Carlton."

'Aud Morris Græme ?'

'He says his own vengeance will be compenough if you sign it.'

'And now read the regulations!' said Ho

earnestly.

That whoever subscribes to them obeys orders of the chief, to whose commands the both of God and man are merely secondary, is but your name—a mere scratch of the pe

Which the tears of angels could never out! No, never! I will die if such be fate, but it will be the sweet consciousnes fearing God more than man—of loving life than His laws.

'Then you will perish! I am sorry for you for you have a brave and noble nature! You may become the chief of the band!'

'Woman, urge me not. I am ready to die-

never ready to sacrifice my integrity.

The young girl gazed a few moments on his pale face, after he had firmly and calmly thus replied to her, with a look of admiration and surprise.

'This is your decision, then ?

'Yes.'

'You die then.'

'Be it so.'

- "You will perish slowly, day by day, amouthful of bread given you."
- 'Man lives not by bread alone, but by obediace to the words and commandments of God.'

'Water will not even be given you.'

- 'There is a well of living water, of which I all soon drink and never thirst again.'
- 'I do not understand you. But will you rish for a mere scratch of a pen?'

'You have my answer.'

the slowly folded up the paper, and replacing in her bosom, took the lantern from the und; and then said, in a low, earnest tone, llow me.'

Whither ?

Do you, who fear not to die, fear to follow e a young girl leads?

yield myself to your guidance.'

passed softly from the cell, and led him gh the hall of the date revels, minding her

way lightly and noiselessly among drunken deepers, until she came into the long passage eading beneath Greene's dwelling, by which Havward had first found his way to the banquet com. Surprised, wondering, yet unbesitating, se followed her until she came to the basement com beneath the house. From this instead of oing up into the chambers occupied by Grame, he turned aside into a narrow entry, and after raversing it, ascended a broken flight of steps nto an empty apartment. This she traversed. and opening a door, Hayward found himself in he same billiard-room he had passed through on his first visit with Morris Græme. He knew hat the way to the rear entrance of the dweling lay through this room and his mind was nstantly filled with the hope of escape. She, lowever, gave him no time for reflection, but ed him at once into the gallery already familiar o him, and at length stopped, and throwing he light of her lantern full upon the door which he well knew led into the lane. How wildly his heart beat at the idea of liberty. And was this strange girl leading him to freelom? She who but a few moments before was empting him, with all the allurements and arguments in her power, to sign the constituion of the band as the only alternative of life? While he was bewildered with the thoughts, the seeming inconsistency of her conduct reated in his mind, she said in the free, frank one characteristic of her.-'You are now at liberty. If you had signed

is paper I offered you, you nevertheless would ve perished.

You are a strange girl. Worthy, though is associated!' said Hayward, who was struck th her words and the natural energy and quence of her manner. 'You have a mind we those around you, and a heart that kindcultivated, would produce excellent fruit. ly do you remain associated with those you pise, and whose errors you are convinced of ? A woman once fallen can never rise again. answered with an energy and pathos that rtled him. 'But let us not waste time here. u are free!' and placing a key in the look, threw open the door, and the free air blew and refreshing upon the late prisoner's w. 'Go, and remember me, if there is not It in the remembrance of me so guilty.' Hayward would have spoken, but his emotion I sympathy were too great for utterance, and ssing her hand to his lips, and bidding 'God as her' he left her, followed by a low and ching 'farewell!' in a tone that he felt he uld remember to his dving day. The next ment the door closed behind him, and he k his way rapidly up the lane. As he ched the main street, the city clock tolled To revive his spirits he walked towards Battery, and there lingered, with the bay I misty islands before him, till the sun rose. ecting upon the strange scenes through ich he had passed.

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210 THE DANGERS PRATER.

The morning was intensely hot: and fast fatigue, and excitement, with the action of sun, created a fever of his brain, which be to alarm him. It was now eight o'clock, few persons were walking there, save nu and juvenile charges, and bachelor gentler taking their solitary morning promenade. reclined upon one of the settees awhile. finding himself becoming much worse, and his mind wandered, he rose up, and walked wards the gate to find shelter in some pu bar-room, till he should be better. ceeded in reaching the gate, and openin when he staggered forward and fell. At moment a carriage was turning out of P way towards the Brighton ferry, contain gentleman and two ladies. The gentlema seeing him fall, regarded him, as some intoxicated, and was turning away, wh young lady slightly shrieked, and cried coachman to stop. A second glance told Powel, who had left his country seat, v wife and Kate, early that morning, to few days at Brighton, that the person, fallen so lifeless, was the young man saved his children's lives. He instant from the carriage, and Hayward was it, while the coachman received ord turn at once to his house, which was from the city. They saw as they g him, as they rode, that he was suff high fever, and taking up a phys them, soon arrived at their destination

he was placed in a comfortable chamber, and every attention was bestowed upon him by the grateful family, who, though ignorant of his name, were actuated by the dictates and impulses of gratitude. They sought not to penetrate the mystery that hung around him, nor to ask if he were evil or good, but they thought only of saving that life which had been so nobly risked for those of their children.

CHAPTER X.

Hayward recovers from his illness. An Agreprise. Love. A Mutual Confession. Marriage. Success of an Adhor. Blanch re-appears. Her Adventures. The Last the Dancing Feather. The One-armed Mr. clusion.

When our hero awoke to consciousness. state of insensibility into which he ha he found himself in a chamber, richly i with curtains of blue silk to the bed, an drapery drawn before the windows. which a soft dreamy light was diffused c out the apartment. He gazed around surprise, and for some minutes could 1 lect himself. At length the scenes he through came up to his memory, and h bered that he had last known himself a room of the prison, surrounded by and vicious. He then recalled to min Grame, and instantly the idea flashed thoughts that he was in the chamber guilty young man.

He started at the idea, and lifting from the pillow, as if to rise, fell back from weakness. He caught a glimpe face in a mirror, and saw that it was deadly pale. His arm felt sore, and looking at it, he saw that it was bandaged.

'How long can I have been insensible?' he said to himself. 'It appears to me that it has been an age! I have been bled—I surely have been ill! I have some indistinct recollection of strange events—of I know not what—of the mingled evil and good—of the bright and happy, and dark and guilty! Where am I? Can this be Morris Græme's room? I am alone; I will go to the window and draw the curtain: a glance into the street will tell me if I am his involuntary guest?

On the chair by his bedside, was a gentleman's morning wrapper. With some exertion, and exhibiting great dibility, he got to his feet, and threw the garment about him. He was as pale as an invalid months confined, and looked wasted and delicate, like one in a consumption.

'It is strange,' he thought, wondering, 'that one day should have made such a change in me! I am helpless as a child! How wasted my wrist is; how thin my fingers! Surely I have been very ill without being aware of it! Perhaps for my brain is filled with strange visitations of memory from the past! How strange that I am here! How strange that I am left alone!

By the aid of a hand upon the chair, and the assistance of his other hand upon the couch, he made his unsteady way over the thick soft carpet to the window. He put aside the curtain,

and to his unspeakable surprise, his game fall not upon masses of brick edifices, towers, and congregated roofs, but upon a green laws, spring to a beautiful expanse of water, with verdant banks beyond, adorned with villas, groves, and gardens!

'Where am I,' he murmured.

While he was putting this question to himself, the door of the chamber, which was ajar, softly opened, and a hand with a vial in it, and then a face gently appeared! The countenance was that of a middle-aged woman, in a neat cap and black silk kerchief! She glanced towards the bed, and started with surprise at seeing it vacant. A look towards the window told her what had become of its late occupant!

With a look of alarm she retreated from the chamber, leaving Henry at the window. The moment afterwards a young and beautiful girl stole softly into the apartment, and with a timid yet decided step. approached the spot where he stood! It was Kate Powel!

She was alight and graceful in person, with the richest dark brown hair in the world, half gathered about her head, half loose over her fair shoulders. Her eyes were the softest hazel in their hus, heavily lidded, and full of feeling and truth! She was a brunette, with a delicate rose hue shading her soft cheek. Her mouth was firmly shaped, yet sweetly beautiful! She was indeed a lovely creature, a child of nature, a bright, artless girl, with sunshine in her face and goodness in her heart. The energy and

self-secrificing nature of her character is already known by those who remember the scenes in the third chapter of this romance.

She now came in softly, with a look of surprise and gentle sympathy upon her features, towards the place where Henry stood with his back towards her.

A gentle hand was laid upon her arm! The touch thrilled to his heart! He turned, and the smiling, happy face of Kate Powell met his gase! The intellectual countenance of the invalid kindled with a glow of surprise and pleasure, while his emotion was so great as to nearly overcome him. An ottoman was in the window, and half through debility, half by her gentle force, he sank upon it.

'So, sir invalid,' she said, blushingly, while she reproved, 'so you have taken it upon yourself to act without your medical adviser, and taking advantage of old nurse's momentary absence, to run to the window! But,' she added, with feeling, and, in a low, touching tone, 'this is ne way to give acknowledgment for the great blessing of your convalescence! Thank Clod for it.' And the warm-hearted, enthusiastic girl pressed his hand!

.He sought her eyes. 'Am I dreaming " said he.

'You have, indeed, been long, strangely and wildly dreaming,' she said, feelingly; 'but now, thank heaven, you are awake to reason and consciousness!'

. But one one moment, dearest vision, for I

am still incredulous—tell me if I have betti

'Many, many weeks,' she said, smiling at his surprise.

'And how came ----'

'Nay, nay,' she said, playfully tapping his lips with her fore finger, 'you must not talk. You will have a return of fever and delirium.'

'Then I have been delirious? I must be so now, and imagine I have the happiness of seeing and conversing with you.'

Mind me, sir! you must not speak. Go to bed, and after you have had another night's rest, I will come and see you, and let you talk a little.'

'And will you tell me all?' he asked smiling.

'All except what and whom you talked about in your fever,' she said archly. 'That I will keep to myself. Oh, you have told such a great many secrets.'

'Yet none, save that of my poverty, I would fear to disclose to all the world,' answered

Henry firmly.

'Did you not have one you would have kept?' she added in a low tone, and dropped her

fringed eyelids to the floor.

his glance, 'which only madness would have led me to divulge! Your own generous sympathy and forgiveness I have already felt is mine for the unintentional offence. I beg you will forget that I have, if I have done so, made you an involuntary father-confessor!' he added,

with an embarrassment that caused the faint blood to tint his white, blue-veined forehead.

'You must atone for it, and I will revenge myself by making you confessor.' These words were spoken in a gay tone, but the rosy cheek, the heaving vesture, the cast down, half averted eyes, showed Henry that they came from the deepest fountains of a woman's heart. He trembled with joy. For a moment she stood by him, silent and trembling—a beautiful statue of Hebe, warming into lite and love.

It was a silent confession, and the invalid student listened with his heart. He took her hand, and inspired with new strength, he rose and knelt at her feet.

and knelt at her leet.

'You love me, sweet Catherine?' he said, tremblingly.

'Yes, with my heart, dear Henry,' replied

the noble girl.

He drew her towards him, yielding to his slight force, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips, which she returned by pressing those bright

lips upon his white forehead.'

Thus was sealed a strong, pure, and abiding passion between two youthful lovers, whose destinies had been so singularly mingled, but whose positions so far as regards this world's wealth, Fortune, but a short time before, had seemed to design should be widely severed.

Henry rose to his feet, and clasped her to his heart. The nurse's footstep approaching, interrupted them and Catherine, bidding him at once to lie down, disengaged herself from his

embrace, and blushingly fled the chamber, p

ing aunt Nelly in the door.

Weeks rolled on, and Hayward was still honoured guest of Colonel Powell. Duty c pelled him to write to his father, recount story of his late adventures, and explain present position. The letter contained agreeable intelligence that the Reverend Hayward, either from the fame of his tale or the influence of some powerful friends, received an invitation from a metropolitan rish, where he was living respected and tented. The reverse he had suffered. taught him, as well as his son, a useful les and he now deplored, in affecting language, errors he had committed.

The winter sun was setting on a landso which the severity of the season had clot with its peculiar charms, glowing through tracery of the branches in the woods, e limb and twig of which were laden with tering icicles that multiplied its rays, and p ing a flood of light through the sparkling fu work of the windows in the Gothic libr. where Henry sat in communion with his ho

'The time is come,' said the former, 'for to set forth again upon my wayfaring. S ness and misfortune have too long rende me an inactive visitor.'

'Say, rather, an honoured guest,' rep Colonel Powel. 'My son, in me you have for a second father. Such I will be to you, shall any scruples of yours prevent my act

THE DANGING PRATEIR.

as such. Good God! what would this have been—what should I have been but you? This mansion would have been a hou mourning, and as for me, I should have my grey hairs with sorrow in the grave. you we owe life, and all that makes life sant and endureable.'

Hayward vainly endeavoured to check Colonel's expression of his gratitude.

'Sir,' said Colonel Powel, 'I see I must authority over you. I hav'nt forgotten I have been a soldier, nor laid aside with profession of arms the military habit of tation. This is to be your home. I am not service yet, thank God! but the care of property is growing somewhat onerous, a wish to shift its burden upon younger s ders. If you consent to act as agent for you will find enough to do-and your le hours may be devoted to the studies you Believe me, I know all that has past bet you and Kate—you loved each other when knew nothing about each other, like a co of young fools, excuse me, as you were, a liked you better for it, like an old fool as I Ahem! You know what your French at 8878—qui vit sans falie n'est pas si sage eroit—he who lives without folly is not so

as he thinks himself.'
'It was folly, sir,—madness for me to a

to the hand of Miss Powell.'

'It was no such thing, youngster. Powel, though I say it that shouldn't say

THE PARTIES PRATECTS. ang angst girl in New York, perhaps in rorld, but what of that! Arnt you in to noblest young fellow that ever tree earth. You needn't answer me, I know you

B,

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Alas, sir, I am poor, faltered Hayward, with

I know you are what of that ! Rich men's nie are good for nothing and Kate should lever marry one of the rascals. Handy said never murry one of the ruscals, lalways said.

80, I always meant 80. For why! Hasn't she a fortune of her own, and what's the use of joining two great fortunes? it only fosters extraring two greet forwards; it only insides extra.

No there you have the matter plain

No the laws and water laws have and vagance. So there you have the matter plain before you. Kate loves you, you love her, and I love you both, and if you go to refuse to I love you both, and the hearts of all three marry her, and break the hearts of all three hearts are if I down about the heart so an area.

hang me if I don't shoot you; that's one conso-

Could the heart of a deeply enamoured lover hold out against the combined assaults of passion, and the union of argument, whim, benevolence, and menace, which the gallant ation.

Colonel brought against it? No! it yielded.

Kate and Henry were married. Romances in two volumes, aye, and shorter tales like our and frequently the dramas of real life, end with a marriage, but the romance of Henry and h bride did not terminate with their wedding. Hayward found pleaty of indoor employme

for the winter months, for he was engage upon a literary work, his first easay as published anonymously, author. It was published anonymously,

ward had no ambition to become a lice, the success of his work, for it was triumphsuccessful, was dearer to him when it ed up the countenances of his home commands, than if he had induced the multitude ize upon him with looks of admiration lever he went forth. His success and the of his mind determined him to lead a cry life.

e reader may wish to know something of gang of freebooters. The police obtained hints from a treacherous member of the iation, and employed all their vigilance art in order to secure and bring them all stice. But these miscreants were too wary, too much on the alert, to be taken in the . They dispersed and fled, and when the irs of justice gained possession of their they found it silent and deserted. The ting Feather came back into the hands of builder, and from him, notwithstanding bad odour of its former reputation, was hased by Colonel Powel as a pleasure-yacht, anche Hillary made her promised visit in pring.

seated in a rustic chair, her bonnet fallen, her book drooping idly from her fair, and her eye looked listlessly upon the cling waters as they danced beneath the mean, while her senses were lulled by the and monotonous plack of ours from a boat

which was pulling along shore, hidden, however, from her view, by rocks and foliage. The cessation of the chiming strokes aroused her from her reverie, and at the same time Neptune sprang before her and commenced barking furiously.

Down, sir, down,' cried Blanche, and the dog obeyed her musical voice, but his erect head and bristling air testified his watchfulness. A rustling in the bush preceded the appearance of a man, who struggled through them, as he climbed the surface of a rock, and then raised himself to a full height as he attained the level ground. His cheek was pale and somewhat emaciated, his eye had lost much of its recklessness and fire, but Blanche recognized in the form before her that of the former commander of the Dancing Feather. She uttered a slight scream, which drew the attention of Carleton at once upon her.

'You here!' he exclaimed. 'I dreamed not of this—happiness. Happiness?' he repeated with a sneer, as if questioning his own expression, 'yes, it is happiness to gaze upon so innecent a countenance.'

Blanche resisted a sort of fascination which impelled her to remain, and without one word of reply turned to depart. But Carleton anticipated her intention. He flung himself in her way, implored her to stay and hear him for a moment, and even knelt to enforce her request.

'Hear me!' oried he, vehemently, 'I am a

THE DANGING PRATEIR

broken-hearted man—ruined in reputation fortune—I am only seeking an honour death. There was a time when I might looked to a companionship with—yes—such as you—but that is past.

'You may live to wipe out the stain a your name,' said Blanche, commiserating

mental suffering he evinced.

'Never! Yet listen to me. I hope wrap the colours of my country round me die on the deck of fame—but there is no pending now—and the stars and stripes so the seas in triumph. But I go where the death at least, if there is no glory to be we against the Mexicans.'

'To encounter danger,' faltered Blanche

'To certain death—for I have sworn to crifice this hated life. But you fair o whose name I have breathed when my thou were purest—who taught me at a glance t lieve there might be one woman innocent pure. Pardon me for the insult that I d to offer on our former meeting, and pray me when I am gone.'

'Leave me, sir,' said Blanche—'I pity y

I pardon you.'

Go then, said Carleton, raising and step aside while he folded his arms upon his bred have but one more request to make of the do not breathe to human being—but law all to Hayward; that you have seen me luntil a day at least has passed. I exact

promise, madam, for I know your nature is too generous to permit you to add weight to misery.

Blanche bowed her head in assent, turned, and with a beating heart and pallid cheek, rushed home, and retired to her chamber. She was thoroughly terrified by the adventure, and though her woman's heart felt some compassion for the outlaw, her reason whispered her that an actual outcast from society was very different from the coleur de rose attractions of him

given in the novels of the Minerva press. That night her pretty head rested uneasily upon her pillow, for many wild visions flitted through it. About midnight she rose from her . couch, and setting herself at the window, gazed upon the beautiful scene without. The round full moon was high up in the heavens, and shone on the tided waters, whose surface grew each moment rougher under the effect of a fresh and increasing breeze from the west. Dancing Feather rode restlessly at anchor, as if impatient to spread her snowy wings and skim the waters like a buoyant sea-bird. And lo ! as she gazed upon the schooner, Blanche Hillary thought she perceived figures moving on her deck. Was this a sport of her imagination? Some figures clustered near the schoener's bows and it actually seemed as if her head swung free. Sluggishly now she shook out her

sails as if by an act of volition. There could be no mistake? up went the gaff-top-sails: the

mainsails expanded its utmost tension; the square foresail, jib, and flying jib, were hoisted simultaneously. A tall figure appeared at the stern resting on the tiller, the bellying sails filled freely with the wind, and with a rushing sound, like that of many wings, the Dancing Feather was 'once more upon the waters!'

The exclamations of Blanche aroused Colonel Powel, who slept in an adjoining room from his first deep slumber. He in turn called up Hayward, and half a dozen heads, black and white, appeared from as many windows simultaneously; but regret and pursuit were alike unavailing; for far, far away, fast vanishing from view, they saw the tall spars of the Lancing Feather fading into the deep blue summer heaven, and her white sails glimmering in the ghostly moonshine, like the cloudy canvass of the Storm Ship. In the morning Blanche related her adventure, and none of her auditors entertained a doubt that the Dancing Feather had fallen again into the hands of her first commander. She was never more seen in Long Island Sound, nor in the waters of New York Bay, but an account was published in the papers of a sea-fight in which a Texian armed schooner, answering precisely to the description of the Dancing Feather, was sunk with her commander and most of her crew, after a hard battle with a Mexican aloop of war. Soon after this, Colonel Powel received a letter, the sole contents of which was a check

on one of the New York banks to the full value of the Dancing Feather.

In the course of time, a burley one-armed man, with a very sanguinary complexion, and most ferocious pair of whiskers, appeared anddenly behind the bar of a tap room in Centrestreet, one fourth of July morning, and immediately received no small degree of patronage. He had a wife, with rather an intelligent and handsome countenance, though impaired by an expression of sorrow, and at times fierceness, whom the husband sometimes called 'Hetty.' She was not seen much, however, being chiefly eccupied in a back apartment, divided from the bar by a glass door, from which hung a red bombazine curtain marvellously affected by flies. The one-armed man was very fond of sitting on a three-legged stool with his coat off, talking about 'Equality,' and the 'Rights of the People,'-and any allusion to his maimed limb was sure to elicit certain long-winded stories of Life in Texas, and sea-fights with the Mexicans, and one engagement in particular, wherein the one-armed man affirmed the vessel that he served in was blown up by the explosion of the magazine, and he alone, of all the crew. survived.

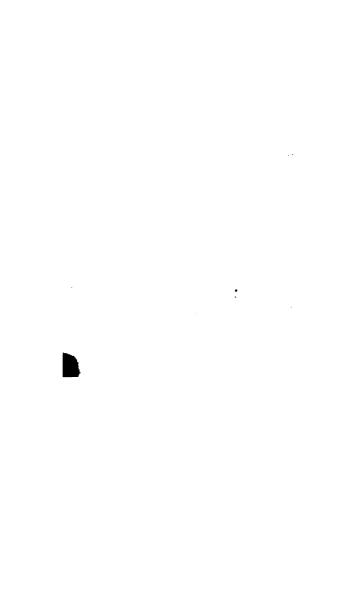
Blanche Hillary dwelt long on her interview with Carlton, and even purposed making him the hero of a novel, but was diverted from her intention by marrying a naval hero, who commanded a fine alone of war. But neither



THE DANGING PRACTICE.

Blanche, her uncle, nor Henry Hayward, could ever banish from their minds the recollection of the Damoise Frather.

THE END OF THE DANCING PRATHER.



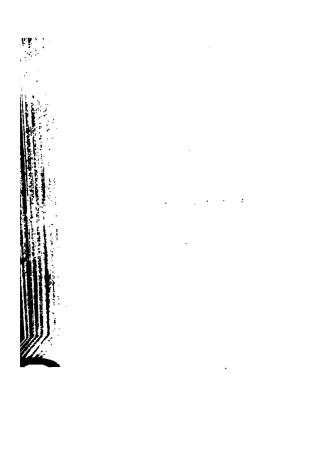
CARLET FEATHER;

OR, THE

UNG CHIEF OF THE ABENAQUIES.

A ROMANCE.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.



SCARLET FEATHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE LODGE.

The young chieftain Natanis stood in front of his hunting-lodge leaning upon his bow. Tall and noble in person, and in his attitude commanding, yet graceful, he looked like a young Apollo just returned from the chase. At his feet lay a doe with a freshly oozing wound in her soft white breast, and upon the ground by his side crouched, panting, a huge black wolfdog.

The bronzed chest and right arm of the young Indian were naked. A panther's skin hung negligently from his left shoulder in massive folds. He had slain the fine animal without a weapon, as Samson had overpowered the lion, and with a vanity pardonable in a young and handsome chief, wore his skin as a trophy of his exploit. Beneath this shagey toga was visible.

a buff-coloured hunting-shirt of dressed deer's hide, girdled at the waist by a gorgeously embroidered belt of wampum. In this belt he carried a long French dagger with a silver handle and sheath of the same metal. His leggins were also of deer's skin, died scarlet and fringed with bead-work in a very curious and beautiful manner. Upon his feet he wore mocrasins, elaborately wrought with beads of the richest tints in representations of birds or stags in flight pursued by winged arrows.

At his back was slung a quiver, containing, at this time, a single arrow. The quiver was made of the silvery bark of the birch tree. and ornamented with divers pictorial figures, beautifully coloured, though with rudely-drawn outlines. Upon his head he wore no covering; but a band of wampum, in which was delicately worked in parti-coloured grasses his name and warlike deeds, bound his brow, leaving the jet black masses of hair falling free upon his finely moulded shoulders. From the front of his band towered a bright, scarlet feather, rising above his lofty forehead, from a dark eagle's plumage that half encircled it like a crescent. feather was the badge and insignia of his rank as chief of the powerful Abenaquies; and it also gave him the designation, by which he was known among warriors, of-'The Scarles Feather.'

Before him flowed the waters of the romantie

its dark, transparent tide almost a feet and reflecting his stately form. was narrow, and its opposite bank meast with its shadows the green spot cabin of Natanis stood. It was near of a sunny day in October, that season ess, when Nature, investing herself lousand dyes, mocks even the gorgeous the painter.

is gazed silently, as if in admiration, ie darkly flowing water reflecting from a foliage of gold, crimson and orange, on the gorgeous forests that clothed the and mountains; and from these, his eye in the distance through a gorge of the ills upon a lofty peak shining with snow, hence uplifted, they reposed upon the still, pure blue of heaven over all.

as a sweet, secluded spot where the young in had pitched his hunting lodge, a quiet vale upon the river back shut in seant hills, yet commanding a beautiful ried prospect. At intervals as he stood g thus upon his bow as if calmly enjoying one and the hour before entering his the sound of a distant waterfall would itfully and soothingly to his ear. Drawn the green sward before his cabin was a pirch cance of that graceful shell-shape to these barks of the sons of the forest; the side of his cabin-door reclined the

Now known as the Kennebea.

sharp flat paddle and a salmon-spear which he had just before taken out of it; for he had landed at his lodge from his canee but a few moments before. Around the lodge, upen branches out for the purpose, hung several skins of deer, stags, and does; and one of a huge black bear, the glittering tusks being left in the had. Within the lodge were a few rude implements for preparing food, and upon the ground was thrown a skin which served the

occupant for a couch.

The sun-beams of the closing day had left in shadow the vallies, and were lingering upon the snowy peak of Mont Bigelow, when Natanis changed his position and turned to enter the lodge. Before going in, he sent as if by habit a quick, searching glance up and down the river. As he did so, his eye was arrested by a cance gliding out of the shadows of the bank below and approaching the lodge. His whole manner was transformed by the sight, as if by magic. His figure dilated and his dark eyes lighted up with fire. He seized his yew bow. which was seven feet long, with a firmer grasp, pressed his knee upon the middle, and strung it till the deer's sinew, which formed the chord, had the tension of a steel rod. Then drawing from the quiver his sole remaining arrow, he fitted it to the string, and throwing himself at once into an attitude defying, and yet inquiring, he waited the movements of the cance. He saw that it contained two persons, and that they were ! pale facei.

As the boat came within a hundred yards of the lodge, it stopped at the bank, and one of the men alighted, and waved an Indian calumet in token of his peaceful intentions; at the same time he placed against a tree a rifle which he carried, and there leaving it standing, advanced a few paces unarmed, and stood still, as if awaiting the decision of the young Chief.

Natanis, after surveying him a moment longer, seemed to recognize him, dropped the head of his arrow, and holding it and the bow together in one hand, made a dignified motion of the hand for the stranger to approach. The intruder was a man of extraordinary make, being full six feet and a half in height, yet as slender as a youth of seventeen a compound of long bones and sinews most uncouthly, yet muscularly put together. wore a tall, box-skin cap with the tail pointed down his back, a blue, linsey-woolsy hunting frock, checked trowsers, with half, deer-akin leggins and moccasins. He carried a knife. sheathed in a leathern case stuck in a belt that had once been a soldier's, and a sort of haversack of bear-skin was slunk across his left shoulder and rested upon his hip. His countenance was large featured, hardy, and stamped with decision and good nature. He had no bread, his hair was vellow in hue, and wore long and straight over his neck; and his skin was burnt as brown as mahogany.

He walked towards Natanis with energous strides which seemed his natural gain.

'There! stand there!' commanded the young chief pointing with his bow to a point about ten paces from him. 'What would yon, strange, that you visit the lodge of the Abenaquis, answered the hunter in the Tarrantine language with which he had been addressed.

'If thou art Natanis, "The Scarlet Feather,"

I am thy friend.'

"The Abenaquis well knows all his friends. He knoweth not thee! yet he suspects who it is that has sought him in his hunting lodge! I have heard of Ustaloga, called also the "Sharp Knife!"

'You guess right, Natanis. I am the hunter you call the "The Sharp Knife!" If you know me, you know that I am the friend of

the Abenaquies!'

'I know thou art a great warrior, and art from a child a dweller of the forest with the tribe of the Kennebis; yet I have never seen thee before.—But I believe thou art a friend to our race.'

'I am more Indian than Christian, Scarlet Feather,' said the hunter laughing; 'I never knew my white name, having been taken prisoner by the Chief Ustaloga, who gave me his

own name, and raised me a warrior!'

'You have done great deeds in battle, I hear! I am glad to welcome a brave man to my lodge. Enter, Ustaloga, and be welcome to my hospitality. Who comes with you! go bring thy brother.'

Tis thy brother, chief.

y brother? repeated Natanis with surprise. adeavouring to pierce with his keen eye liage which partly hid the companion of unter from his sight. is the Sagamore Sebatis, chief.

but to bring with him some presents for

y brother Sabatis? cried the young Indian or, his fine, dark countenance illuminated in expression of pleasure, which the next nt passed by, leaving behind a sorrowpression; for he suddenly recollected that he and his brother had last parted, it n coldness.—He therefore restrained the se by which he was first moved to hasten et him, and remained where he was, calm ilent, awaiting his approach. chief, Sabatis, at length advanced to the bearing in his hand a package wrapped in kin of an otter. He was a man of large e, of great breadth of shoulder, a massive , and features bold and prominent. He a blue striped blanket, with a deep fringe, sed round his form, leggings of undressed kin, and a single feather tipped with on, bound in the masses of his dark locks. as older than Natanis, with a sterner : yet his carriage was marked by the lofty port, and haughtiness of air.

elcome, brother, said Natanis, as the Sagcame near; and he advanced a pace. tretched forth his hand.

antanis let us meet as brothers; mid

elder, throwing his arms around him and embracing him. The young chief with frankness and cordiality returned the embrace, and the brothers were reconciled!

'Come, brother, let us enter the lodge. I have a doe here, and we will feast together!'

'No, Nantis, not now. I and Sharp Knife have both eaten. I have come to see thee on affairs touching thyself and thy greatness. Let us talk, for we must pursue our journey with the rising of the moon!

'Whither does the prow of your canoe lead

vou ?'

'Northward! We seek in haste the river's source, and our feet must not rest until we have crossed the mountains of the wilderness, and our cance floats again in the waters that flow north into Lake Megantic.'

Why this haste? Do you pursue game, brother, you and Sharp Knife, that you thus follow the trails into the northern wilderness?

'Listen, brother!' answered the Sagamere Sebatis, after the three had seated themselves on skins in front of the lodge, Natanis a little removed from, and facing his guests.

'My ears are open, brother.'

'Three moons ago, Natanis, when I sought you in the midst of your people, and there proposed to you to join with me in taking part which the English of Quebec against the pale faces who inhabit our hunting grounds, you refused.'

'I did refuse, Natania. The English I know

SCARLING PRACTICAL

not. They are far removed from a king's lodge is beyond the sea, and I grounds lie beyond the rising of the have we to do with giving our arms strangers? So I answered thee answer thee now!

"And who are these you would with? are they not the very men our hunting grounds, and who prefrom the sea and the pleasant val rivers into the wilderness? The Canada have not robbed us of our they are at war with those who p from the shores of the Kennebis and Massachoiset to the far south, m. moon's journey."

"I know not the English. They
my foes nor friends! The Amer
know! I know that there are amon
of wisdom also great warriors! wi
take up the hatchet against them?
they dwell upon lands that our i
hunted over; but those lands have I
them brother! I shall not mix with
he concluded in a firm tone of voice

The Sagamore sat silent, and his c grew dark after his brother had chunter seeing that he would soon anger hastened to prevent any quesid to him.

'Scarlet Feather, noble Sagamor show any hostility to the English. main neutral at least.' "I want my brother's arm and warrious," answered Sebatis sternly and impatiently. "I have given the English the promise of mine, and the braves of my tribe. Natanis, we are brothers! We are chiefs over brother tribes, which our father divided between us. Let us not be at enmity. Thy tribe, numbering eight hundred Abanaquies, and mine of a thousand Tarantine warriors, will be of great service to the English."

'And have you, brother, sold yourself, and your warriors?' demanded Natanis with haughty

surprise.

'No! I have only pledged myself as an ally and to be ready to serve the English King, whensoever I may be called on! replied Sebatis with equal haughtiness.

'What does he give thee, brother, for this

service!' asked Natanis with contempt.

'When the war is ended, I am to have restored to my dominions by the English King, the hunting grounds of my fathers, now possessed by the white-faces, and lying between the Kennebis and Andrescoquin!'

'And this they pledge thee?' pursued Scarlet Feather, his fine, dark face eloquent with soorn and pity.

'They do. I have the word of the English Sagamore Carlton whom I saw in Quebec four moons ago '

'And what is this service required of thee?'
'To be ready to march upon the frontier of

Massachoisetts whensoever I shall receive orders

myself under the command of their unite with their army against B. ston ! is there such a plan ! demanded Naarting with surprise.

movements of the British I don't ow. Bosides you are their enemy, broid Sebatis, cautiously, and darting a g glance upon him.

I, I was their enemy.

lid not say so, Sagamore, that's a fact, arp knife, readily.

ij

her!' said Natanis, speaking with ena. his dark eye kindling with the fire of id contempt, that was awakened in his s bosom—'have I been so unhappy as re and listen to such base words as thou en utterance to? Have I heard a son varrior Abanaquis—has Natanis heard her confess that he has sold his indeto the Pale Face? Shame, brother! ra been so dazzled by the gold of the man, that dishonour appears to you a stain? If you have lost your grounds, are you so craven as to seek storation by the aid of the British bayo-Vhere are your thousand warriors? are men? Have they no arms? are they Does it become a warrior chief of the e nation to descend thus from his digl native independence. Have I lived Sabatis confess that he is ready at any

moment to place himself and his braves under the command of an inferior chief of the great British Sagamore? Shame, brother! where are the shades of our father's, that they do not rise from their forest graves, and re echo shams upon their degerate son?

Sabatis listened without moving a muscle.—
It was plain the Hunter anticipated that he would the next instant spring upon Natanis, for he rose quickly and stepped between them. Sabatis, however, remained perfectly unmoved. The young chief, Scarlet Feather, having thus spoken, with such eloquent indignation, his feelings, sat silent, haughtily awaiting his brother's reply. At length Sabatis opened his lips, and spake. His voice was calm and deep:—

Brother, you have spoken and my earshave heard what was in your heart. You are young, and I heed not your fiery speech. What I have done, I have done! I have wisdom, and know what I do. I am chief of my tribe, and I will lead them to what fighting ground I will. We are brothers; let us be at peace. There is

my hand.'

Natanis took his brother's hand, and the two remained a few moments seated in silence.—
The excitement gradually disappeared from the face of Scarlet Feather, and lighting his calumet, Natanis smoked a few whiffs, and then handed it to Sabatis.

Brother, where are your warriors? asked. Natania, in a careless tone, after he had again

received the pipe from the Sagamore, smoked,

and handed it to the Hunter

"They are on the Konoco Lake. They hunt and fish there! I left three days ago to come hither.' Sabatis cast his eye down as he answered, and Scarlet Feather saw that his brother deceived him in his reply.

'Why are you here? If I am not mistaken, this is not far from the Nerijewecs, the foes of

your tribe,' he remarked, in a quiet way.

'Their lodges are in the valley beyond the ridge of hills to the East!' answered Sabatis, looking in that direction.

'You are bold also, Scarlet Feather,' said the Hunter, 'to lodge so nigh them! We little

thought to find you here !'

'Nor did I look for Sabatis so far from his hunting grounds. Why does his brother have the honour of his visit? Did Sabatis come expressly to see Natanis, or has he met the Scarlet Feather by accident?

Sabatis made no reply. He was not inclined to tell the truth! The truth was, that the meeting was purely accidental. He had seen and recognised Natanis the moment the latter had heheld the boat advancing, when finding that he was discovered, he had landed and sent Sharp Knife forward, after first holding a short discussion with him; for this unexpected rencounter with his brother was far from pleasing, either to him or Sharp Knife. He remained behind himself, to make up a parcel of pretended gifts, from trinkets he had brought to

reward such Indians as he might employ a expedition to assist in carrying his cance one river to another. From policy, then he had feigned great joy on beholding hit ther, though he apprehended difficulty is further prosecution of his purposes in paup the river, from his opposition, should heaver or suspect the object of his secret dition.

As Natanis regarded both his brother and Hunter with a look of suspicion while he his question to him, the Sagamore said sively.—

"It was accident meeting you here, brot but our visit was to you; though we expto find you a day's journey to the north cent."

'My tribe's lodges lie to the south and why then should my brother seek for me i direction he has named? demanded Na with increased suspicion. 'But I am four you, brother. What would you with Nat why have you come so far, and unattends seek me?'

Before replying, Sebatis spoke a few mor carnestly aside with the Hunter, and seem be influenced in his answer by Sharp K opinion.

'To get your final decision, brother! wil take part with the British? If you conse have a great advantage to offer you, and as portant secret for your ear!

Natania was about to reply with a steri

fusal, when the last words his brother uttered seemed to suggest to his mind a sudden thought. His whole bearing was instantly changed to one of eager desire and intense interest.

'Advantage said you, brother?' he asked with earnestness. 'What advantage can I gain by joining in this quarrel between the Pale faces?'

Sabatis looked at Sharp Knife inquiringly, as much as to say, 'shall he be trusted?' The Hunter shook his head doubtfully. This was not unnoticed by Natanis, who was by this confirmed in his resolution to adopt the course which had just before suggested itself to his mind.

'Brother, I fear to trust you, yet I would do so,' said the Sagamore.

'Did you not come to see me to trust me? Will my brother go again as he came ? and the young warrior rose and walked haughtily away some steps.

'I will not trust you, brother,' answered the Chief after a moment's hesitation, rising also. 'By the light of the Great Spirit I will not trust you!

'We must do it, Sagamore, and confide in Scarlet Feather's honour;' said Sharp Knife very firmly, but in a tone that Scarlet Feather could not hear. 'If we do not, he will, at any rate, suspect us; and as we can breturn now but must go on with our message, he will of course suspect mischief, seeing us continue our way north, after having visited him. We can give him no excuse for keeping up the river.

sides, if we turn back, and then double on our trail again, you may be sure, with his suspicions awakened as they are, he will be a spy upon our heels. It was the fiend's luck falling in with him here; and I wonder what he is doing, pitching his hunting lodge so far from his own ground, and so near those of the Nerijewecs! It would seem as if he was waiting for us; yet he could not know of our coming; and besides, he does'nt seem to suspect the news we bear! We had best trust him, as I think, from what he just said, he might be brought over to our views; the idea of advantage to himself seems to have taken hold of him.'

The Tarratine chief deliberated a moment, and then, as if deciding to make a confidant of his brother, advanced towards him as he stood gazing silently into the shadowy waters as they

flowed by at his feet.

At the moment Sabatis came near, the quick eye of the young chief had detected a stag coming down to the water, on the opposite shore, to quench his thirst. The shades of evening placed the spot where the lodge stood in dark shadows, it being on the west bank, while the shore on which the stag stood, was still reflecting the light of the western sky. Quicker than lightning, the bow of Scarlet Feather was raised, and his arrow levelled from his ear. Sabatis, who was at the instant, almost within its range, fancying himself the object, sprang back with a cry of surprise, drew his tomahawk from his belt, and brand-

it before him! The Hunter sprung forto arrest the arrow, which, from the m in which he stood, seemed to his view at the Sagamore's heart. But the arrow nging from its string, which rung with a wang as if a chord of a bass-viol had strongly struck, and the dashing, headlunge of the stag into the flood showed the true object of the young chief's demonstration. Natanis smiled proudly, aid with a tone of mingled grief and apt. other! did you think that Natanis would is hand against the child of his own

r ! we are brothers.'

Sagamore gloomily, and with a mortified replaced his tomahawk in his girdle, the hunter, springing into the cance, swiftly across the rapidly flowing river, are the noble animal which had mingled with the dark tide.

CHAPTER IL

NATANIS AND SABATIS.

THE two brother chiefs stood a few momenta in silence, watching the receding canoe as it went on its swift course, leaving behind it a silvery wake of dancing waters; and when they saw the white Hunter disappear in the shadowy curve of the river, beneath overhanging trees, in pursuit of the stag which the current was bearing away upon its horom, they turned, and gazed upon each other. The forests of the New World have never given birth to two nobler sons than these two warrior brother's. Noble in their persons, commanding in their carriage and height, native majesty seemed enthro ed upon their kingly brows. Erect, bold, and fearless, with an eve like the eagle's, and his head set upon his arched neck like a stag's, his dignified port tempered by youthful grace, Natanis stood before his brother a model for an Indian Hercules, or, better, the model for a statue which should combine the strength of the Nemean hero with the elegance of Apollo. His high forehead, surmounted by his coronet of eagle's feathers and his towering scarlet plume; his arched brows spanning an eye clear as light, and full of courage: his Roman nose, chiselled without a fault, even to

the thin, delicate nostril: his expressive, wellshaped mouth, which ever betrayed most eloquently, by the slightest workings of the bright vermillion lips, the least emotion of his soul: with the spirit of intelligence and feeling that shone through all; presented a countenance such as seldom meets the eve, save among the proud, independent chieftains of the Indian races. His panther's skin, depending from his shoulders, leaving the right arm and breast exposed, and hanging like a mantle down to the knee: with the firm manner in which he stood. like a pillar that may not be moved: his arm extended and grasping his bow; were in perfect harmony with the whole man, and completed a striking picture of that native independence. and physical dignity, characteristic of the Indian warrior.

The Sagamore was of a more powerful make, without the grace which relieved the muscular strength of his brother. He had none of the Apollo in the strong outlines of his massive frame. He was a savage Hercules, gigantic, yet symmetrical; and looked as if he could slay lions by pressing his knee upon their chests, and rending their jaws apart with his hands. His countenance expressed none of that quiet dignity and nobleness of nature which characterized the loftier features of Scarlet Feather. His brow was heavy and very massive, with large, quick, fiery, gleaming black eyes, ever restlessly moving beneath their these covers. His complexion was danger to

coarser than that of Natanis, and his features SCARLEY FRANKS. fro coarser man mass or susums, and his nose stronger and more heavily moulded. His nose C9 stronger and more neavily mounted. His nose indicated great strength of passions, and his mouth, full and large, betrayed the existence h i mount, un and large, newayou one basecond, of a character daring and ferocious. In a word, of a cnaracter daring and rerotions. In a word, there was in the face of this chief, with all its 1 dignity of outline, an expression which rearguery or outline, an expression which rethe opposite sentiments of mistrust and dislike. the opposite sentiments of mistrust and distre-His cheeks were striped with blue, and red paint, drawn in such lines as would increase paint, drawn in such thes as would increase the natural ferociousness of his aspect. His height, bearing and, person, were nevertheless neugue, pearing and, person, were neverences of commanding; exhibiting the native majesty of form and stature peculiar to the family of the Abanaquia, from which he, as well as Natanis,

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nad sprung.

Brother, said the Sagamore in a deep, gutBrother, said the Sagamore brave, and your
teral tone, you are a great brave, You want
teral tone, you are a great forces. werm tone, you are a great praye, and your Yet you warriors are as the trees of the forest, hand as the hold deminion over hold deminion over hold as the hold deminion over hold as the hold deminion over hold as the hold as the hold deminion over hold as the warriors are as the trees or the lorest hold dominion over but a third of the hunting had sprung.

grounds our father swayed.

words. They are true. That Natania is not a warrior unconcert to let the Pale-face dwell where his fath more mean to say more? lodges stood! He is not the chief to let the rouges strong the is not the chief to the rethat once flowed through his fathers hu grounds, when he can regain them! Does N behold the silvery peak of yonder mo piercing the skies! The boy of fifteen ye

emember when, within the eye's wide range from its summit, not the smoke of a white man's cabin curled upward to the clouds; now the huts of the white woodman are fast approaching its base; and ere the boy be gray, from yonder peak the eye of the solitary and homeless Indian shall behold, from horizon to horizon, no where ascending the smoke of a lodge belonging to his The axe of the Pale-face will have levelled his forests, and the cities of the Pale. face will stand in the vallies and by the rivers! Does my brother hear? asked Sabatis with a dark frown.

'I hear,' answered Natanis, 'I know that the white man covets our lands, and that he has many leagues of our hunting-grounds! these were not sold him by Natanis, but by our father. Of Natanis, no Pale face shall ever have a bow's span of land, save for his grave. What he received from his father, he will keep.'

'Aio / well spoken, Natanis. Now. we are I find in your breast an echo to my own thoughts. But let Natanis open his ears, while his brother speaks. The power of the warriors The winged ships at every wind bring Palefaces from the rising sun. must have more lands! Their Sagamore at Boston came to me two moons ago, and asked to buy lands for gold? I refused him!

'You did well, brother,' said Natanis with pride. 'So came to me a messenger from the same white chief. I filled a horn with earth, from the grave of our father beneath my lodge. and bade him say never sold the ashes

A slight emotion sentiment like this elevate the express tenance, as he gas brother.

'Then, brother, emphasis. 'We ar faces? This was sp of inquiry.

'I am neither the ther. Our father s with their great Sa are not our enemies

'They are mine sternly and vinelic the hatchet, but I it! Sabatis can n the white woodman and he knows the forefathers are falli our own fall and ru foe of the whitemour hunting grouns forest homes!'

'Yet you say, y

English ? 'Dabel-dock! Th

St. Lawrence, broth Sagamore are upon English have not to the contrary, they faces—the Bostonees,* who have robbed us ef our inheritance, and are daily making invasions upon what remains. I am not hostile to the English! They are a great and powerful nation, whose lodges are far off.—We have nothing to fear from them. The Bostonees are our foes, and the English are their foes, therefore should we be the friends of the English.'

'You speak of war between them, brother ! with this we have nothing to do. Whichever conquers will be equally our foe, and equally strive to possess our lands. If the English are conquerors, and take the lands of the Bostones, they will next want ours, like these. Let us not mingle in the quarrel, brother.'

'Saw-got! I have already done it. I have pledged myself to be the friend of the English Sagamore. He has sent me great presents, and has promised to give me back all my hunting grounds, if he conquers the Pale-faces who hold them. Now, brother, the same offers he will make you! Behold, here are some of the presents I have received! and the chief unfolded the otter-skin to display his gifts. These I bring to thee as a pledge of what thou shalt hereafter receive. Behold! here are sharp spear-heads of shining steel, barbed arrowheads, glittering medals, a coronet of silver,

^{*} The Indians of Maine invariably apply the term *Bostonee' to the Massachusetts colonists from the name of their principal town.

medals of gold, and bracelets of precious

'For such trinkets as these is Sabatis bought?' oried Scarlet Feather contemptuously, glancing at them, and then turning his eyes scornfully away.

'Owwa! These are but trifles to what I have, brother,' answered Sabatis, frowning darkly, and looking disappointed at the indifference of his brother to what had dazzled his more savage eye; though, as we have before said, these trinkets were not brought as a present for Scarlet Feather, but only offered to him as an afterthought to help to conceal the true nature of his mission.

'You spoke to me of advantage, brother,' said Natanis. 'These gew-gaws tempt me not! They will please a woman!'

'See! These are spear-heads and arrow-heads of steel!'

'They tempt me not. What advantage did thou speak of, a while ago?"

'Have I not told thee?—the restoration thy hunting-grounds.'

When I want them, I and my warriors all recover them. I would not follow the nob deer that ever roamed in the forest one be upon lands made mine by the British bayor

'Saw got! If thou wert not my mother's I would quarrel with thee! but, peace b tween us! Know, then, Natanis, I am to sides with the British. Swear to me the will not take part, thou and thy warriors, with the Bostonees!

'That I will swear most cheerfully, brother. I am not in want of gold that I should sell my warlike independence even to these, though I have towards them more friendly feelings than I have towards the English. Dost thou not remember that our father, in one of his hunting expeditions beyond the mountains of the north. encountered a white hunter, an Englishman from the Canadas. He found him torn by a bear, and dying for want of succour. father took him to his lodge, bound up his wounds, and hospitably entertained him until he recovered; and when he was once more strong, he sent two of his people with him, to guide him to the white man's lodges on the Chaudiere. When the white man came among his own people, he invited his guides into the lodge of the Sagamore, on the pretence of refreshing and rewarding them; and taking advantage of their confidence, they took them captive, and sent them to Quebec, bound as prisoners, whence one escaped, (the other having died,) to tell the shameful tale of English treachery.'

'I heard the tale. But 'tis nothing. So would the Bostonee have done. They speak one tongue, and their fathers dwelt in the same lodge under the same great Sagamore.'

Hear what the Bostonee did do. Three winters ago I was hunting on the lower Kenne-bis. The doe I was in pursuit of leaved from

a precipice, and before I could check my speed. I followed, and tell many feet, and lay there insensible and bruised from the full, I know not how long. When I came to myself, I was lying upon a bear-skin in the lodge of a white hunter -of a Bostonee. He was watching over me with the gentleness of a maiden who watches the couch of her sleeping lover. Ten days I was his guest, and when I left to seek the lodges of my people he accompanied me, taking me in his own cance till the smoke of my lodge was in sight. He then said to me-

'Chief, when next you meet a white man in your hunting grounds in distress, remember me and succour him, even though he hath slain thy brother! In me you behold Kresley the

Fish Spearer?

'And who was he?' demanded Sabatis impatiently.

'I had the year before, with an arrow in shooting at a deer, by accident slain his brother!' answered Natanis impressively. 'Now judge you, brother, he added, after a few moments silence, 'between the English of Canada, and the generous Bostonee Hunter.'

'And for this only, you are hostile to one peo-

ple, and a friend to the other?

'I am willing my tribe should be judged by any of my people in it,' answered the young

chief proudly.

'At this moment Sharp Knife landed a few yards below them, with the dead stag in the boat. The Sagamore approached him, and briefly informed him of the issue of his conversation with his brother.

'Well, Chief,' said the Hunter, 'if he can't be prevailed on, and is so prejudiced, why, the only way we can do, is to let him alone, and keep on our way. The moon will be up soon. He had better suspect than know the truth, as he might possibly put some obstacle in our way; and we have not an hour to lose. I had rather have lost my rifle than fallen in with him!

'I am resolved, when the moon rises, to take leave of him, and proceed down the river. After a mile or two, we can take to the forests and double so as to gain a point above him, and then take to the river again! we shall have to pass full near the lodges of Neridgewees to do this!'

'This will be our only course. It is quite likely he is by this time satisfied that your only object in coming here, was to get him to take part in the quarrel. I don't think he will suspect us; for it is impossible he can know the truth; nor the fastest runner could have got up the river in advance of us. So let us deceive him by putting back awhile, and then keep on our course again as fast as we can move forward by water and trail.'

The course here suggested, was decided on. The Sagamore approached his brother, and soon afterwards took leave of him, the parting being cold and distrustful on both sides. They then re-entered their boat, Scarlet Feather accom-

anying them to the bank; and just as the noon appeared above the forest-line in the moun approximated into the stream;

and, propelled by the strong arm of the tall Butter, shot rapidly down the tide, and was gon lost to the gaze of the young Chieftain in the gloomy shadows of the overhanging shores. Natanis remained standing for some moments

where his brother had last parted from him, his arms folded across his breast, his face

This is a strange visit of Sabatis to me! he thoughtful, and his manner grave. said, in a slow reflecting tone.

thing line denone them the maken I have been then the maken I have been the thing lies deener than the surface I have had spown me ; Why prother came thom his own hunting grounds to ask me what he knew herors. nunting grounds to ask me what he knew herore, which and then to go back again as he came. hut for cance was standing up the river, and hut for Beeing me here. I am mire it would have kept o its upward course. meant towards me. Sahatia loves me note: at would readily ascriftee me to his own ambition His visit in this quarter is not to see me, alo else why did he make me no definite prop tion! Te is clear my presence here was unloc for by both him and Sharp Knife, and t embarrassment I could read in their looks efforts to ingratiate me. Nor could they known my hunting lodge was here. Not my own warriors knows it, nor hath an crossed my trail the three days I hav here, My presence here is known only t As he pronounced the last word ! assumed an expression of tenderness and gentle pride, and looking towards the moon he said

with lively emotion,-

'It is time I sought again the lodge of Willews. For love's sake, might I have answered the white Hunter, am I here in the hunting-grounds of the Nerigewees! for the sake of the beautiful Pearl of the Eye, is the hunting-lodge of Natanis pitched in the sight of the smokes of a tribe hostile to his fathers!

As he spoke he turned from the spot and advanced towards his lodge.—As he came near it, he saw standing before it a young female who, while he was gazing down the river after the departing Sagamore, had crossed the stream above, in a light bark propelled by her own hand, and landed near his cabin, which she approached with shrinking, yet anxiously hursing stream.

'Willewa!' he exclaimed, recognizing her; for the moon shed her radiance full upon the

spot where she stood.

'Natanis! Pardon me! I came hither to—'
He interrupted the tremulous, musical tenes
with which she would have hurriedly explained her errand, by pressing her to his manly
breast, and syving smilingly.—

What need I care, fair Pearl of my Eyes, what brought thee hither, so I behold thee, and know thou art present with me? Comest thou, doubtless, to chide Natanis for loitering when he should have been on his way to meet thee at the Doe's fountain beyond the rivex.

he promised last night when he parted from thee there? and again he pressed the graceful Indian girl to his heart; and then holding her back, gazed by the moonlight upon her lovely olive brow, and ingenious countenance, over which grateful love, and maidenly modesty, played charmingly.

'Natanis, I bring thee strange, and weighty news!' she said withdrawing herself with sweet,

native dignity from his ardent gaze.

'What, dear Willewa? Has thy pet doe escaped? or the singing bird I gave thee flown away to its fellows in the wood? or—'

'Nay, Natanis, I have more serious news than this,' answered the Indian maiden im

pressively.

Then I will hear thee tell what makes the warbling tones so sad to night. Sit down my lodge, for thy heart throbs like a faw that has been pursued! There is my mant' he said, taking the panther's skin from shoulders, and throwing it down upon the if of his lodge.

No, not in thy lodge, Natanis,' she said blushing embarrassment.—' Here without

the door in the fair moonlight !'

'Then here in the fair moonlight, Pearl of my Eyes!' said the lover play and taking the skin from the locge, he it for her upon the ground outside. what have those little talking cherries t

he said touching her lips lightly with his forefinger.

But ere we listen to what the beautiful Willewa has to reveal to her noble lover, which brought her at that hour alone, to seek him at his lodge, we will tell who this maiden was. Allusion has already been made to the tribe of Norigewees as having their national lodges not far from where Natanis had planted his own hunting cabin, and as being hostile to him and his tribe. This people were once the most warlike and imperious in all the East. Their tribe had originally, in centuries past, belonged to the Tarratine and Abanaquis races, from which all the inferior tribes in Maine had also sprung. The Norigewees were a powerful Tarratine family which had rebelled under a younger brother of the Tarratine King, and never being subdued, had become a distinct and powerful tribe. Its sway extended over the vast region between the falls of the Kennebbis, and the mountains of the northern wilderness: and its chiefs were all distinguished for their warlike courage. The feud which existed from its very origin between this tribe and the equally powerful families of the Tarratines and Abanaquis, kept alive in all three nations a spirit of war, and an hereditary quarrel. The Tarratine and Abanaquir chiefs were by no means disposed to acknowledge the independance of a revolted tribe, though three hundred years had elapsed since the original offence; nor was the haughty rebel chieftain

PHEE.

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CHAPTER IIL

THE CHASE.

Ir was about two months previous to the time we have chosen for the opening of our story, that Scarlet Feather, at the head of thirty young warriors of his tribe, left his national lodges, on the beautiful lake Tuteloe,* for a grand hunting expedition. As the past season the Nerigewees had penetrated his huntinggrounds, and driven the deer from the rivers to the wilderness, Natanis resolved not only to pursue the chase towards the mountains, but also invade the territories of the Nerigeweck, by crossing their hunting grounds to the upper forest, instead of following the course of the river, which, among all tribes, was held sacred as a common thoroughfare. The afternoon after leaving his own people, he crossed the Kennebis above the falls of the Nerigewees, and entered upon their hunting grounds.

The young men whom Scarlet Feather had selected from his warriors for this expedition were about his own age, and among the very bravest of his followers; and in nobleness of spirit, and pride of character they were not upon like himself. After they had crossed the river and stood together upon a rock upon which

^{*} Now ' Allston Lake, in Kennebeg County .

they had landed, with the towering their foes rising majestically arou: Natania with a wave of his hand gat braves around him and thus addressed 'Warriors and brothers! we are not with our feet the soil of the haughty N. In these forests they hunt their game, the bosom of yonder hills acend the their lodges. We are Abenaquies, ar fear to stand in the sight of the lod; foes. We have entered their hunting to pursue in them the deer and the the mouse, as we do in our own. Nata not have been the first aggressor u territories, for he is content with his the deer loves the shade of our forests that of our foes! But the proud Chic has invaded our lands, and hunted before the very doors of our lodges. riors have driven the game from our lakes when we were hunting on the we must pursue the chase even to the I that we may have food and raiment for and our little ones. It is true, we c the river's course to where deer are p 'tis a day's journey farther, than cro hunting grounds of our foes. Let us e and pursue the chase, and at our l northward to the hills; it may be the our enemies will furnish game in a without seeking it in the wilderne north.—Now. my braves, you know w mind of Nationis. Let us go onway and while we pursue the game that offers. not forget that we are surrounded by nd act with wisdom and prudence. Let rrior go alone, but keep together in parties ; and when danger menaces, let us give unting war cry of the Abenaquies, and te for defence! Attack none of the braves Nerigewecs if you cross them in your for we are hunters and our arrows are ned only for the deer and the wild beast. 'we are attacked we will let the Nerigemow that we are the sons of Abanequis! s address of the young chief was received a shout of warlike enthusiasm, by the braves around him, and the clashing of bows and spears together manifested a ition more for the battle than the chase. sene presented at this moment was singubrilliant, yet wildly savage. Natanis alone upon a slight elevation of the rock overhung the dark water as it went ing and rushing past at its base in a hunnvolving circles. Above his head towered estic oak, which overshadowed him and The opposite banks were high and sitous, clothed with wood to their sumsave where here and there a bold hoary orced its rugged brow, or shoulder through pliage that enveloped it like a mantle. the lofty spine of a lightning-blasted pine eagle, who at intervals shook his immense is, and uttered the fierce, shrill shrick, the Indian warrior imitates and makes his war-cry. Around the young Chief stood his braves, a picturesque and formidable band, dressed in skins or gay mantles, with plumes nodding above their brows, spears or bows in their hands, painted quivers at their backs, and with their bronzed breasts and right arm, naked. They stood around him with dark, earnest, brave countenances, and flashing eyes, their nostrils working like those of the impatient charger, and their attitudes spirited and daring,

'Yonder eagle gazes down upon us, and his shriek is warlike; but let us not catch his spirit to-day, my braves! said Natanis, as he looked from the noble bird upon his followers with an air of pride. 'We are hunters and not warriors, until the war-cry of the Nerigewees is heard in our ears.—Then, let us sheath the hunting-knife, and grasp the war-hatchet as become Abanaquies. Now to the chase, brothers. He who strikes down the first stag shall have a feather from the creat of yonder eagle.'

As he spoke, he fitted an arrow to his yew-bow and sent the fatal missile flying upward and onward over the river with unerring velocity. The Eagle uttered a fierce cry as he saw the whizzing messenger of death approaching, and spread his heavy wings to soar. But the light dart pierced his majestic breast and fastened its barbs deep in his body. He nevertheless rose, and darted wildly through the air in irregular flight, now essaying to ascend, and then plunging impotent perpendicularly far downward: but recovering himself ere he

ruck the water, soared again, madly, the while, plucking at the arrow with his strong beak, and vainly endeavouring to tear it from his body.

'Nay! Let him soar, Ayane', oried Natanis to a youthful Indian by his side who suddenly drew an arrow to the head, and was about to launch it from the string, as he saw the Eagle, after nearly striking the water, rise perpendicularly upward again; 'Let him battle with his fate, Ayane. He struggles bravely, and has a noble spirit! I would my arrow had not flown so truly, for I am sorry that I sent him his death. It is like seeing a brave warriorchief die. Look! Behold! he has torn the dart from his bosom with his ferocious beak, and holding it in his talon rises prouse and triumphantly into the air!'

All eyes watched the Eagle as he went soaring into the skies, higher and higher, till he appeared to the eye no bigger than a sparrow. He then seemed to become stationary, when

Natania exclaimed,

'The noble bird will live; he deserves his life. My shaft pierced not to his proud heart. No! See, my braves! he descends like the

lightning from a cloud!'

There was a general murmur of surprise and savage admiration, as they saw the bird falling from the skies with the velocity of an arrow. The descent, though as rapid as the eye could follow its course, was erratio and irregular, the wings now wildly flapping, and now pressed closely to the body, and then again flaring with

It was therefore evident that the bird was either dead, or had no control over himself. Nearer and nearer the earth came the huge body, making the air roar as it passed through it, in its swift descent, when suddenly it plunged into the current close at the feet of the hunting party, dashing over them, in its heavy plunge, a shower of spray.

Ayane, the young Indian, leaped into the flood, and bearing it to the shore, laid at the feet of Natanis the dead monarch of the mountain peaks, the arrow, which the young Chief had launched at his breast, still clenched in the iron grasp of his talon.

Name is plucked from the crest of the war-

eagle. a tuft of feathers, and placing them among those of his own coronet, said, He who 'Now, my braves, to the chase.

strikes down the first stag in the huntinggrounds of the Nerigewec shall wear this eagle's crest in token of his rank as a hunting-chief.

The party of hunters now formed in three divisions, and in a few moments were moving in as many lines, nearly parallel with each other, through the forest, in the direction of the river uplands, where they knew the deer would be at that hour feeding. For the night, Natanis had appointed a rendezvous at a fountain about two leagues northward, near the river's bank. Leaving the two hunting parties to which Natanis was not attached, to pursue the chase in their own way, we shall follow our young chief and his hunters. Natanis kept on

for about a mile without seeing any game. but crossing three trails which he knew to belong to some hunting-party of the hostile tribe, whose territories he was so boldly invading. He at length came to a small but beautiful lake, placed in the midst of the forest. like a crystal vase set in a bed of flowers.-Gentle hill-sides, clothed with fragrantly blooming trees, ascended from its circular brim: birds were singing in the overhanging braches: fishes were glancing in the sunlight beneath its surface, and the deep blue sky, without a cloud, was reflected in its bosom. To add to the rare beauty of this gem of the wilderness, a small island, green as an emerald, with a fewold oaks growing upon it, and casting beneath inviting shade, was anchored in the midst. On this island, the shores of which, on all sides of it, were about a quarter of a mile, or a long bow shot from the shores of the lake, the birds were more numerous than on the main, filling the old oak grove with melody, while deer and does were grazing or reclining in the peaceful glades. The island was not large, being not two arrow-flights across, either in length or breadth.

When Natanis came suddenly upon this beautiful lake of the forests, he paused upon its shores a few moments to contemplate its quiet: for the child of nature loves to gaze on the features of the Great Parent, on whose bosom he has been nourished, and has a heart to feel and

a mind to appreciate the fairer lines of her beauty.

While he stood there, wrapped in pleasing surprise, a herd of deer was discovered by his warriors, cooling their limbs in the water, about half-way round the circle of the lake. There were visible, full a score of these animals, among them three stately stags. Desirous of striking the first stag, the whole party started in excited pursuit, not even looking round to see if they were followed by their Chief, but rather anxious to outstrip him in the chase.—Ayane, however, after running along the sparkling sands of the beach a few hundred yards, and the plant of the property of the stage of the bach a few hundred yards, and the plant of
Go with the hunters, Ayane, said the Chief to him, in the kind tone in which he always spoke to the youth, whose eyes, looks, and manner evinced the closest devotion and love for

his Chieftain.

'Ayane would not leave Natanis alone, with foes around,' answered the young Abanaquia.

'Then come with me! I see on the island the antlers of a nobler stag than stands in the water among youder herd they have gone in pursuit of. He must be the king of his species, and as such worthy to receive his death would at the hand of Natanis!' The young chief apoke with that simple and ingenuous pride—that native dignity of character, peculiar to the Indian, as if properly conscious of his power and inde-

pendence as the princely head of a warlike tribe.

'How can we reach the island, my chief? asked Avane, his dark eyes brightening as he beheld the majestic antlers which Natanis had pointed out, peering above a group of shrub-

bery near the shore of the island.

'There lies a canoe of the Nerigewecs' answered Natanis, pointing to a birchen conoi half concealed under the drooping foliage of a willow that hung like a vast green umbrella over the bank, leaving beneath a sort of arching shelter, within which the little bark was

moored.

Ayane sprang into the canoe, and emerged in it from its covert, and the chief standing upright in its centre, the young Indian propelled it swiftly towards the island. Natanis stood up with his bow strung, and the feather of his arrow between his fore finger and thumb, and with his eye keenly watching the moving antlers over the top of the bushes. Suddenly a dashing of water came from the lake shore and Natanis saw the whole herd of deer in motion. having discovered the approaching party of hunters, who, as they came near them, had separated so as to encircle them and enclose them with the lake in their rear. But the stage first took the alarm, and tossing their branching heads high into the air, shook them. snuffed up the wind, snorted like horses when alarmed, and then dushed towards the forest covert. Then came the wild, showering cities of the hunters, and arrows winged with death flew among the terrified fugitives, and one here and one there plunged headlong in full course, and strugged in the ensanguined waters around them. The stag and a dozen of the does reached the wood and went flying down its glades, the Indian hunters in fierce pursuit.

Natanis watched this spirited scene with an excited countenance, and then turned his eyes upon the island which they were closely approaching. The majestic stag, which had allured him from the main, had taken the alarm, and unable to see, from his position, the hunters and the herd they were pursuing, on account of the intervention of trees, he stood still upon a green knoll, to which he had trotted his antlers aloft, his head thrown back, his eyes strained and starting, and his attitude was that of flight without motion.

He was a roble animal, as large as a warcharger, with a skin the tawny hue of the lion's, and a broad, massive chest, white as snow. Natanis drew his arrow to his ear, when the stag discovered him, and tossing his head up and down several times in defiance, the arrow of the young Chief was caught upon his shield-like antiers, and shivered like glass. The next moment, Natanis was upon the shore with his hunting lance in his hand. He launched it as he struck the beach, but the stag was already in full flight. Natanis recovered his lance, and his dog, which had accompanied him, swimming along with the boat

the main, bringing him to bay, he a se-I time cast it, and wounded the noble aniin the shoulder. The stag again fled, and again brought to bay by the staunch hound. maddened by his wound, he rushed fori, and by a fierce stroke of his antler emelled the dog, and then trampled upon him his strong hoofs. An arrow from the bow Jatania fastened itself in his neck, and the aged monarch of the forest, shaking it to ground, and made furious by the pain. ed towards the young Chief, emitting a h noise from his lungs, like the angry roarof a bull. So sudden and unexpected was change, that Natanis, who, at that moment his hand in the quiver withdrawing a third w. would have been thrown down by the riated animal, but for an arrow from the of Avane who was close behind him. ng Indian had aimed so truly that the point he dart penetrated deep into the breast of stag, who reared high in the air and gave rance to a cry as shrill as the shrick of an Avane seeing him stagger and bleed ously, sprang forward, elevating his knife trike him to the heart, when the stag, lowg his head, caught him upon his broad antand torsed him high into the air. With effort, the stag reeled and fell to the earth. le the sharp dagger of Scarlet Feather entaris heart. The young chief then flew to the our of his young brave, who lay insensible 8

upon the ground, where he had descended in his heavy fall. Raising him up in his arms, he tenderly bore him to the water-side, where he bathed his temples, and used other means to restore him to consciousness, while he carefully bound up a wound that was freshly bleeding in his side. At length Ayane opened his eyes and gratefully acknowledging by a glance of affection the kindness of his chief, breathed a deep sigh of pain, and sunk again into unconsciousness.

Natanis, distressed for the fate of the young warrior, to whom his soul was bound with the bonds of more than brotherly love, looked round as if seeking for assistance. None of his people were visible, and he hastened to a slight eminence in the centre of the island, where he could obtain a view of the main on the opposite side of it, where the hunters had surprised the herd of deer. But he could see only two or three wounded does dragging themselves to the water, to quench their feverish thirst but all else was without life.

'They have penetrated the forest and are now lost to sight. I will give the hunting cry of recall, though it may bring upon me even a band of my foes. Ayane must not perish, but be borne to our lodges by some of the warriors. Poor Ayane! This thou hast suffered to save me. I had rather it had been me than thee, for thou hast the love of a gentle maiden, whose eyes will weep tears of grief for thee. But I am alone.

As he spoke he raised his fingers to his lips, and the shores of the lake and the deep forests beyond, rung and echoed with the shrill eagle-cry of the young chief. Again the wild alarm of the hunter rose upon the air, rising note after note, till the very eagles of the cliffs on the river, soared from their eyries and answered it from the sky. But no human reply reached his ears.

With a look of disappointment he hastened back to his friend whom he found in a deep, yet suffering sleep. He took him in his arms and bore him far into the grove where the coolness and shelter invited to repose. Here he laid him on a bed of moss, softer than piled velvet; and seating himself by his side. he took his hand and gazed sadly upon him, forgetful of the chase, and all else save the sacred offices of friendship.

The day was drawing to a close, and the long lines of alternate sun beams and shadows that the setting sun leaves in his path, were stretched across the green sward of the island, and Natanis still remained by the slumbering youth, carefully watching each motion and anxiously regarding every sign of returning sensibility. Before him was an opening in the trees which gave him a glimpse from the island across the water into the wood on the main, and up a narrow and secluded creek that lost itself in the forest depths. It was on the side of the island opposite to that on which the herd of deer had been started, and the inlet had not

before been noticed by him, especially as its mouth was closely shielded by overhanging trees. While his eyes were absently regarding the spot, he fancied he detected a thin, blue smoke winding its way over the distant tree tops and gently curling in the sunny air. He watched the appearance more steadily and was satisfied that he was not deceived.

'There is a lodge!' he exclaimed with animation; 'whether of foe or friend it matters not! Avane must have shelter to-night! I will leave to seek the place whence the smoke issues. Even the haughty chief Canassa will not refuse hospitality to his enemy who craves it.

He gazed a few moments anxiously upon the wounded and insensible young hunter, and seeing that there was no change manifest in his condition, he was about to rise to depart on his errand, when he felt a tongue licking his hand. He turned and saw the large, noble stag hound, whom he had forgotten, and supposed dead, crouching by his side. Behind him he saw a trail of blood, with which he had dyed the grass as he slowly dragged himself over it to his master's side.

'Poor Keenuck!' said Natanis, sadly, laying his hand kindly upon his majestic head; 'sorrowing for Ayane I had not a thought for thee. The fierce stag has torn thee terribly, poor

dog !'

Keenuck looked gratefully and affectionately with his blood-shot and heavy eyes up into the face of his friend, stretched forth his shaggy neck to lick his hand once more, and then keeping his fading eyes upon his countenance, till the slowly drooping lid shut in his sight for ever, the faithful creature, with just strength sufficient to lay his head upon his master's knee, sighed heavily and died.

Natanis surveyed him a few moments with a look of melancholy regret, and then, brushing a manly tear from his eyes, he hastened to the

shore and cast himself into the cance.

CHAPTER IV.

THE INDIAN MAID.

THE young Chief, after reaching the water-side, had returned for Ayane, and placed him in the canoe, still sleeping. He then seized the slender paddle, and propelled the light, birchen bark across the space between the island and the shore, with the speed of an arrow, the bright, orange coloured sides of the graceful canoe shining like gold as they glanced in the level beams of the sun. He soon reached the entrance of the inlet, and shot his boat forward between its green banks, stooping low as he passed into it to avoid the bending branches that arched over it, nearly meeting in the centre.

The inlet was winding and narrow, with so dense a covering of foliage suspended from vines that swung from tree to tree, that the sun-light only penetrated it here and there, through a larger opening in the verdant canopy. It was like entering, and sailing far into a cavern of foliage.

Natanis did not regard the solitude or the singular beauty of the tortuous canal up which he was moving; but with one object in view. the safety and shelter of his young friend, he steadily ascended the stream, his passage disturbing many a singing bird on its leafy branch. and startling many a fawn from its covert. He had been advancing up the inlet for about ten minutes in this way, when he saw appearing before him through the trees a bright sunny knoll rising gently from the water; and he pushed forward to reach the bright scene. a few moments he emerged from the umbra geous inlet into the loveliest spot his eyes had ever beheld, or his fancy had ever painted. He suspended his paddle in the act of cleaving the water to gaze around him. There was, just before him, a lovely basin scooped out by nature from a table of the purest marble, and into it, from the top of a dark green rock. The sound of its leaped a glittering cascade. ceaseless fall filled the place with a soothing murmur, with which was mingled the rippling of a score of mimic torrents, which, clambering over the brim of the vast marble basin which was overrunning to its edge, leaped sparkling and laughing down the rocky sides, or flowed smoothly and shining over the green sward to mingle with a deep pool in which the inlet up which he had come, lost itself. The verge of the pool was hung with the richest mosses, and around the basin, on the terrace above it, clambered vines and other creeping plants in full and brilliant flower, loading the air with clouds of perfume. Upon the summit of the white marble precipice, the dazzling surface of which was everywhere relieved by a net-work of foliage-laden tendrils and gorgeous bouquets of blooming shrubs planted by the tasteful hand of nature in every crevice that would nourish a green plant; upon the summit, over all, was a fringe of cedars and laurel-trees, forming against the sky a rich and beautiful outline to the lovely scene below. The whole place was sheltered by the encroaching forest, and seemed a fit abode for that Indian Fairy, called the 'Lady of the Waters and Woods.'

The scenery, however, did not alone command the surprised attention of the young Chief. His eyes had discovered in a little valley, not twenty paces wide, lying between the bright sun-lit knoll and the basin, and carpeted with the softest green, a group of acacia-trees, amid which he thought he discovered a lodge. He gave a few strokes of his paddle lightly in the water, as if fearing to disturb the calm repose of the beauteous place in which he found himself, and entered the pool beneath the basin. He now saw plainly that there was a lodge half hid in the group of acacias close by the water-fall. With a sort of awe and curiesity, but with the situation of Avane and his need of succour uppermost in his thoughts, he touched the moss-clad verge of the dark pool and landed.

He looked, and seeing that his friend continued to sleep with laboured and heavy breathing, he hastened forward to the lodge which was not twenty paces distant, up a gentle ascent of natural lawn. He went forward with the spear grasped in his hand, for he expected to

meet his in the hunting-grounds of his foes, yet was prepared to crave that hospitality which no Indian warrior ever refused to his enemy in distress. He had not gone five steps when a beautiful doe bounded from the other side of the knoll where it was quietly browzing, and darted with fear towards the lodge. saw with surprise that its neck was encircled by a band or circlet of wampum beautifully ornamented with shells, which jingled musically as it bounded away. Softly he advanced with a watchful eye lest he should be surprised, and with a noiseless step that he might not alarm the inmates of the lodge ere he should reach its threshold. As he entered under the acacias he saw white shells strewn upon the ground, and a sort of path-way leading to the basin. Every thing had an air of singular neatness. The lodge was tastefully constructed of interwoven garlands. A white deer skin elaborately embroidered with dyed threads of bark and the glazed quills of the porcupine, hung before the entrance for a door, but was now partly drawn aside. Within, the ground was laid thick with bear-skins, and the sides of the lodge were hung with dressed doe's-hides with ornaments worked upon them. On every side, as well as that which formed the door, Natania saw conspicuous the representation of a bear's claw grasping a hunting-spear, which he knew to be the device of the Nerigewec chief, Canassa. He, therefore, knew that this was not only a ledge of this tribe, but of some one of Canana family; and he was too familiar with the customs of the Indian race to be told that the occupant of this lodge was a female, and perhaps a maiden; for there was upon the floor of the lodge, a pair of mocassins of delicate workmanship, and of a size, both together, not longer than the length and breadth of Scarlet Feather's hand. He saw, also, a beautiful tiara of feathers hanging upon an antler above a fawn's skin, that served as a couch for the occupant, and near it, upon another horn of the antler, a mantle of golden, orange and green coloured feathers curiously woven together, and forming a magnificent mantle.

When Natanis saw the tiara and the mantle he stepped back with respectful awe! for he knew that none else than a princess of the tribe could be the tenant of that fair home. He then remembered that he had heard that Canassa had a daughter exceedingly beautiful. With an emotion of diffidence such as became a young Chief, he drew back from the door of the lodge, refusing to enter it, and looked eagerly around for the mistress of that charming habitation; for he felt not only a curiosity to behold the daughter of his foe, but he felt that in her, his young friend would find a protector and a careful nurse; for he knew the skill and gentleness of the daughters of the forest and that their benevolence acknowledged no distinction between friend and foe.

Scarlet Feather was, also, by no means unimpressed with the startling fact that the lodge of Canassa and those of his warriors could not be far from the spot where that of the princess was found. But Natanis knew no fear: and. so that he had his friend in safety he thought not of himself. Nevertheless, he did not intermit that caution and circumspection which was needful; for, if it were possible to find shelter for Ayane without falling in with Canassa or any of his people. Natanis would gladly have avoided meeting them; especially as he reflected that he had brought upon himself his present difficulties, by an act of hostility upon the very domains of his hereditary foe. Being, therefore, uncertain how Canassa might receive him, he was desirous of finding the princess, and securing first her favour and her protection for his young friend. He therefore turned aside from the lodge, and followed the shell-path towards the basin, for he had discovered light foot prints leading in that direction from the door of the lodge. He was also quite confident she must be near, as the doe. which he supposed to be her pet, after skipping to the side of the marble terrace stopped and gazed wistfully behind a rocky wall by which a portion of the basin was hidden from him. He approached the doe, when the animal, with a startled look, made a sudden leap behind the rock and disappeared.

'Neta, what has alarmed you, my gentle doe? said a soft, musical voice, which distinctly reached his ear from that side of the basin which was hidden from him by the rock behind

which the doe had bounded.

He stood transfixed with delightful surprise. The sound of the sweet, lute-like tones he had heard not only fell upon his ear, but thrilled across the chords of his heart as if love's invisible finger had swept them. With a richer colour deepening the olive hue of his brow and check, he advanced softly; and lightly ascending the rock which overhung the basin a few feet above it, he looked down. As he gazed, he held his breath lest he should scare the beautiful vision away which met his eye.

Just beneath him, upon a bank of moss softer in texture than the velvets that cover the thrones of Empresses, and of a richer green than the emeralds that sparkle upon their diadems, was seated, half reclining, a young Indian girl. She could not be eighteen summers old. She sat with one little bewitching brown foot dropped to the depth of the exquisitely turned ancle into the pellucid water, her fringed leggings of the softest doe-skin being rolled up to keep them dry. Upon her knee rested its fellow. upon which she was fastening, with the loveliest fingers in the world, a moccassin no bigger than Cinderella's slipper. Her hair was as black as the coat of a raven, and hung around her in luxuriant, wavy masses, covering her like a veil: but beneath it could be seen the folds of a robe of swan's skin, ermined with the dark azure feathers of the blue jay. This robe was, however, now partly thrown back, leaving exposed her perfectly rounded arm naked to the shoulder. Upon the wrist were half a dozen

massive silver bracelets, but upon the shapely, taper fingers of her hand there was no ring. By her side watching her, yet trembling from his recent alarm, stood the doe, which she still addressed.

'You are easily terrified of late, Neta. Even a buck showing his branching head upon the top of the cliff, only to look down upon you, and envy you your happy lot here with me, sets you scampering as if a hunter's cry had fallen on your timid ears.'

Neta moved her head to this side and that as if listening and trying to understand her young mistress's words, but still showing signs

of fear and snuffing the air.

'I will soon go and see what has alarmed you.
It may be my father, with his warriors, has returned from the lake of the Islands, and sent
for me.'

While she was speaking in those soft, melodious accents of her native language, which had fallen so delightfully upon the ear of Natanis, she drew the other foot from the water, dried it by folding it up as if it were a bird in the nest of her long, dark hair, and then hid it in the other fairy-like moccassin. She then rose from her seat, and began to gather up the magnificent mantle of her inky locks, entwining her round, polished arm among them, and evolving their bewildering mazes through her fingers, or sweeping them over her shoulden; her figure displaying in every motion of the act an elegance, grace, and physical beauty the method

perfect. Her face was now visible as she gracefully threw back her head, and turned half round in the act of binding the abundant folds of her hair together upon the back and neck.

The sight of her countenance caused Natanis to experience a sensation of the most enthusiastic delight. Its faultless beauty filled him with surprise and admiration, and as he gazed upon it, his heart throbbed with emotions he

had never known before.

Her olive and delicately-rounded forehead. half hid by, and lying deep in the shadow cast by her hair; her pencilled brows, her large. glorious eyes, black as the starless night, yet flashing with fire like the dark cloud from which the lightning darts forth: the long lashes, so long that they lay upon the soft cheek, and curved laughingly back; the exquisite finish of her narrow, strait nose; the short, upper lip curved so delicately, yet so beautifully matching its mate, which was a thought riper and fuller; the small, round chin, and exquisitely turned throat, the proud. the deer like carriage of the superb head, with the slender grace of her pliant, ungirded figure, presented a model for the Grecian sculptor who would create a youthful Dian in her native charms.

The expression of her face was gentle, kind and sweet-tempered, with a certain spirited tone which increased its fascination. Having bound her tresses low upon the back of her

with a narrow band of scarlet wampum. aid to Neta, in a playful, reproachful tone. ow, my wild one, let us see what has tened you. I could not go with you barei, and with my locks sweeping the ground. instead of my father, I should meet some f the young braves of my own tribe.' then bounded lightly across a little 1 through which a stream of water gushid swinging herself round the rock, folby the doe, proceeded towards the cabin, ep light as a roe's, and full of incompargrace. Natanis remained unseen upon ick above, and suffered her to pass him, ing her as she moved. He then rose, ently followed her. The doe, with quicker cts to detect a stranger's presence, iny saw the first movement made by the chief, and stopping, gazed full upon him sars erect. The maiden turned round to hat produced Neta's alarm, and her eves ipon the stately form of the youthful ain. She saw at a glance that he was not rior of her father's tribe: yet, instead of in alarm she stopped to gaze, struck with ation at the noble and manly beauty; erhaps equally arrested by the tendernd gentle interest with which he fixed es upon her. f flying, yet fixed to the spot, Willewa

f flying, yet fixed to the spot, Willewa for several seconds regarding him with ity and wonder. His respectful manner led from the first all sense of fear.

length Natanis advanced, crossing his hands upon his breast in token of unity. She moved not, but stood trembling even as her doe had done when receiving its chiding from her lips.—With her dark, Castillian eyes lowered timidly to the earth, the olive hue of her cheek becoming each moment rosier and rosier, she awaited his approach.

'Daughter of Canassa,' he said with that native courtesy of manner which in the Indian is so polished, 'Star of the forest, Natanis, Chief of the Abanaquies graves your hospitality.'

'Natanis, the Abanaquis!' she repeated, raising her eyes and fixing them full upon him with surprise, while she drew back with a slight emotion of fear.

'Such is your suppliant, fair maiden of the Fountains!' he said involuntarily dropping before her own; 'a warrior and chief of a nation hostile to thine, yet,' he added in a tone which love modulated most musically, 'but not to the:!'

'Why art thou here, Natanis?' she saked quickly and earnestly, her heart evidently interested in the stranger, foe though he was to her race.—'Knowest thou not that these are the hunting grounds of Canassa?' Why art thou here, except,' she added, reating her eyes steadily upon his face, 'except thou comest as an enemy at the head of thy braves.'

'No, fair Rose of the Woodland,' he said smiling. 'I am not here to war with Canesan ! I came with the hunting-knife in my belt, not with the war-hatchet in my hand. I and a party of thirty hunters were on our way to the mountains, and I passed through these forests, hunting as we went.'

'And yet thou sayest thou dost not come for war! Will Canassa let his foe traverse his hunting grounds and not offer him battle?'

'Nay, I sought not hostilities with thy father, fair Strawberry of the wilderness! Last year Canassa and his braves pursued my deer through the very smokes of the lodges of my people when I and my warrriors were absent. I have now entered his territories to show the haughty Nerijewec that Natanis will not suffer an insult like this to pass without retaliation.'

'True, Natanis; I know my father was the aggressor. But why art thou here alone? why crave the hospitality of the daughter of the foe?

'Maiden! gentle Fawn of the forest, Natanis prays thee to hear his words. In our chase I came upon the beautiful lake not far distant in which is an island. Seeing upon it a stately stag, I took a boat and accompanied by a young warrior Ayane, landed upon the island. After a severe battle, the stag was slain, first slaying my faithful dog, and then grievously wounding my young brave, a youth dearer to me than a brother, nay! I love him as I would love a sister! he was gored by the antlers of the enraged stag, tossed into the air, and fell severely hurt. He has been, since then insensible, and seeing on the main-land in this direction the

smake of a lodge. I placed him in the cance and found this place. I stood before your lodge, but finding from its furniture that it was that of a daughter of the chief I did not enter. but sought you following your doe which I alarmed. I beheld you at the fountain, and unseen by you, gazed upon you; and as I gazed, my heart was filled with love, and I no more remembered that thy father and I were foes.'

The Indian maiden listened with blushes and a look of sweet delight playing about her lovely mouth, and sparkling within the depth of her

heavily-fringed, down-cast eyelids.

'If Natanis seeks the hospitality of Willewa for his friend, her lodge is open to him!' she answered with animation, yet with a modesty which beautifully became her at such a time. Where is the youth?

Natanis led the way to the canoe, and pointed in silent grief to the young brave who still lay as he had left him. The pity and compassion of her sex was at once awakened, and forgetful of all else but her hospitality, she made Natanis bear the wounded Abanaquis to her lodge, and heaping up the skins for his couch had him laid carefully upon them. She then placed her fingers upon his pulse, and as she held them there, Natanis thought he would gladly take Ayane's place to have her gentle touch thus laid upon him. Willewa, like all Indian maidens was a skilful leech, and knew not only how to dress wounds, but what was good for healing them, and also, she knew how to prepare and apply the medicaments her skill extracted from the numerous plants which grew in the forests.

She saw at once that bleeding must first be resorted to, and, assisted by Natanis, who by her direction bound up his arm with his wampum girdle, she performed the operation with a very sharp flint. The result bore honourable testimony to her skill; for in a few minutes the heavy breathing of the sleeper subsided, his pulse became calm, and the fever diminished. He soon opened his eyes, smiled on seeing Natanis, and gazed with admiring surprise upon the beauteous Indian girl. Willewa then gave him a small piece of fragrant gum to dissolve in his mouth. It was a narcotic, and under its influence Ayane again slept, but this time in a natural manner.

'He will wake with strength,' said the maiden.

- 'I cannot thank you, fairest Willewa, said Natanis, with grateful emotion. 'You have saved the life of my friend, and filled my bosom with joy. But lovely Willewa, pearl of my eyes,' he said, with deep passion, 'you have inflicted in the heart of Natanis a deeper wound than even Ayane has received, and you only can heal it.'
- 'Natanis is not hated by Willewa,' softly answered the maiden, with touching naturalness of word and air.
 - 'Can Willewa love Natanis?'
 - 'Scarlet Feather is the foe of our race !'

'Willewa shall be as the incense of the Caltimet of Peace to both nations. In the loves of Willewa and Natanis, the hatred of the Abanaquies and Nerijewees shall be forgotten; the tribes of our people shall be one, and the Kennebis shall no longer divide our hunting-grounds; for the smokes of the council-fires of Canassa and Natanis shall mingle together,—and the young Abanaquis hunter shall persue the stag side by side with the young men of thy tribe.'

'Willewa's heart speaks with Natanis; but with her lips she says, that the daughter of Canassa can never be the wife of Abanaquis.'

'Canassa shall hear Natanis speak,' answered the young chief with energy, while his eye sparkled with hope and joy. 'If Willewa loves Natanis with her heart, Canassa shall yet take the hand of Natanis, and clasp it in peace.'

An hour passed,—an hour of exquisite happiness to the young lover—when they were startled by a shrill cry which rung through the forest, and re-echoed from the marble cliff above their heads.

'It is my father: he has returned from the lake!' cried Willewa in alarm. 'He may visit me here: fly!'

'And leave Ayane?'

'I will protect him, noble Natanis. Let not Canassa behold you now. I must first talk with my father. Come with me.'

Prevailed upon by her, Natanis suffered her to guide him by a steep path up the precipice,

is they went directly underneath, the water which formed the cascade. The lalready closed, and it was now moon. On reaching the top, which was eighty ove the basin, she led him through the dof cedars and laurel, and stopping on ge of a precipice on the other side, bade k down. He obeyed her, and saw by it light of the moon an extensive valow, varied by mound, and grave, and lakes. From the midst, the blaze of a lodge-fires flashed upon his sight, and wide he discovered the smokes of habi-

see the danger you have exposed your-Natanis,' said the maiden, earnestly. are the national lodges of the Nerije-That lodge to the right, not far distant, of Canassa. Remain here until I return ; for you and my father must not meet, I have placed in your path the calumet e.' ee spoke, she left him, and descended the be by a path-way leading down into the this feet. In a few moments he saw

ht form in motion, in the direction the lodge of Canassa.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOVER'S PLOT.

WHATSOEVER was the nature of the interview between the fair Willewa and her father, the result did not answer her hopes and wishes. She returned to Natanis with a sad countenance, and told him that he must not linger in the hunting-grounds of his foe, for the spirit of Canassa was unvieldingly hostile towards him. She informed him that, owing to the absence of her father with his warriors, the presence of the Abanaquies hunting parties in his territories had not yet been discovered, and she eloquently urged him to leave with his parties at once, ere an encounter with the people of her nation should render any reconciliation between the tribes hopeless. The maiden then bade him return to the lodge and watch over his friend, and leave with him in the cance in the morning, giving him directions by which he could reach the Kennebis by water. She then left him to retire to a lodge she also had near her father's and promising to visit him in the morning at dawn.

'You will not be interrupted to night, Natanis,' she said, 'so you may remain secure in the lodge with Ayane. No warrior of our tribe ever enters the glen of the Cascades after

night-fall. This place is sacred to the daughter of their Chief.'

The next morning the maiden appeared at dawn in the door of the lodge. She was happy at finding her patient quite refreshed and strong, and free from pain. In a few minutes Natanis took leave of the lovely Willewa, leaving her heart, and bearing hers away with him. He left the basin by a narrower inlet than that by which he had entered it. and in three hours launched his light cance upon the dark waters of the swiftly flowing Kennebia. At noon he had restored Ayane to the lodge of his family, and leaving him under the fond care of a maiden of his tribe, scarcely less lovely than the daughter of Canassa, he turned back to follow again his hunting party. It was not until the next day that he fell in with them at the rendezvous he had appointed, when, joining them they pursued the hunt towards the mountains of the wilderness.

The passion of Natanis for the beauteous Willewa grew stronger each day, and he resolved in his heart, that if Canassa refused him her hand in marriage, he would, with her consent, make her his bride by stratagem. Her image filled his thoughts during all his hunting excursions; and so romantic was the influence of his love for her, and whatever belonged to her, upon his mind, that he forbade, for the sake of Neta, any of his hunters slaying a doc. His warriags readily obeyed him, for he had related to them, when assembled around the firms

of their common hunting-lodge, the whole of his adventures, and how the fair daughter of Canassa had saved the life of Ayane, who was greatly beloved by all his companions. And when Natanis, after reciting to them, with all the eloquence of love, the tale of her hospitality, and impassionedly describing her grace, beauty, and modesty, told them that he intended to make her his bride, they clashed their hunting-spears together in rude acclamations, and shouted aloud the names of 'Natanis and Willewa.'

The idea of uniting the two tribes under their own Chief was gratifying to these warriors; for they knew that when Canasas should die, the rule of both nations would be in the Abanaquis. The union, therefore, that might be agreeable to the tribe of Natanis, would, for the same reason, be likely to be opposed by the equally haughty and ambitious braves of Canassa.

Having now given an account of the manner in which our hero first met with the lovely Willewa, we will return to the thread of our story which we have interrupted for this purpose, and let the Indian girl explain in her own words to Natanis, her object in seeking him at his lodge.

Natanis had planted his lodge there two nights before for the purpose of being near the object of his love, and frequently enjoying her society, which he did do, by secretly visiting her at the fountain, though running great

risks of discovery; for, as the invasion of his hunting-grounds by the young Abanaquis chief and his party had been discovered by Canassa, his hunters were constantly on the alert. To be thus near Willewa, Natanis had secretly left his own warriors, at their national lodges, not telling them whither he was going, keeping his secret even from his friend Avane, well knowing he would try to dissuade him from exposing himself to the chance of falling into the hands of the Nerijewecs. The place he had selected was on the borders of his own hunting grounds. and he chose it for its beauty and seclusion, more than for its safety; for he had boldly raised his lodge on the borders of the river though the spot was shut in by lofty wooder hills. At the time he is introduced to the reader standing in the door of his cabin, nearly two months had elapsed since he first beheld Willewa. During this time they had met six or seven times, the last time, the evening before at the fountain.

Another motive which governed Natanis in fixing his abode there, so near the council-fires of his foes, was with the intention of inviting Canassa to come and see him for the purpose of making proposals for a reconciliation, through a union with his daughter. To bring about this end it was decided between the lovers that Willewa should the next day prevail on her father to accompany her alone in his war-cance from the valley of Lodges into the Kennebis as if for an excursion merely for her gratification:

and that when they were in the river she should allure him along the banks until they came in sight of the lodge of Natania, which she should discover with an exclamation as if she was not aware of its existence: that Natania should not be in it at the time, but concealed in the grove, and that she should propose to the chief to land and visit it. Natanis was then to approach and surprise them in it, and invite the haughty Canassa to hospitality. Willewa was to place herself between Natanis and her father to prevent any hostile act, should the latter show himself disposed to show battle, and as a gentle mediator, endeavour to make them sit down together as host and guest. This once effected without weapons drawn by him, she and Natania both believed would open a way to a final and permanent reconciliation. Willews was not, of course to let the old Chief suspect she had ever seen the young Abanaquis before.

This was the plan upon which they had last night parted, and it was to have been carried into effect that day if possible; but, should Natanis not see her during the day it was settled that he was again to ascertain what obstacle had intervened. He was, therefore, about to proceed to the interview, having had that day, as guests, Sabatis and Sharp Knife, instead of the fair Willewa and Canassa, when he discovered her standing in the moonlight in front of his lodge.

She now sat by his side upon the bear skin he had placed i for her outside of his lodge. her

small hand fluttering as he held it in his, and her young bosom heaving with agitation, and the speed with which she had hastened to him.

'Now, speak Willewa, what have those two little cherries to talk about? Has thy father discovered that an Abanaguis has dared to plant his lodge within sight of the smoke of his council-fires, and do you hasten to bid me fly? I have waited all day, gentle Fawn of my breast; and my eyes have never ceased watching for thee and Canassa. Impatient, I crossed the river in my cance an hour before sunset and followed the trail to thy lodges for a mile, and then returned disappointed. On my way. I pursued thy father's game, and slew even a bear that came upon me suddenly. But the skins of the stag and wild beast shall be offered to Canassa to-morrow, if he comes with thee. Why has not my dark-eyed turtle dove brought with her the chief of the Nerijewecs to be the guest of Abanaquis?

'Natanis, the Chief Canassa has this day been holding a council of war, and he would not listen to the voice of a woman. The words of Willewa could not enter the ear of the warrior

who discoursed only of battle.'

'Ha! does the Nerijewee sharpen the warhatchet? cried Natanis with surpise, his eyes kindling with courage and the thoughts of battle. 'Does Canasa's war-face turn towards the Lodges of the Abanaquies?'

'No, Natanis. My father has no desire to war with thee for thy invasion of the hunting grounds; for he regards it but a just retaliation for a like act of his own hunters. " Though." said he to me, "I cannot be the friend of the Abanaquis, I do not wish to go to war with him. Let the Kennebis flow ever between us and its waters shall be as the waters of peace to our borders." Perhaps I contributed to this spirit of forbearance, added Willewa, 'for I discoursed with him of all the long existing feud between our people, and endeavoured to inspire in him thoughts of peace. I even said to him,' continued the lovely maiden blushing at her own earnestness and sincerity 'that he should not only seek peace with you, but to try to bring together the two tribes, that by union they might gain strength.'

'And did my Singing Robin hint to him how that union might be brought about? said Natanis with a smile, as he laid his hand upon her polished brow, and looked with eloquent love into the deep, dark fountains of her eyes.

Willewa replied by a slightly reproving look,

and her eyes sought the ground.

'Who, then, fair star of my soul? who then is Cannassa to go to war with?'

'With the Bostonee.'

'The white brothers upon our borders,' cried Natonis with surprise.—' Has the English king sent Canassa a war belt filled with gold as he has done to Sabatis? How know yon this, Willewa?' he asked with animation, his previously tender, playful manner suddenly changed

to one of earnest and serious interest in what she said.

'The great Sachem of the English has sent one of his chiefs to my father and made him speak fair words to Canassa. Canassa lent his ears to him, and the white chief and my father smoked together and Canassa pledged to the English himself and his warriors. This took place six weeks ago, Natanis, though I only knew it to-day through my father.'

'This is new, Willewa! what is Canassa's intention? Will he seek the habitations of the Bostonees? Ho cannot reach them without crossing the hunting grounds of the Abana-

quis.'

'Your speech and looks, Natanis, make me tremble, while they assure me also, that you are the enemy of the Bostonees. If Canassa seeks the habitations of the white settler to war with them, and he crosses your territories, I fear that there will be strife between thee and him. Whatever happen, let there be peace, Natanis. But he will not seek the Pale-face. The Pale face seeks the Indian in his homes.'

'For thy sake' gentle doe, I will be at peace. But you have not told me all. What mean your words? What more is on thy tongue?"

To day—this morning, when I sought my father's lodge to allure him hither, as our plan was, I found him surrounded by his warriors, and holding council; while in their midst stood an Indian of the Damaresc nation—one of the swift runners of that see-board tribe?

hy was he in the lodge
by demanded Natanis, quickly that three
demanded to tell my father that the kno te nad come to ten my rather that third a before, he had seen, from a high hill, a trei t of many of the white-winged canoes of the 164 le-Faces enter the river, even the Kenebison ner aces enter the river, even the Kenebis on those banks we now stand! That these ships lose banks we now stand! The Bostones, ore the scarlet belted flag of the danks on the danks of th Ti ti ore the scarter-period upon the decks, as he r and that he counted upon the decks, as he sailed up the river, more than a thousand warriors. A thousand Bostonee Warriors! repeated Natatis, starting to his feet with surprise: He told this to my father; and further, that said the Damareac runner this? the fleet had stopped two hours journey below the falls of Cushnoo, there to build batteaux to ascend the river further. That he there left them and bastaned to Canasas as the Change of them. them, and hastened to Canassa as the Chief of a powerful tribe, to communicate the intellipowerru trice, to communicate the intelli-toring therefore, called a council therefore, called a council therefore, called a council the particular that the Rose and the ballaces the ball gence. any memory energions, cancer Bustones of war, and as he believes that the memory of the second of the secon or war, and as no nemeros of his territories, h has unburied the war-hatchet, and is to-day sembling his braves to defend his lodges a Natanis listened with surprise until she ended, and then remained thoughtful silent. He could not realise that the American his hunting grounds. with whom he and the Indian tribes had so long at peace, could so treacherous. upon them to surprise and destroy them This expedition of war cances,

spirit, 'cannot be against me, if against Canassa, as I have made no compact with their foes, the British. The great Sachem of Boston knows the Abanaquis is not his foe. Thou tremblest for thy father! Fear thee not, Willewa; I will see the Chief of those white warriors in person, and know if danger menaces the Nerijewec. But how is it that the Damareso tribe, who are friends, like Canassa, to the English Sagamore, how is it that it has been passed by, unmolested? The Kennebis, up which they have ascended so far, flows past many a lodge of the Damareso warriors. Yet said he that they had been harmed?

'No, Natanis, I have yet more to tell thee,' she added, embarrassed, 'did I but know that thou wert truly the friend of the Bostonee.'

"I love not the white man, Willewa, as if he were of my own race. They are stronger than we, and by and by they will overrun us, and we shall be as the leaves of the last year. Yet I would not war against them, because one of them has been my friend. Dost thou love the Bostonee?

I do, Natanis. Listen to my words. Four years ago I went with my father to the council Lodges at the home of the Sachem of Boston.—
My father and other warriors went up to hold a council with the white Chief. There was I taken into the great Chief's lodge, and his daughter loved me, and told me she was my white sister. She was fair as the lily, with seft eyes, like the sky in colour, and thinking have

flowing upon her shoulders like the golden tresses of the water-telossa, when the autumn frost dyes them with gold. His voice was like the song of the Letel in the morning, and her laugh rung in the ears of Willewa, like the wild melody of the birds of her native woods. Willewa gave the fair daughter of the great white Sachem all her heart, and loved to sit upon a cushion at her feet, and listen to her.'

'Could she speak thy tongue with thee, Willewa?' asked Natanis.

'Not all the words; but what her lips failed to say, her eyes and smiles more eloquently expressed.

What said this blue-eyed maiden of the Pale Faces to thee, as thou didst sit at her

feet?

'She asked me if I loved my father. I told her that he was dearer to me than any one on earth,——'

'Would'st thou answer her so now, bride of my heart?' inquired Natanis, with mingled tenderness and pride.

'Nay, Natanis; then I did not know thee to love thee,' she answered with artless sincerity, and lifting to his face her large, gazelle-like eyes with maidenly joy. 'She then asked me why I loved my father; and when I told her, she said, and sweetly she said it.—

'If you love thus your father, Willewa, because he is kind, and grants you all your wishes, should you not love more, Him who bestows

upon you your father?

"She alluded to the Great Spirit. Willewa." observed Natania, reverently laying his hand upon his heart, and looking upward with awe to the deep blue sky, through which the moon was sailing in her silvery car of light, and over which were spangled a thousand stars, and where, to the eye of the simple son of the forest,

God dwelt in majesty and glory.

'I answered her that I loved the Great Spirit, and that I worshipped him. She then began to tell me more than my heart could hold, of the majesty, and power, and goodness of the Great Spirit! She told me how He first made men good, with gentle hearts, and without a spirit of war and hatred. That there was no enmity then in men's hearts; only love and peace dwelt there. But man disobeyed, and fell under the displeasure of the Great Spirit: and when he would have destroyed him, his Son interceded, and for his sake, the Great Spirit spared us. She told me that from that time all the blessings we have on earth, and all our hopes of dwelling in a land of peace and love beyond the setting sun, after death, we owe to the love of the Son for us. That the sun, and moon, and stars shine for us, on His account, for we have not deserved them on our ewn: that the seasons roll round, the fruits put forth, the forests give shade and verdure, that deer and other game are bestowed upon as for food, and that all our enjoyments came to us through this good Son of the Great Spirit.

This son, she told me, was all love and benevolence and peace, and all his desire in return for his goodness to us is that we should be like him.

After this manner did Willewa discourse for several minutes longer to Natanis, narrating to him in eloquent words the entire outline of the Christian atonement as it had been taught her by the daughter of the governor on her visit to Boston. Natanis listened with deep attention. When she had ended, he said.

'Did not the French Priest, father Ralle, teach some of your tribes this?'

'He did, I believe; but I had not been taught it by my father.'

'Is Willewa a Christian ?'

'She believes in the Son of the Great Spirit,' answered the Indian maiden with touching

fervour. 'Will Natanis believe?'

'Natanis knows that his father adored the Great Spirit of the skies; whom they worshipped, he will worship. But I will hear thee speak more of this, Willewa. What you believe, I do not fear to believe. It is for this then, you are the friend of the Bostonee?'

'I love the daughter of the great Sachem, for she taught me that which is to make me happy here, and beyond the setting sun, and which I shall love to teach thee, Natanis; it is a faith that will surely find a home in your noble bosom! For her sake are the Bostoness my friends! What says Natanis? Are they

his? she asked, looking up into his face with gentle earnestness.

'They are my friends, also, Willewa.'

'If need be, will Natanis, for my sake, do them service as brothers?'

'I will even unbury the war-hatchet in their defence if you command me. The friends of Willewa, are the friends of the Abanaquis.'

'Then Natanis, I can trust thee with what more I have in my heart, and which my ears heard in the lodge of Canassa. The Damaresc had not been long arrived and given his message, when a second brave of the Kennebis tribe came running, and stood before the council. He said that he had been among the tents of the white-warriors as they encamped upon the river, and that their chief had told him he sought peace with all the tribes. Their object, he said, was not to make war upon the Indians, but they were only marching through their hunting grounds, and ascending the Kennebis for the purpose of reaching the great fortress of Quebec, where the great English chief holds his councils, hoping to fall upon it by surprise.'

Natanis uttered an exclamation of astonishment. He stood a moment silent, and then said impressively.

'This is great news, Willewa!'

'So my father seemed to regard it. He has been in secret council with his warriors ever since. I waited till night only to fly hither to tell thee what events have taken place!' 'They are great events, Willews! Thanks for this promptness in coming to me! Do yes know ought of Canassa's intentions?

'Nothing! only, as I left, there were great preparations of a warlike nature going on in

the Valley of Lodges!

'He must contemplate attacking them.'

'The Bostonees are my friends! they are theirs, also, Natanis! This must not be.'

'Willewa! Canassa is a great Chief and a brave warrior. He is the friend of the English. He will stand in the path of the Bostonee! How shall Natanis prevent it? Must the Abanaquis war with the Nerijewec? For thy sake he cannot. Yet, as thou sayest, Canassa must not cross the path of our friends. I am glad to know. Willewa, that this expedition is undertaken. I am glad that the power of the Euglish sachem is menaced! Willewa, if I will swear not to encounter thy father in battle. will you give me permission to act as becomes the friend of the great Sagamore of Boatonee! If Canassa menaces them in their passage up the Kennebis, and sees that I am at the head of my warriors also, to befriend them, it may check him in his purposes, and thus the attack he doubtless meditates be prevented. He is bound to stop them, by his compact with the English. Yet I may restrain him by the presence of my own warriors.'

'I consent, Natanis; only meet not face to face with my father, save in peace. Behold in

Canassa's face the features of Willewa, and spare him.'

I swear it, Willewa, by the Great Spirit! Now that we are both friends of the Bostonee, foes of the English, let us act, then, as becomes us! Come my gentle roe of the Fountain! I will accompany thee back to thy lodge, and then must I seek my warriors.'

CHAPTER VL

THE SPIES.

SCARLET FRATHER launched his cance from the green sward, upon which it was lying, and placing the lovely Indian maiden therein, seized the carved paddle, and shot out into the arrowy current. In a few minutes he reached the opposite shore, and drawing the cance underneath the foliage of the bank, where it would lie concealed, he prepared to accompany willews through the forest paths to her lodge. 'Nay, Natanis,' she said, laying her hand

'Nay, Natanis,' she said, laying her hand upon his arm. 'You are already far enough in the hunting grounds of Canassa. The warriors of my people are in action, and their warparties may be crossing our path at this moment. Return, Natanis! Reach speedily your own territories, arouse your warriors and prepare to defend the Pale-faces, our friends. But let not Natanis and Canassa meet in battle.'

'Never will the Abanaquis look upon the chief of the Nerijewecs, the father of Willewa, as his foe. I promise thee that I will not let my favour towards the Bostonee bring me into a war with Canassa.'

'I ask no more, Natanis! Now hasten. If anything occurs that you should know, I will send thee word. There is one Indian—a youth

SCARLEY PRACTICE:

whom I can trust to bear a message. If one come to my lodges, wearing bound upon his brow this girdle of wampum, you will know he

is a messenger from Willewa.'

Natanis accompanied the maiden some distance farther, and then parting from her, retraced his steps toward the river. He thought deeply, as he went, upon the news that he had received. Although not inclined to enter into this quarrel between the English and the colonists, and originally intending to remain passive, nevertheless, he had a predilection in fayour of the latter, and a strong prejudice against the former; sufficient motives, in combination, to lead him, under suitable inducements, to take part in the conflict, and throw his influence on the side of 'the Bostonees,' as the New Englanders were denominated. This inducement was the desire of Willewa, that he should be their friend; for her deep gratitude to the lovely Christian daughter of the governor of Massachusetts, extended to the whole people, and in her heart she regarded every Bostonee as the brother of her benefac-These were the deep feelings that led the Indian girl to seek to enlist Natanis in their cause, when she found that they were likely to be attacked by the Nerijewecs. struggle in her heart was a painful one. It was a struggle between parental love, and gratitude to her who opened to her the knowledge of the way of life! The latter prevailed in her heart. But then came another struggle.

scarcely less painful. It was whether she place Natanis in a hostile position to her that the intentions of Canassa against cending army might not be carried int She felt, as Natanis had suggested, the assumed a bold stand with his eight l warriors on the flank of the Bostonees l their line of march and Canassa's fore the latter would not venture the battle the army might pass on securely. less, she saw with grief, that this positio widen the breach between them, even no battle should come of it! But he to befriend the people of her Christian induced her to run even the risk of : trusting to Natanis's promise that he we cross her father's path. She had, how hope at her heart, the realization of she trusted, would render all safe. hope, giving lightness and speed to he she hurried along the gloomy glades of rest, in the direction of the Lodge of her

In the meanwhile Natanis followed towards the river, from which he had g a mile in attendance upon Willewa. made up his mind, immediately on reac national lodges, to despatch Ayane set the Bostonee General to inform him of tile attitude assumed by Canassa, and to a his guard against any attack. While forming this plan in his mind, he saw two before him at some distance, crossing litspace in the ferest, and disappearing

in its recessor. They seemed to him to be bearing a cance between them. Supposing them to be some of Canassa's people, he hastened forward to see whither they were going, at once suspecting them of being on their way to take the river to descend it, and spy out the movements of the enemy; or it might be the Damaresc and Kennebis messengers returning. He struck through the forest higher up than he had seen them. intending to strike their trail obliquely. In about ten minutes he fell in with it, and then followed it with that caution, and unerring certainty, characteristic of his race. He saw by the pressure of the grass, and the bent shrubs which had not yet recovered their erect form again after being pressed down by their feet. that they were but two or three minutes before him: and had these failed, the very air to his keen senses had betraved their recent passage: for as he inhaled it, he felt that it had not. many seconds before, been exhaled by human beings. He proceeded with the steady, stealthy pace of a panther following his prey, until the bright, moonlit river came in sight through the forest trees; and by the bluffs on the opposite bank, he recognised the spot to be a mile above his lodge. Wondering, if those he pursued were to descend the river in the boat they carried on their shoulders, they should have gone so high up, he carefully advanced from the wood and saw them standing upon the bank. 'He approached them tree by tree, concealing himself as he advanced, until he was within a few yards of them. To his surprise, he then saw that they were Sabatis and Sharp Knife. They had laid down their birchen canoe close to the water's edge, and seating themselves upon the grass, with their backs against a large sycamore, began to light their pipes and smoke while they rested.

Natanis, after hearing the news brought him by Willewa, had recalled his brother's visit and manner, and the thought that his movements might have had some connection with the appearance of the Colonial armyin the wilderness. forced itself strongly upon his mind; and the more he reflected upon his brother's words to him, the more he was impressed with the belief that he not only knew the ascent of the army, but that he was acting treacherously in reference to it. Upon now seeing them here, his suspicions were confirmed. He, therefore, hearing them talking together, cautiously moved forward, creeping upon the ground with noiseless advance, until he was within three lengths of his hunting spear of the spot where they reclined with their backs to the forest. He listened with the deepest attention, for he hoped to discover by their words their treachery, whatever it might be, or whomsoever might be its victim.

'That cance ar'nt the lightest one I ever did handle, Sagamore,' said Sharp Knife, as he drew his first whiff of tobacco-smoke deliberately through the stem of his pipe, and then blew it a yard out from his lips in a straight line,—a favourite way he had of smoking. 'It is a long tramp, four miles through the woods with such a load. We have, however, completely blinded Natanis. It wouldn't have done to let him know our business.'

'Natanis will soon hear that the pale-faces are below. He will then suspect our mission,' answered Sabatis, placing his tomahawk to his lips, the handle of which was perforated like a pipe tube, and the head of it hollowed to form a bowl.

'True! but we shall have gone on beyond his reach. What I was afraid of was, that if he guessed we were hurrying forward to give intelligence to Governor Carlton of the approach of the Colonists, he would try and stop us. He could easily have done it by sending a score of his braves after us.'

It was for this reason I was not more plain in my interview with him. I was afraid the Abanaquis would possess my secret, and then

use it to favour the Bostonees.'

'Well, Sagamore, we are all well escaped from him. In ten minutes let us push on up the stream. We have no time for delay. The sconer we reach Quebec with the news, the greater will be our service done, and the heavier the gold in our belts.'

'Sabatis does not this service for gold,' answered the Sagamore proudly. 'I am the friend of the great Sachem Carlton, and I do it to serve him, as one chief serves another, in alliance with him. Sabatis does not this for

gold! The Tarratine is a warrier, not as a chant."

"Then may be your sentiments, Sagame but not mine, I can tell you! If I didn't pect a belt full of English guiness, I woultake another step north. The colonists mi march in silence, and come popping down of the wilderness upon the fortress of Que like a flight of eagles upon a lion's lair. nat'ral for white men to love gold, and I sider myself a white, though I was raised Injun! Do you think, Sagamore, the C Canassa will take a part in this affair? know he has pledged his faith to the Engl as well as you."

'Canassa is an independent Sagamore, will act as he he sees fit. Though we are a allies of the English, we are not friends to e other.'

'True. I know the Tarratines and Ab quies have little love for the Nerijewec. I my opinion Canassa would anticipate us it knew our mission; for he would like this portunity of securing the good will of English. You have done right, Sagamore go yourself in person. It will enable you secure on the spot what reward you want your services. Governor Carlton will see a glance the great service you will have done in giving him timely notice of the advance fee in this direction.'

'I shall ask only for the hunting-groun the Natijeweca. These were sace part of

territories of the Tarratine nation, and were wrested from us by rebellion in the tribe, when the oldest forest tree upon them was a sapling.

'What will you do with Canassa. and his

people !

'The English must find other lands for them. Let Canassa drive out the Damarese and Kennebis if he will have new hunting grounds.'

'Canassa will fight to the last for his lands,' answered Sharp Knife.—'Come, Sagamore!

It is time we pushed forward.'

'I have been thinking, Sharp Knife, that if Natanis finds I have left orders for war-parties of my braves to molest and obstruct the passage of the Bostonees as much as they can, he may bring his warriors into their aid and war with mine.'

Let him, Sagamore! It will only weaken his own power. His warriors, now, are three hundred less than yours. If Natanis is slain,

you are Chief of both tribes.'

'But if Natanis and my warriors come to battle on this quarrel, Natanis and Canassa will surely be friends and unite their warriors against me and mine.'

'The Abanaquis and the Nerijewec never can be allies, Sagamore. Their hatred is too

long lived.'

'If Natanis and I are at war, Canassa finding he is to be driven from his hunting-grounds that I may occupy them, will make proposals of union with Natania.'

But he will not accept them without some

deeper motive than I can now see at the botten The proud Scarlet Feather will never smol the calumet of peace with Canassa. But let move. Sagamore.'

The majestic Indian Chief rose from the ground, elevating his Herculean frame to if all height, and casting a quick, searching glance eround him, followed Sharp Knife in the cance. It soon disappeared with them the shadows which overhung the banks of triver. Natanis listened until he could a longer hear the dip of their paddles as they pupelled the little bark up the current, and the rapidly took his way down the shores of the stream towards the place where he had left hown boat on debarking with Willewa. Sprin ing into it, he shot down the river like a arrow, and leaped on the shore before I hunting-lodge. To his surprise, he was min the door by Ayane!

'My Chief, pardon Ayane for hunting yout in your seclusion!' said the young Indias he saw Natanis start back with surprise.

"Natanis has nothing to forgive his frien Why do you seek me?"

'I knew that you could only seek the lodg of the Nerijewec that you might be near the footsteps of the daughter of Canassa. I wai ed two days for your return, and fearing f your safety amid your enemies' territories, sought you.'

'You are welcome, Ayane! I would rath

see thee now than any man. I was hastening to find you.'

'What service can Ayane perform for his

chief?

'Willewa has brought me intelligence tonight that a Damaresc warrior has been to Canassa's lodge and reported that a thousand warriors of the Bostonee race are ascending the Kennebis in white-winged cances. They are now just below the Cushnoo falls, encamped and building boats to ascend higher. You look surprised, Ayane, and grasp your spear firmly!—What think you, is their purpose?

'I know not, my child, unless to invade our hunting-grounds,' answered the young brave

with animation.

'Are we not at peace with them?'

'And is not the Abananquis the friend of the Bostonee? What has Natanis done, that a thousand warriors should come hither so secretly?'

'They seek not Natanis, brother. Their ob-

ject is to war upon the English.'

'The English have no lodges on the Kennebis!'

'But they have, on the great St. Lawrence. Dost thou not know their purpose? But, come hither! see'st thou then, this dressed skin? Knowest thou what these figures I have drawn upon it mean?

And Natanis displayed to him in the light of the moon, a white deer-skin on which was drawn with vermillion, a rude but accounts delineation of the rivers of Maine, of the situal of the Highlands, and the direction of Chandiere into the St. Lawrence.

'I have seen thee make in such a man the lines of your hunting grounds, separat them from these around; but I have not a this before.'

'This is a map of the Kennebis to its sou and also of the rivers that flow north, the or side of the mountains of the wilderness. I h been amusing myself while here, in drawing partly from my own observation, partly fi the accounts of my father, and also from w the hunters who have passed along these rihave told me. Look you now, Ayane! have asked me why the Bostonee seeks English foe on the Kennebis. Here is the where the Kannebis loses itself after wash the lands of the tribe of Kennebis and tha the Damaresc. Now follow the point of dagger as I trace upward along this long w line, which is the river.-From the sea Bostonee fleet of war-canoes came up to falls of Cushnoc, where you see I have pair arrow-head. There they are now camped, building batteaus to ascend furth for their big war-canoes will not go high Now follow my dagger's point, and I will al you where they will follow, and whither t go. Here where I detain my dagger and see a deer's antier represented is where lodge now is. There opposite, where I I painted a heart, is the lodge of the fair Will

In d beyond it the Lodges of Canassa, and his seople. Now I ascend the river, passing fall after fall, till you see I stop and turn aside into another stream. This is a tributary to the Kennebis. I ascend it so far—a half day's journey—and then cross this space, which is forest. If I was in a cance, I should have to carry my boat across it eighteen miles. I thus pass the mountains here, and launch my cance in this red space which represents the lake of Megantic. It is connected, you see, with another river flowing out of it.

'That river, I see, flows contrary to the Kennebis,' said Ayane, who, bending on one knee as Natanis held the skin unrolled upon his, was eagerly and earnestly regarding the skilfully-drawn map as his chief was pointing out to him its several parts.

'Yes, it flows northward. It is the Chaudiere. Now follow my finger down until you

diere. Now follow my finger down until you see it empties into a river—'

'That runs eastward towards the rising sun l'exclaimed Ayane with surprise.

'Yes. All rivers do not flow southward like our native Kennebis. This great river is the St. Lawrence. It flows through the lands of the English Sachem, and here where you see I have placed a cross is their great Lodge, Quebec.'

'Quebec!' exclaimed the youthful brave, with surprise.

'What makes Ayane wonder?' speak and

Natanis will listen,' he said, seeing hi

and thoughtful.

'If,' said Ayane, placing one finger cross, and another at the mouth of the help of the can so easily reach it in from here, why does not the Great Sa Quebec come up the Chaudiere and des Kennebis with his warriors to attack tonees? If he saw this map, Natanis, he do it!' added the youth with sparling e

'And do you wish it, Ayane? Is the

'No, Natanis. I knew that the Sachem was at war with them, and wh your rivers here, and beheld how e could reach his foes by passing thro wilderness, I spoke my thoughts.'

'Ayane, I am the friend of the I Willewa is their friend. Is Ayane the said the chief with gentle reproach.

'Ayane loves only his chief. His fri Ayane's friends,' answered the youth

and sincerely.

'Then listen, Ayane. Thy thought the truth, but not in reference to the It is the Bostonee that marches with riors through the wilderness by thes The English Sachem comes not south a Boston, but the Boston Sachem goes: attack Quebec. It is for this end the warriors are now already so far advitheir progress through the wilderne

thought that came to thy mind, came to them also. Dost thou rejoice at it as much as if it were the English who were thus in motion?

'Ayane rejoices with Natanis. If Natanis is glad, so is Ayane. The joys of his chief are his.' 'Thou knowest, then, why this band of white warriors build their batteaux. You see that it is important the English should be taken by surprise. Now there have passed up the river to night two spies, if I may so call them, who having discovered the approach of the Bostonees, and ascertained their intention, have hastened forward to the wilderness to forewarn the English Sachem at Quebec of the approach of his foes. These spies are Sabatis, my warlike brother-chief of the Tarratines, and Sharp Knife, a Pale face who was brought up in his tribe, and whom you have heard of as a great prave and skilful hunter. Their object I have ccidentally discovered from their own words. 'hey are now on their way in a canoe, having ot by this time nearly as far as the Sebasticoc pids, five miles hence.-Remain here, Ayane. d be watchful that you are not surprised by y foe while I hasten to my Lodges and send se seven young braves with two canoes. ten they meet you, take to the river, and sue Sabatis swiftly and secretly. Overtake surprise him and make him and Sharp fe prisoners. Injure neither of them, for tis is the brother of Natanis.—Conduct in safety to my council Lodge, and there I them until you see me.

The next moment they parted, and Natar entering the forest, took his way swiftly towa the beautiful lake among the hills, where, cl tered in numerous picturesque villages a hamlets, were congregated the lodges of nation.

CHAPTER VII.

CANARSA AND HIS DAUGHTER.

WILLEWA, after parting with Scarlet Feather in the forest, hastened towards the lodge of Canassa for the purpose of seeking an interview with her father. She soon reached the lake with the island in the centre of it, upon which Natanis had slain the stag, and springing lightly into her cance, which, being covered with the shining bark of the birch tree, shone like silver in the moonbeams, and shot rapidly out from the shore. Swiftly the little shell shaped vessel flew across the water, Willewa plying the slender paddle, and displaying an elegance in the pliant motions of her body as graceful as it was unstudied.

She entered the dark canal beneath the overarching foliage on the farther side of the lake, and at length landed in the pool into which tumbled the Cascade of the Glen. Neta met there as her foot touched the shore, and gave dumb but eloquent signs of joy at seeing her return. Giving the doe a kind word or two she passed into her lodge, and throwing over her shoulders a rich cape of gorgeous feathers, she took the pathway up the marble precipice, along the face of which she had conducted Natanis to show him the lodges of Canassa, in the valley

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upon the other side. On reaching the summit which rose to the height of a hundred feet, forming a sort of gigantic wall enclosing her little dell from the plain on the outside, she paused to look down. The distance of her father's lodge was not thrice a long arrow's flight from where she stood, and around it at various distances were gathered the lodges of his warriors. She discovered that the valley was alive with preparation. Fires blazed in nearly every lodge, and parties of braves were assembled in different places, preparing for an immediate war-expedition. Warriors were bending their bows and fitting arrows to them, or fastening sharp flint-heads to arrow-shafts; others were stripping the bark from straight sapplings which they had selected from the forest, and making of them lance-poles; others were paint ing their faces with war-paint, and others engaged in mimic battle with each other, the clashing of their tomahawks and spears mingling with the wild war-whoop filling the plain. It was evident from all this, that Canassa had not only decided to give battle to the ascending army, but at once throw himself across its path at the head of his warriors.

Casting her eye anxiously upon her father's lodge, which stood apart from the rest, and conspicuous by its superior height, she saw that the council had broken up; for she recognized, even by the moonlight which filled brightly all the valley, his commanding person standing in front of his lodge with two warriors whom he

seemed to be conversing with. They soon after left him and he walked slowly up and down in thought. She was about to descend the path to go and meet him, when a youth not more than sixteen, with a face as brown as a hazelnut, eyes very large, black and sparkling, and a countenance altogether handsome and pleasing, came up the path from the valley and stood before her. His slender and elegant figure was clad in a deerskin frock, girdled at the waist by a showy belt of wampum, and he wore leggins dyed with scarlet and fringed both around the bottom and along the seams. He carried in his hand a yew bow painted a bright blue, and at his back was slung a quiver fancifully ornamented with shells and feathers. Upon his head was fastened the beak and brown wings of a hawk, the beak resting above his brow and the wings bound on each side over his ears were secured behind his head, the whole forming a costume both novel and picturesque, and in shape not unlike an ancient Carthagenian helmet. Beneath this head-dress waved his raven black hair freely to his shoulders.

'Neonah, what news? Thou comest hastily, consin!'

'The Princess Willewa is wanted in the lodge of her father,' said the young Indian with affectionate respect. 'Twice I have sought thee in thy lodge by his command, and now I was going a third time. Haste, Willewa, for Canassa is displeased that thou wert not found.'

'Go, cousin Neonah, I follow thee! Does

my father march from the valley to-night see that his warriors are in arms.'

'I do not know the war-councils of the and his braves,' answered the youth in a deged tone. 'I am but a child in the eyes of riors and thy father, my chief, regards me as he regards the maidens of the tribe. ask him to let me go to the battle, and think you was his reply?' asked the youth indiguant emotion.

'Nay, I know not, Neonah,' answered lews, smiling, as she continued to descent path a little behind him, he, the while, loback over his shoulder and talking as he will know not, unless he bade thee wait till

wert a man !'

'He bade me stay behind and take ca thee and thy doe Neta,' replied Neonah, w look and tone of haughty disdain.

And what more valuable charge coulfather give thee, Neonah?—Whom dost love more than thy cousin Willewa, and I know thou lovest for Willewa's sake.

shouldst be proud of such a charge, mething Nay, I love thee, cousin, and would at thee with my life from danger. But am destined to be a warrior! Have I not all many deer as I have fingers, and three killed with my spear. Have I not battled a bear and laid him dead at my feet, and of the skins of a wolf and panther slain bear any before the door of my mother's ic

'Be not grieved Neonah, at my fa

words. One day thou wilt be a warrior and a chief. Stay with me, for I assure thee I would rather depend on thy arm in any danger than on that of Bokonoco, who calls himself Black Thunder, notwithstanding he is one of my father's most celebrated braves. Stay with me, for I have a service for thee to perform worthy even the best warrior of your tribe!

'I am content to serve thee, so thou thinkest me no craven with a girl's heart,' answered Neonah, appeased. 'Hither approaches the

Chief to meet thee!

As he spoke he drew back to let Willewa advance to meet her father, she having now got into the plain and near his lodge. Canassa advanced towards her with a firm step, bearing himself like a king, as he was. There was a native majesty in his walk, as if he felt conscious of his independence and power. He was not tall and Herculean like the Sagamore Sabatis, but in height a little undersized, yet with such symmetry of limb, that the dignity and commanding carriage of his figure were not in the least diminished. He carried his head proudly like a monarch of the new world, and moved with a stately ease that was singularly imposing.

'Daughter, I have thrice despatched a messenger for thee!' he said in a tone of mingled

reproof and affection.

⁷I have been upon the lake, father, answered the maiden blushing at the slight evasion of the whole truth. It is dangerous for the dove to be shrond en the hawks are on the wing, danghter's languages, laying his hand upon his looned un-languages, laying his hand upon the looned un-languages, and gently resting it there looned un-languages, and gently resting it there looned unmassa, laying nis nand upon nis nanglests houlder, and gently resting it there leaded to really resting to the poly to make a towards noulder, and gently resting it there leaned upon it as together they slowly walked towards The Abanaquies are near and may pounce The Abanaquies are near and may pounce for the bird of Canassa, if it wander too far from its nest. Dost thou know that one of the from its nest. rom its nest. Dost thou know that one of my needle has discovered on the shores on Abanaquies nebis, not two miles hence an Abanaquies hunting lodge. his lodge. Did he enter it , she seked tremplingly. * Did he enter it? and asked trembungly, its shape that is

*No. But he knew from hunters of Matania.

*Was erected by one of the hunters are who it is
I have descripted a war-next to see who it is was erected by one of the hunters of Natanas, and it is I nave despatched a war-party to see who it is that dare plant his lodge so boldly within arrow. hunting lodge. had not linguage on boldly within arrow-Willews prayed in her near that his belighed not lingered on his return; and this belighed not lingered on his safety the among against the common mad not ungered on mareturn; and tons being gave her hopes of his safety. She suppressed against the safety of the suppressed against the safety of the safety. motion and said, should not a hunter of the other side. Why should not a the other side. Abanaquis plant the Kennebis! emotion and said, or his people.

They will again be him to be in my forests.

They will again be him to a series in my forests.

They will again be him to a series in my forests.

They will again be him they will again be h of his people. Hast thou ever seen Natanis, father Mosel and when he was a poly, when father in a general council held upon

and, in the bay of the river, below us a day's urney. I noticed him then as an ambitious and imperious stripling, who even had the presumption to challenge Bokonoco, my chief warrior, to a trial of skill with his puppet bow and arrows.'

'That was the wild fancy of the boy. Natanis has the credit now of wisdom as a chief, and

bravery as a warrior.'

'So men say. But what is he to thee, maiden, that thou speakest so warmly of him!' and the dark gaze of the chief seemed to penetrate her soul. 'Hast thou seen him?'

Willews dropped her eyes, was silent for a moment, and then looking up, said firmly yet

in a low voice:

the chief sternly.

'I have, father !'

'Where hast thou beheld the foe of Canassa?' demanded the chief, pressing the hand he had laid upon her shoulder at the first, so strongly into the flesh that she shrunk from it with pain; 'tell me, when didst thou meet with the Abanaquis?'

'Hear me, father, in peace,' she said as he released his grasp, and placed himself before her, while she stood in an attitude at once firm and deprecating. 'Let the words of Wilewa enter your ears and fall upon your heart!'

'Speak! Canassa is ready to hear!' answered

Willewa rested her hand upon the side of the door-way of the lodge, before which both were standing, the moonlight falling bright and purely upon her gentle and beauteous countenance, in which love and apprehension were touchingly mingled. Canassa with haughty surprise, his massive brow thrown into dark shadow beneath his cap of war-feathers regarded her without removing his eyes.

'Father, Willewa speaks! Let her voice sound not to thee as an enemy's that thou shouldst listen as if thou wert listening to a foe. Whatever I have done, I am still Willewa."

The darkness of displeasure passed from the brow of the chief, and he said in a kind tone,

'Let my child speak. The daughter of Canassa can never have done anything unworthy!'

'Thanks, my noble father, for this confidence!'

'When sawest thou the Abanaquis, Willewa?' he said in the same parental tone.

'It was thus, my father,' and in a voice that fell like gentle music upon the ear of Canassa, though the words she uttered pleased him not, and filled him with surprise, she began relating to him her first meeting with Natanis and the wounded youth he had borne to her lodge, recounting each particular. Canassa listened to the end without a word by which she could discover how he was affected. When she concluded by telling him of the departure of Natanis and Ayane in the morning, he was for a few moments silent. He walked several times to and fro before his ledge, and then abruptly turned and addressed her:

'Hast thou met this Abanaquis since? be true, my daughter. I have not yet blamed thee for not telling me of the presence of my foe in thy lodge! I have not asked thee why thou didst not give him up to me; for I know what is due to the sacred rights of hospitality. Thou didst well in not betraying the trust reposed in thee. Thou didst act as became a daughter of Canassa; for know, that if thou hadst forgotten what was due to a guest, and had betrayed him to me. I should have let him depart safely, notwithstanding his misfortunes were caused by his invasion of my hunting grounds. Canassa knows the difference between a foe in the battle-field and a foe in distress. Thou didst so far well; yet, from thy manner and tone and looks, as thou speakest of him, I had rather thou hadst not seen him, or he thee! But thou hast not answered me?

'I have seen him since, father,' she answered with more confidence, yet still with trembling: for, although her father had taken a view of the first meeting with Natanis which she had not dared even to anticipate, she still was doubtful how he might continue to regard the matter.

'Where!' he demanded in a grave, deep voice.

She then told him truly where and when, and fully recounted to him their interviews, saying only the last, when she had sought him at his lodge, and saving also the tander love-passages which had characterised them all. 'Why came the Abanaquis a second and third time to visit thee!' he said seriously.

'Willewa asked him not why he came,' she answered with modest embarrassment.

'Told he Willewa why he came?

'No. father !'

'There is no need, methinks. If hospitality led thee at the first to suffer Natanis to go away in peace, what induced thee the second and subsequent times to let him depart without informing me? Came he each time to thy lodge in distress?'

'Each time, I recollect, he said he came for something he had forgotten when there last.'

'No doubt he was very forgetful. Perhaps he told thee he had lost his heart, and came to thee in distress, looking for it. Willewa, if Natanis saw thee so often, he must have been near thee. Dost thou not know who dwelt in that lodge upon the western bank of the Kennebis?'

'Scarlet Feather, my father,' she answered with downcast eyes.

'I did suspect as much. Willewa,' he said severely, yet with a tone of kindness still apparent in the deep sterness of his voice, 'thou hast proved a traitor to thy father and thy tribe! I have read all thy soul as thou wert speaking to me. Thy heart is given to the Abanaquis, and he has won thy maiden affections. I see that thou hast in thy bosom a deep interest for him—deeper than thy trembling lips would fain have kept from me! The Aban-

aguis has also proved himself a traitor to me. as well as a foe. Like the wolf he has stolen into my lodge and robbed me of my pet-fawn! I know not,' he cried angrily, 'I know not which has proved basest, thyself or the Abanaquis. Nay, throw not thyself upon thy knees at my feet! Natanis has kneeled at thine. So kneel not thou to me! Traitress! Friend of the Abanaguis! Foe of Canassa and thy race! I forgive thee in the name of hospitality what thou didst do in the first place; I now curse thee in the name of thy nation what thou hast since done. The first time he was thy guest. Thence afterwards when he came to thee he was thy father's foe and thine! Thou shouldst have turned a deaf ear to his voice of passion, and letting the young men of thy tribe know he was with thee, have let them fall upon him. bound him and brought him before me. He would not only hunt my deer for me in my forests, but he must afterwards enter my lodges and steal away my gentle doe-the daughter of a king!

'Father, forgive !' she faltered out clasping

her hands upon her bosom.

'Nay! Hear me! Thou hast forgotten the voice of thy father, and listened to the tones of that of the Abanaquis. Henceforth thou art a traitress in the eyes of Canassa, not thy father, but thy Chief!

'Father! forgive me! It is true my heart hath given itself to Natanis! Yet he was so

brave, so good, so gentle and full of tenderness t

'Thou hast asked to be forgiven. Wilt thou do what I command thee to earn my forgiveness!'

'I will obey thee, father. Command what thou wilt, if it is to bear the heaviest task thou canst lay upon me. I am willing to be punished by thee even as one of the humblest daughters of thy people!

I punish thee not as I would punish them. Hear Canassa's words. Natanis will again visit thee; receive him and let him know nothing of what has passed between thee and me to night. When thou hast him in thy lodge, administer to him a potion such as thou didst give his wounded friend. Administer it to him subtlely, and let it be so powerful that he may sleep deeply. When he sleeps then come to my lodge, and if I be not here, thou wilt find five warriors whom I shall leave behind me to do thy bidding. Guide them to the sleeping Abanaquis, that they may take him prisoner.—Then, Willewa, shalt thou have thy father's forgiveness. If thou fail and prove false thou shalt die the death of a traitress,

were thou seven times my daughter!'
'Father! father!'

'No more! I have urgent affairs. Thou knowest the will of Canassa!'

Thus speaking the proud Chief passed onward towards a group of warriors whom he saw standing a short distance from him, as if awaiting the termination of his interview with his

daughter.

'Are my braves all informed of my wish to commence the war-march in the morning? he inquired of a chief upon whose black and savage features every passion of his wild race was strongly impressed; a man whose costume was a bear skin thrown about his body, and whose black hair floated fiercely about his bull-like neck; whose only weapon was a huge knotted pine club, and whose voice as he replied, sounded like the muttered roar of a lion.

'They are all at work preparing for war, my chief. There are some hunting parties yet abroad beyond the lake, but I have despatched

runners to bring them in.'

'You have done well Bockonoco! You will hear now my plans to thwart these pale-faces, and be faithful to the English Sachem. I shall follow the river down myself with five hundred braves, and take a position at the Cushnoo falls, filling the surrounding wood with my warriors. You will follow and take a position higher up, so that those batteaux which escape me will fall in with you if they continue to ascend the river. It is my intention to throw myself directly in their path, and dispute the passage at the falls. At this place they will more readily fall a prey to us, as they will be troubled in working their boats to get past the rapids. This will be the moment of attack.'

Canassa's words were received by Boconoko

with a savage roar of satisfaction, and by the other chiefs with demonstrations of joy. Their eyes flashed with warlike fire, and their faces lighted up with the anticipation of the excitement of battle. Canassa after going round the war-lodges, at length returned to his own, where he had left Willewa, weeping and sorrowful. He did not find her there now, and supposing she had sought her own lodge, he threw himself upon his bear-skin couch, and soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CAMP.

WE now change the scene of our story from the forest solitudes in which we have so long lingered with the hunter and the warrior, to the camp of the American army, whose sudden appearance on the waters of the Kennebis had produced such a sensation among the warlike

tribes upon its banks.

The brilliant successes of Montgomery in Canada, his capture of Montreal, and the subsequent capitulation of the most part of Upper Canada, had drawn from Quebec most of the British strength to act against him, and oppose his triumphant march towards that citadel .--General Washington, with that circumspective eye with which he regarded all the military movements of the enemy, foreseeing that the whole of the disposable force of the British army in Canada would thus be concentrated upon Montreal, projected an expedition against Quebec. He was at the time in his camp be-No sooner had he conceived this fore Boston. bold idea than he privately detached a large body of troops from his army, and giving the command of them to Benedict Arnold. he directed him to reach Quebec by the way of the Kennebec river, passing through the immense

SCIARLET FEATHER.

less of forests lying between the sea of Maine and the St. Lawrence. main object held in view by Washingproposing this hardy expedition, was for rpose of taking possession of Quebec; h he hoped also to effect by it a diverfavour of General Montgomery, who the upper country, with his army, held k by Carleton. Washington had obsuch information in reference to the on of Quebec as to feel confident that it be wholly unable to hold out against force as he might send to appear before felt assured, not without good grounds, would surrender at once, if attacked by erican army before the return of Goverleton and his forces. detachment which Washington sent on zardous enterprise consisted of about usand men, mostly New England militia company of artillery and three compa-This force set sail from Newriflemen. rt, in the middle of September, in eleven rts, and entered the Kennebec on the ay afterwards. They ascended the river in their vessels, until they reached a r here it was deemed advisable by General 3 to debark, and construct batteaux for ng the river higher; the first rapids, by the Indians the Cushnoc Falls, being tì es above them, where a block house. F

ugusts, the capitol of Maine, a city, at the

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called Fort Weston, had already been erected for the protection of the traders, and overawing the surrounding Indians. While the batteaux, two hundred in number, were being constructed, Arnold proceeded up the river to Cushnoc rapids, and there established his head quarters, in a house still standing, on the east bank of the river, a mile above Augusta.

The batteaux were at length completed, and being brought up the river to Fort Weston, Arnold prepared to re-embark his army. It was on the evening previous to the morning set by him for this purpose, that a single canoe might have been seen descending the river, close in with the shore. It contained two persons who skilfully guided the frail barque through the leaping waters of the Cushnoc rapids. The moon had already risen, and guided them by her light in their dangerous voyage past many a frowning rock, and through many a narrow shute, obstructed by the trunks of fallen trees.

As the voyagers came in sight of the block-

time of our story a wilderness, now celebrated for the romantic beauty of its situation, the tasteful appearance of its private residences, the elegance of its public buildings, and the refinement and hospitality of its citi-

tWe regret to have to say, that this fine old relic of the past has recently been wantonly destroyed by some person, notwithstanding that the citizens of Augusta had long felt a just and honourable pride in its preservation. house, on the level point of land below the rapids, and discerned the hundred camp fires of the army of the Americans, the one in the stern who directed the course of the boat spake and said quickly, yet with courage,

'We are quite far enough down, Neonal. Let us turn the canoe in shore and secrete it

under the overhanging branches.'

The speaker was Willewa. She was dressed almost precisely like Neonah, only her dark tresses were concealed beneath a close hunting cap of otter skins adorned with a scarlet leather, a gift from Natanis. Neonah turned the prow of the light bark shore-ward, and in a few moments afterwards both landed under the dark canopy of the trees that thickly grew upon the banks. Neonah having concealed the boat turned to his mistress and said,

'Now whither shall we go to find the great

Bostonee Sachem?

'We must follow the river side until we find a path-way between two oaks. This will lead us to the lodge in which dwells the chief I seek.—Such were the directions I got from the Kennebis whom we met this afternoopn,'

'Wherever Willewa goes, Neonah attends her!' answered the young Indian with deve-

tion.

They continued along the shore but a short distance before they descried two vast cals everhanging the water, between which they discovered a path seconding from the river.

'It is here, Neonah. The Kennebis brave

did not deceive us. He would not have told me so truly had he known that we were the friends of the white-warrior. Now let us move swiftly and cautiously; for we may be surprised ere we can get into the presence of the chief!

In front of a large square house rudely built, yet imposing in height and size for a frontier habitation, two officers were walking together up and down in the pleasant moonlight. One of them was a tall strongly framed, bold looking man, with an eagle eye, a prominent Roman nose, and a countenance expressing altogether great firmness and military courage. It was Colonel or General Arnold. He was habited in a long grey surtout, with an upright collar, a plain chapeau with a cockade and Hessian boots. His body was loosely girded by a black, glazed belt, which beld a sword and a single pistol. In his hand he held a small willow switch with which, as he perambulated up and down, he continually whipped the polished leg of his military boot. The person by his side was a stout frank looking gentleman in a green hunting coat, lined and collared with fur, buff leathern breeches, and military boots. wore a foraging cap, and a red sash with a sword and a brace of pistols. His address was that of an accomplished gentleman, his air that of a daring and brave soldier. It was Captain Morgan of the Rifle Corps, who subsequently in the course of the war, so distinguished himself at the head of his riflemen. He was smoking a dirar with an easy careless air, and occasionally

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of the conversation of the conversation of the surprise is my aim.
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that we should probably find in him an ally. But, as I said, this was only a conjecture, based upon the fact that when the English proposed to him terms of alliance, he proudly refused to listen to them!

'There is no probability that the Indians will offer to molest us; though, if they did but know it, we should be completely in their power as we advanced deeper into the wilderness. They could attack us when we were divided in passing the rapids, and do us infinite mischief!'

'The only thing I fear from them is that they may send messengers forward to Quebec, and

so prepare them for our coming!'

'If we do ever get there I' said Captain.
Morgan. 'The truth is I question very much if we ever see the citadel of Quebec by this route.'

'Let such doubts be whispered only, sir,' said Arnold. 'I know the difficulties of the way, but I am as confident I shall see the waters of the St. Lawrence within three weeks, as that I now behold those of the Kennebis flowing past!'

- 'Do you know I mistrust that Tarratine Chief and his long-sided friend Sharp-knife, that came into our camp three nights ago, and made such professions of friendship. You know that the next moring they were not to be found!'
 - 'Because they left on a mission of my own!'

'Where did you send them?'

'To watch Canassa, and see that he did not

send forward any messenger through the wil-

derness to give note of our march.'

Will you believe it? Their sudden disappearance led me to believe they had only visited us as spies!

'Sabatis gave me full evidence of his friend-

ship to General Washington.'

Well, it may be so. I heard an old Woodman say this afternoon, that he well knew that Sabatis, the Tarratine chief, was a friend to the English.

'I may have been deceived. But if it is so, he can do us no mischief in what I have entrusted to him.'

'Not unless he improves your hint, and pushes forward himself to Quebec, to report us.'

Arnold started with surprise and vexation.

'If they have done so, half the fruit of our

expedition will be lost!'

It is a great inducement for an Indian chief to be bearer of such intelligence as he could carry. The reward would be great, besides the favour it would give him in the eyes of the English. Sabatis, too, can tell our foes the exact amount of our force, and our condition.

If he has deceived me I cannot blame myself. Whether I trusted him or not, if he was an enemy instead of a friend, it would have been the same in the end. He came voluntarily into my tent, and offered his services. If I had mistrusted him and sent him away, he would still have had the same information he has now, and made the same use of it; that is, if he has proved treacherous. This I question! Though I must confess you have aroused my suspicions. Ha, who approaches from the river? he exclaimed, as the dog with a loud bark darted across the open space in front of the house towards the entrance of the wood, through which a pathway led to the shore.

'Tell is a watchful sentinel, captain.'

The house having a front towards the road leading to the block-house, as well as a front facing the river, a sentry was placed only on the East. on the road front of the quarters; so that the side of the house on which the two officers were walking was left unguarded, the two gentlemen having retired here after tea to walk for the greater privacy, as well as for the beauty of the moonlight scene. Opposite, rose dark and imposing, a wooded height, at the base of which, the black transparent waters of the romantic Kennebis flowed past with arrowy swiftness. The murmur of its passage among the rocks, reaching their ears, while the silvery sparkle of its broken waves gleamed through the trees. Farther down, nearly a mile distant, was a plain, elevated a hundred feet from the river, back of which towered a lofty hill, clad to its summit with forest trees. On this plain, then just beginning to yield its gigantic oaks to the woodman's axe, now stands the beautiful city of Augusta, its dome and towers and spires presenting to the eve a far different scene than that which now gaze of the two officers. It was opp plain or table of land that the block Fort Weston stood, and the gleam of of the army in camp there, were reflect the opposite bank with a red glare.

'It is two persons—they are India Captain Morgan, taking a second glan figures issuing from the woodland path stopped near a small ledge of rock a flew bounding and barking towards to Neonah stepping before Willewa, pres

spear at the savage animal.

'Come away, Tell, come away!'
master. 'They are but two, and
friendly,' he added, addressing Genera
'Approach, you have nothing to fear.'

Tell retired slowly before them, and moment Neonah and Willewa stood in sence of the leader they had come Both officers were struck with the y appearance of the strangers, and instinterest was awakened in their breast them.

'Whence came you?' demanded A English.

'From the forests of our people to Great Sachem chief of the Bostonees,' Willewa to his surprise, in the same I though brokenly.

'I am the Sachem you seek?'

'Then Great Father of the pale-face rewarded for all I have undergone, in ing your eyes and opening my lips that my words may fall upon your ears! I have come to you, because I am the friend of the Bostonees!'

The friends of the Bostoness are welcome. Who has sent you, my brave youth, that you

come to me!'

'No one has sent me but a grateful memory of thy people. Love for her has sent me. For her sake I have come to warn thee of danger in thy path. Know, great warrior-chief, that I have discovered that Canassa the Nerijewec has gathered his warriors together, and is in ambush a day's journey up the river waiting to cut off thy march. Whither thou wouldst proceed I know, and for what end, for spies from thee have told it in the council lodge of Canassa, and my ears heard. I have, therefore, come to tell thee that the war-hatchet of the Nerijewec is unburied, and that the bear prowls in thy path!'

'This is news, Morgan, indeed! Noble youth you have our thanks, and shall be re-

warded. Of what tribe are you?

'Of the tribe of Canassa,' answered Willewa, hesitating.

'You have risked much then in coming to tell me this!'

'I have. All I ask is that, if Canassa should ever fall into thy power, thou wilt release him for my sake!'

'It shall be done!'

I have more to tell thee, chief. Natania the

brave chief of the Abanaquies is thy friend, even as Canassa is thy foe. He knows of the intentions of Canassa, and is now assembling his warriors to throw himself at their head between thee and Canassa, so that the former may be prevented from doing that which he contemplates. Therefore, as thou goest on thy way up the river, know that the warriors thou mayst find hovering around thy path are friends who would protect and guard thee from danger. Thou wilt know the chief of the Abanaquis by a scarlet plume in his coronet of black feathers, and his warriors by their red bows and quivers, and scarlet belt of wampum!

'We shall not forget these tokens by which we are to recognise our friends. Now what shall be thy reward for this intelligence?'

'Nothing, only that you give your word that you harm not Canassa!'

'I give the pledge, noble Indian youth!'

'It is enough! Good night!'

'Whither do you go? you must remain till morning. You must enter and refresh yourselves, both of you,' said Captain Morgan.

'No. We must return as we came. The

great chief has heard all our words!'

Thus speaking Willewa with a dignified yet graceful inclination of her head, turned from the officers and followed by Neonah, disappeared in the woodland path by which they had ascended the river,

'This is surprising! two Indian lads thus

acting as our friends, when their tribe are foes

to us!' said Arnold as they departed.

'There is something deeper in this than meets your eye,' said Captain Morgan. 'If that one who spoke so well in English is not a woman, then I have no skill in detecting disguises. The truth is, it is some charming Indian girl of Canassa's tribe who has a lover who is a friend to us, and so she has done this in our behalf. From the manner in which she spoke of Natania I shouldn't wonder if he was the lover, and that she came from him.'

'It may be as you say, Morgan. But let us now see to improving this news which is brought

so opportunely.'

'I should like to see this Natanis, who is making this diversion in our favour,' said Captain Morgan, as they passed round to the East front of the house. 'He must be a noble. generous fellow.'

'We can lose no time in getting the army in a condition to fight their way to-morrow, if need be,' said Arnold; 'will you accompany me to Fort Weston? I am going there at once. I see your thoughts are upon that handsome Indian boy, you choose to call a female!' said

Arnold laughing.

'In truth I can't well get her out of my mind. All the time she was talking I was watching her perfectly formed features, and the lifting and falling of her eye-lids, conscious that I was gazing upon a beautiful Indian maid, who had chosen a male attire, doubtless to shield herself from rudeness if she had met with any of the soldiers. I wish I knew all about this. There is a romantic love affair at the bottom, I am convinced.

'I see you are in love, my friend. If we fall in with Canassa, and he takes you prisoner, perhaps we may have the little drama of Captain Smith and Pocahontas acted over again!

'I am afraid she has a lover already,' said the gallant rifleman smiling and sighing; 'if so I fear she would let my head go by the board. I would'nt be willing to risk it. But here are our horses. As we can't take them in the boats, this is likely the last time we shall be in the saddle until we get into the Canadas.'

The two officers accompanied by three others who came out of the house then mounted and galloping up the winding lane which led into the road, turned to the right on reaching it, and rode rapidly at spur-speed in the direction of Fort Weston. After riding about a mile they came in sight from a hill down which the road wound, of the block-house, and the square, log fort in its rear, situated on a level point of land from which the trees had been removed, leaving an extensive meadow washed by the river. In the centre of it rose the dark walls of the block-house, an otagonal lantern elevated eight feet from the ground upon a square basis, looking not unlike, in form, an ancient dove-cot, the resemblance to which its numerous little windows for musket firing, contributed not a little to increase. (
the plain around it were encamped a thousa
soldiers, some in shining tents; others in w
wams constructed of green boughs, others
the open air around a blazing fire. Upor
small green island just below the block hor
white tents were also seen glimmering throu
the trees, adding to the picturesque beauty
the whole scene.

The party paused a moment to survey t The block house was ruddy with t numerous camp-fires; soldiers were passing and fro in the red light; groups were prepari their arms, others cooking food; some in merry mood were singing songs, and other stretched in their blankets with their feet the live-coals lay wrapped in sleep. Senting were seen walking guard at regular intervals the outer circle, and between them were fil stands of muskets gleaming in the moonbear Not far from the walks of the fort were t lodges of several friendly Indians, who we smoking their pipes in a circle around a fi The shore was lively with men arranging a lo flotilla or batteaux, lading them and getti them ready for the morrow's march. At: tervals, from a group of trees on the spot whe the toll-house now stands, to the ears of t horsemen rose bursts of martial music, the fi drum and bugle mingling together in rude a wild melody.

Altogether, it was a striking and imposi

SCARLET PRATEER.

scene. After surveying it for a few moments, Arnold put spurs to his horse and dashed down towards the block-house closely followed by his party of officers.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PURSUIT.

Wz will now return to Ayane, whom it will be remembered, Scarlet Feather had left in his lodge on the banks of the Kennebis, with directions to await the arrival of the seven warriors he was to send to join him for the purpose of pursuing Sabatis and Sharp Knife.

The young brave, after the departure of Natanis, remained for some time seated upon the river side in front of the lodge dressing the shafts of a quiver of arrows with the wing feathers of a hawk. While he was thus engaged he would from time to time, with habitual watchfulness, raise his eyes and take a keen, rapid survey about him, both of the river and the opposite shores; for he knew he was very near foes. He whiled the time by singing, or rather chanting in a low, musical tone of voice a song of passion.

The stars into the fountains shine, So Iska's eyes beam into mine; The Cono warbles from the hill, But Iska's voice is sweeter still; The woodland fawa hath soft, brown eyes, But timid from my footstep files, But Iska's eyes with browner hue Lingering gaze, while I pursue; The rivers to the blue sea flow, The mists from earth to heaven do go: Iska is my own blue sea! Iska is a heaven to me! Iska is a heaven to me!

While the lover was repeating the last lines of his simple song in a tone low and n dious, his quick ear detected a sound in water, and, looking round in the direction which he heard it, he saw a canoe stealing a the bank, and within a few yards of him. saw that it contained three Indians, who saw that it contained three Indians, who standing up in the boat, one of them padd it along, dipping his thin-bladed paddle the water with noiscless celerity. A gl told Ayane that they were fees and Nerijet for the moonlight enabled him to see them perfect distinctness. They were armed, watchful in their manner as they approach

He was satisfied that he had not been a for a tree stood between him and them; ye was not sure that he had not been overhed Ayane, though young, was brave and cauti as became a warrior of the Abanaquis. He saw that the least movement would be him, and it was apparent to him that their ject was to surprise the occupant of the lowhoever he might be. He felt happy, then the reflection that his chief was out of the ger which menaced him. He closely observed.

them, while he planned for his own safety. He knew it would be yet six hours, or near dawn before the braves Natanis was to despatch, could reach him; he, therefore, had only his own arm and courage to The three Nerijewecs were depend upon. stout warriors, and he felt that tact was more called for now than valour. Grasping his spear firmly, he lay perfectly still in the shadow of the huge trunk of the tree. The canoe came up within a bow's length of the tree, and then touching the bank, the three warriors suddenly leaped to the land, and, with a wild war-shout sprang towards the lodge, their battle-axes elevated. One of them rushed into it, and the others placed themselves before the door.

'No one is here! It is an Anabaquis lodge, and here are the skins of the game he has killed,' said the chief warrior of the party Canassa had despatched to seize the daring Abanaquis, who had the boldness to fix his

habitation in sight of his own smokes.

Ayane did not wait to hear any more that was said, for no sooner had they bounded towards the lodge, than he leaped into their cance, and giving it a strong impetus towards the middle of the stream, he let it take the current, casting himself at full length in the bottom of the boat so as not to be seen by them. This was all the act of an instant of time. The floating cance caught the eye of one of the Indians, and with a cry that their boat had got adrift, he ran towards the bank. He was

SCARLET FEATHER.

by another one of them, and both at moment plunged into the river to wards it to recover it.

Ayane, who still continued to lay in the bottom of the canoe, was aware approach by their blowing and splanthe water, he loosened his war-hatches belt, and grasped it firmly, and awaited pearance of the first dark hand upon the f the bark.—He now saw that he could nally escape them, and also destroy them king to the canoe, he had only hoped to rried safely by the current far out of sight they discovered the absence of their

nddenly an arm was thrown above the er, and the hand seized the side of the cot. Ayane instantly clenched it firmly in and rising up, struck the warrior a heavy win the temples. He sunk like a stone neath the surface, and the sharp edge of the mahawk the next moment descended upon the hand of his companion, who, with a fierce ry had taken hold of the cance to upset it. The bleeding limb fell into the boat, while the indian, diving deep, avoided the fatal stroke that was descending upon his head. As he rome to the surface, he directed his course towards the opposite shore, leaving a dark red track behind as he swam.

'Two of you I am at least free from,' said the young victor; 'now for the third! He is but

one, and an Anabaquis is not to fly from a sin-

gle warrior, and he a Nerijewec.'

With this haughty expression Ayane directed the head of the canoe towards the bank on which the remaining brave was standing. watching his approach. As he came near, the tomahawk of the Nerijewec came flying through the whizzing air, and passed harmlessly above his head as he stooped to avoid it. The next moment, the two antagonists were engaged hand to hand in the water mid-waist deep, Avane having leaped from the canoe to attack him! Their only weapons were their huntingknives, for Ayane had sent his war-hatchet at his foe, in answer to the message of his own.-The struggle was fierce, and very equal, but at length Ayane obtained the victory over his more powerful antagonist, and his body sinking beneath the waves, was borne away by the awift tide.

The young brave now found that he was slightly wounded in the shoulder, and he entered the lodge to dress it. On the floor he found a Nerijewec spear, quiver and bow, and on the outside, a bear's skin, a coronet of feathers, and other costume which the two warriors had thrown aside, before springing into the river. These he carefully gathered and bound up as trophies of his victory.

It was just dawn of day when Ayane, rising from the ground upon which he had cast himself late the night before, went out from the lodge. The gray light of morning was just streaking the East. He turned from it to penetrate with his eyes the forests south of the lodge, from whence he expected the party Natanis was to send.

'If they come not by sunrise I shall pursue these spies, and arrest them prisoners alone,' he said with resolution. 'Each moment lessens the chance of overtaking them. They have full ten hours start. Ah! there are my braves! he exclaimed with joy as he saw, one after another, seven Abanaquies' warriors, in their scarlet belts, and bows and quivers of the same bright hue, issue from the wood in single file, one after the other, and, at a swift, running trot, advance towards him. He met them half way, and, after interchanging a few words with each, he placed himself at their head, and leaving the lodge to the right, struck a trail above it near the river bank, and, with his party, was soon lost to sight in the shadows of the forest glades.

He had been departed but a few minutes when a cance left the opposite shore; and as it emerged from the obscurity of the shadows which the gray morning still enveloped the river, it was seen to contain two persons. As they came nearer, they proved to be Neonah and Willewa, the latter in the male attire, with which, two evenings afterwards, we have seen her appear before General Arnold. They now landed in front of the lodge, and after vigilant circumspection of its vicinity, Willewa timidly

advanced towards it and entered it.

w. Neonah, hasten with the speed of the rith thy message, said the maiden. 'Toyou will find me awaiting your return at ock of the silver spring. Thou knowest wo of the Bostonee leagues below. From we will together proceed on our mission great Sachem chief of the Pale faces. Say to Natanis, if he loves Willewa, never roach again her lodge, nor enter the huntounds of Canassa. Say to him that I will im word by thee when we can safely meet. im that Canassa, with his warriors, is on arch to intercept the Bostonees at the of the Teton, filling the forests with eyes ait the issue of the warlike movements of sa. But,' she added, with emphasis, 'aee Natanis gives thee, for me, his promise as ior and a chief, that he will no more seek wa in the lodges of her people.' mah then departed from her with the

onah then departed from her with the of a greyhound, and disappeared in the ion by which the warriors of Natanis ian half an hour before had come to join

9.

Ily in this way can Natanis avert my 's anger. Were he to come at last, rather l Willewa perish by the fire, or by the waret, than to betray him. No, Natanis, nod brave! thou hast the heart and love of e maiden, who, rather than harm should to thee, would forget that the blood of lerijewee's flowed in her veins, and join it to the Abanaquis, heart and hand. Yet

in loving Natanis so much as I do, I lo my father less! He is still my father. such commands my love and duty. Yet i I cannot sacrifice Natanis! Oh! that love both, without doing the other a Ah! here is upon the ground a silver rit was borne by Ayane! Can he have bee since Natanis left? Some one has been lodge! If it had been those warriors m sent, they would have destroyed it by fire at least have not been here. Ah! what here. Ustaloga?' she asked, surprised at a Nerijewec warrior approach her. arm was folded beneath his hunting skins, and he looked pale and suffering. the Indian whose hand Ayane had a and who, having from the other shore departure with the dawn, had now cross river by swimming, on seeing Willewa at the lodge. In a few indignant words her all that had transpired. Willews 1 a little surprised at the narration, an dered whither Ayane could have gone; vet knew nothing of the two spies. Will Ustaloga go back to the lodge tribe?' asked Willewa, who trembled might inform Canassa of her presence t the lodge of the Abanaquis. rather fear the wrath of his chief, that let a youth thus overcome him and two Let the warrior with one hand seek th of the Keewods, for they are women.'

'Ustaloga will no more see the face

nassa! Ustaloga is now a child, a woman—and no brave. The hand of his war-hatchet is in the dark waves of the Kennebis! The blood of his war-heart hath flowed out, and his spirit is dead! Ustaloga no more can dart the hunting-spear, or bend the bow at his foe! No more will he whirl the war-hatchet at his enemy, or join in the battle cry with his braves! Ustaloga is no more than a woman in the lodges of his people! Ustaloga will die and go to the hunting-grounds of his father! In the land of the Great Spirit will he become a warrior!

As the maimed warrior thus gloomily, and in a solemn tone sung his death-song, he approached the banks of the river, and slowly walked out into its current. As his footsteps descended deeper and deeper upon the bottom, he continued thus chanting his lament:—

'The dark waters flow on! and as they flow. they open their bosom that Ustaloga may lie down in their embrace! Deep, deep rush the waves of Kennebis! Cold. cold are the waves of Kennebis! But deeper are the wounds in the spirit of the warrior! Colder the war-fire in his veins! Dark, dark sweep the waters of the Kennebis: but darker rush the thoughts of Ustaloga over his soul. The hunting grounds of my tribe will soon disappear from my eyes, but they will open upon the green-woods of the Spirit-land! Thus ends the death-song of Ustaloga! Thus dies the unhappy brave that no longer may live with warriors and men! Once more will I shout the war-cry of my tribe, and amid its echoes fly to the hunting g

The unhappy warrior then raised in the shrill battle cry of his warlike while it was reverberating through to on either bank, plunged beneath the

Long, long did Willewa, awed b scene she had witnessed, gaze upon waters. But the warrior rose no me surface; and she turned away and fate; for Ustaloga was a brave an warrior, and one whom she had knonassa's trusty friend and counsellor was a child.

In a little while afterwards she left after taking with her a small scarlet a memento of her lover, and which bably fallen from his head. Entering she descended the river to the place to meet Neonah. Here she remain the day. Just before sunset the peared, and reported that he had see and delivered her messages, and tha had promised faithfully to be govern wishes. Neonah informed her tha Natanis at the head of his assembled and that as he left him, he was on his departure to throw himself be nassa and the Bostonee army.

The same night, as soon as the ligmoon rendered it safe, Willewa embs her youthful consin in the cance, and down the river till day-light. The

themselves and their little vessel during the day, for they knew the shores were traversed by war-parties, and again embarked at evening. We have seen how, after sailing on this second evening two hours, they reached the Cushnoc rapids, and landed at the camp of the American General.

We will now return to Ayane and his brave band of seven young braves. He steadily pursued his course along the shores of the river. scarcely pausing to rest, until the sun began to descend in the bosom of the western hills. They had closely examined every nook that might conceal a canoe as they passed up, and when the day closed, Ayane was satisfied that those whom they sought, were still in advance of them. It was twilight when he came in sight of a carrying-place; a spot where the framing water rendered it necessary that every ascending boat should be borne around it, on the land. On reaching this place, Ayane carefully examined the shore, and at length discovered the print of footsteps. He followed them, and saw that two persons had walked around the rapids, and he knew by the depth of the pressure in the soil that they must have borne a boat upon their shoulders.

Filled with joy at this discovery, he followed the trail, and discovered where it again was lost in the water above the rocks. From its appearance he was assured that it could not have been an hour since they had passed along.

He now took his way up the shore at a swift.

pace, carefully watching the river; and as the shades of night fell over it, enveloping the banks in gloom, he made use of his ears instead of his eyes, stopping at frequent intervals to listen to catch the sound of a paddle. He travelled at the head of his young warriors in this way about two hours, confident of being able soon to overtake those he was pursuing, showing he had moved much faster than they could in a cance, when he heard, from a small island just above him, a rushing noise, followed by a plunge into the water. Then came a deer swimming towards them, but was borne by the current swiftly past, ere he reached the bank.

'That deer has flown from the presence of man,' said Ayane. 'Now, my braves, our prise is certain. Those we seek cannot be far above the island. They have disturbed this deer in passing; or else have landed upon it. Now be guided by me in all your movements. The least impetuosity will prevent their capture.'

Ayane then kept on until they came opposite the island. He then stopped to listen. A sound reached his ear like the clicking of a flint struck upon steel. His keen eye at the same moment detected amid the dark foliage of the island, sparks flying, and then he saw a deep glow like a glowworm, emitting beams of light.

Instantly be arrested the advances of his

warriors, and said, in a low tone,

They are there upon the island! They have landed, and are smoking their pipes. They must be the spies. a See, there are but

two pipe fires visible. There are but two men! But we must be as cautious as if there were ten; for we must surprise them. It is the command

of Natanis that no harm be done them.'

Ayane then chose three of his party by name to accompany him, leaving the others to watch the river, lest, possibly, taking alarm, the spies might escape by water. He then entered the forest, and keeping along under its covert till he had got some distance above the island, he threw aside his robe of deer skins, and noiselessly dropped from a branch into the stream. He was followed by the other three, and in silence they began to swim towards the head of They soon reached it, landing the island. under the protection of an overhanging oak. With the tread of the velvet-footed prad when he creeps upon his prey, they moved towards the snot where he saw the pipe-fires glowing up at every whiff of the smokers. At length, guarded by trees, they came so near them that Ayane could clearly see by the glare of the light given by their pipes upon their features, that one of them was a white-hunter, and the other, the Sagamore Sabatis. The face of Sharp Knife he had never seen before, but that of the Chief he recognized.

The two spies were talking together, and Sharp Knife was congratulating his companion upon the rapid progress they had made. In the meanwhile, Ayane having addressed a few words of direction to his braves, crept with them round so as to get behind their

backs. The four then laid down and drew themselves along the ground like caterpillars until within ten feet of them. Then Ayane sprang to his feet, shouted the war-cry of the Abanaquis, and with one of his braves, leaped upon Sabatis as he sat upon the ground. Sharp Knife was at the same moment in the grasp of the two others each with a knife elevated above his heart.

Both of the spies struggled fiercely to throw off their captors, in vain.—Ayane and his friends had the advantage in the outset, and after a few moments, succeeded in subduing them and binding them with cords of deer's hide. They were then conveyed into the canoe, and taken to the shore where the other warriors were left, and the whole party began to move down the river, part on the shore, and Ayane and one warrior in the canoe with his two sullen and ferocious prisoners; for the knowledge that they had been seized by the command of Scarlet Feather, was not calculated to lessen the chagrin with which they contemplated this unexpected termination of their mission.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO WAR CHIEFS.

As Neonah and Willewa, after their departure from the head-quarters of the American General, were paddling their light skiff along under the covert of the bank on the East side of the river which lay most in shadow from the moonbeams, they were suddenly startled by the whizzing of an arrow through the air above their heads. It came from the opposite shore, and ere they could discover from whom, a second one came humming and stuck in the side of the cance, penetrating to its feathers through the thin plates of birchen bark.

'An enemy!' cried Neonah, turning the prow of the boat so as to place himself in a line

between Willewa and the danger.
'No. It is an Abanaquis shaft,' said Willewa

as she bent down to examine it.

'The Abanaquis are our foes!' answered

Neonah with warmth.

This was true enough, thought Willewa; but she so loved their young chief that she had forgotten that the nation itself was hostile to her own.

'See, upon the bank are three warriors! One of them waves his spear. He shouts to us!'

'Foe or friend, turn your canoe hither or a flight of arrows will be shot instead of a single one!

'It is the voice of Natanis! I thought I recognized his noble figure conspicuous above those around him! said the maiden with joy. 'Direct thy course towards them!'

'They will make you prisoner!' cried Neonah

with emphasis.

'I am willing to be prisoner to Natanis,' she said smiling. 'Hast thou forgotten the tale I told thee.

'No,' answered Neonah sullenly. like not this chief loving thee so well, cousin. If we meet in fair battle I will deal the death upon his proud head!'

'Nay, Natanis is my friend!'

That is why he is my enemy? 'Neonah, this is folly. See! they bend their bows again from the banks. We obey you, Natanis!' she cried waving her hand. jealous youth made no effort to urge the boat towards the bank, on which a group of at least a score of warriors were now assembled, all distinctly visible in the moonlight, for the river here was not more than six hundred feet wide. -But Willewa plied her paddle with grace and skill, and no little power, and the cance soon touched the bank. Natanis met the disguised Willewa as she sprang upon the green sward.

'How is this? Who are you, youth? Surely

I heard a maiden's voice ?

'Come hither, chief, and I will tell thee whose

he said, unwilling to betray herself warriors. u not a lad of Canassa's tribe?' ble chief! Yet I know that Natanis d of Canassa!' ou? Who knows this but one!' tand aside with me, chief. Now,' Natanis stepped a little way after ley stood apart from the rest; 'will e princess Willewa a brother. Art son of Canassa? daughter of Canassa. Dost thou not the voice of Willewa? uttered an exclamation of astonishwas about to embrace her with joye when he was restrained in the immotion of her finger. She then told she had so disguised herself, and of o the American camp. He listened.

displeased thee, Natanis.'
nou hast done well and nobly, Wilt I would thou hadst not gone to the

she had done he looked troubled and

guise was not penetrated. I was a youth, even as Neonah was!' art brave and true, Willewa. Now iewhat to tell thee. But first I must as my prisoner. I shall not suffer turn to your lodge. You and your

'Take my launds, Willems, will now him 'Hear my words, that you will now him I will do nothing that you canassa with his warriors has thrown him Canassa with his warriors has the control of the control into the pass of the Schasticook, at the P where the Bostonees have felled trees to where the postonees have letted trees to the block-house; having made prisoners of men the chief Arnold sent forws party of men the chief Arnold sent forws. build it. He there lays in wait to fall the Bostonee army. This ambuscade your prepared their war chief to watch for and prepared ones was outer to watch for and against. But Canassa will attack him against. Dut Canassa Will attack nim there at some other point, unless I warriors interfere. This we cannot out a pattle! Canassa and Natanis (Oh, let not Canassa and Natanis the fight! cried Willewa earnestly. For thy sake, Willewa, I will avoid the month of the control of the out a battle !

the would force upon me. The which this can be pres of the lesser stream, and some six hundred yards above him. Now when I heard this I resolved to make an attempt to seize the person of Canassa.—Once in my power I could induce him to order his warriors back to their lodges, and bring about also terms of reconciliation between me and him. Now that I have met you, if you will consent to my plan to save bloodshed I have no doubt that your father might also be led to give his consent to our marriage.

'Not by first making him your foe by making

him your prisoner, Natanis.'

'He is my foe now. Once in my hands I can bring him to terms of conciliation and peace. Besides I intend to be aided by the Bostonee chief.—But all my plans I cannot now detail. But will you trust to the wisdom and love of Natanis? and let me do that I think best for Canassa, for myself and for thee!'

The maiden remained silent and thoughtful for a few moments, and then taking one of his

hands in hers, said :

'Natanis, it is a struggle in my heart between thee and my father. But I yield. I know that thou wilt do that which is wise and good. But how wilt thou be able to seize Canassa, surrounded by his eight warriors, without blood being shed? Alas, I tremble, Natanis.'

'Thy father's blood should be saved, though

he truck down seven of my own braves.'

'Blood must not be shed, Natanis. As you say, if Canassa can be taken prisoner, the attack upon the Bostoness may be prevented, and a

battle between you and him in the also avoided. I will prove my love Natanis, as well as my tenderness for Canassa, though my heart shrinks at th of what I dare to do to save the live warrriors of the Abanaquies, the N and the Bostonees! From here to nassa encamps, is less than a league proceed on my way in the canoe witl I will visit him at his lodge. I will him that it was through me, nor that this disguise, but to seek him alone deceive him, Natanis, to save him f evil, and from meeting in arms wit will walk with him along the river be discourse together, and when thou fit time, fall upon us, and make priso both. I will be to thee as a youth, as you must suppose me, and treat me; father will not suspect my unfilial against him—but a conspiracy unde benevolence and kindness. If I err Great Spirit pardon my error !'

About two hours later than this contook place, Canassa and an Indian your promenading side by side upon a lever of sward upon the shoreof the Ke

^{*}The Point on which stands now the ble Winslow. We will mention here, that the Waterville and Winslow are about to purch with the intention of preserving it. This worthy spirit.

Before them mingled the waters of the two rivers, and, in one bright mirror, swept proudly away to the southward, lesing itself among the

overhanging hills.

'Chief, you are my prisoner!' cried the voice of Natanis at his ear. Four warriors instantly threw themselves upon him and bound him. while Natanis pressed his hand upon his mouth. to prevent his giving the alarm. Willewa was then seized by the Chief, and the two prisoners were rapidly borne along the shore a few rods. and placed in a canoe which crossed the river with them, followed by two others, containing the rest of the Abanaquis. During the whole time Canassa had not moved. He sat in the cance stern and silent, a warrior standing before, and another behind him, with uplifted knives, threatening him with instant death if he raised his voice; and finding himself completely in their power, he refused to compromise his savage dignity by making any efforts that could not be successful towards freeing himself from his captors. Willewa sat near him, weeping, for she grieved to see her noble father thus bound; but she was upborne in her heart by the consciousness that it was an act of duty which she had been a party to. Let these blame her who have thus a heart divided between a lover and a father, with equal love for both; and who hopes, from the step, to secure peace and safety to friends, and consent for her union with him whom her heart has chosen for its mate.

SCARLING PRACTICES.

CONCLUSION.

a the East bank of the Kennebee rd of a mile above the toll bridge a bed pill called (Caspuce mount, it t seventy feet above the plateau or At the base of the mound, close at is private cometery, dark and funeral and cypress, whose deep shades cast at and cypress, whose deep susues case as 8 tomb | one of those quiet spots on the living gaze with a feeling of envy they reflect how calmly the dead re as on the summit of this mound, whi rose from the bosom of a forest of no

scarce one of which has been left by 1088 axe, that the morning after the of Canassa, Natanis planted his cou 30. It commanded a view of the Amer ly below, and of the river for a long dis th north and south. The sun had be o hours. The American army was a motion in its fleet of batteaux. Arno is suite were awaiting the embarkation ast division when a young Indian ca presented himself before him as he atoo north door of the timber foot. It was In his hand he carried a roll of scarlet which he presented to the American l 'It is an Abanaquis!' said Captain Morgan.
'Send the interpreter here! He has something to say.'

A half Indian of the Kennebis tribe dressed like a hunter came up and interpreted the

words of Ayane. They were as follows:

'Great War-Chief, Natanis the chief of the Abanaquis sends me to thee. He encamps with twenty of his warriors not far hence. He would see the father of the Bostonee braves, and hold council with him; for he has much in his heart to say; and Natanis is the friend of the Bostonee.'

'That is true!' said General Arnold.

After a brief consultation with his officers, they mounted their horses and galloped along the river shore towards the lodge of the Abanaquis. On seeing them, Natanis went forth to meet them, descending the hill. They were struck by the manly beauty of his person, and the dignity of his manner.

'Great war chief of the Bostonee, welcome. I have sought thy camp to hold council with

thee.

'We know Natanis is our friend!' answered Arnold alighting and taking him by the hand. 'A youth came to us and spoke of thee as such and warmly to.'

'Natanis felt his face glow at this speech,

and a moment after said,

'Noble Bostonee, I and my braves are thy friends! I heard that Canassa the powerful Nerijewec would have way-laid thee, and actempted to stop the progress of thy army. I marched with my warriors to prevent him; but by stratagem I have taken him prisoner! therefore, from his tribe you can fear nothing.

'Canassa our prisoner! exclaimed Arnold."
'Mine not thine, Bostones! know that the daughter of Canassa is my betrothed bride. For her sake I forebore engaging him in battle and plotted to defeat his purpose against you

by seizing his person.'

'You have acted like a brave warrior and true friend, noble Natanis! where is thy prisoner?'

'I have more to say. By chance I fell in with two spies, one of them the chief Sabatis and his friend Sharp-Knife. They were, I discovered from their words, hastening on their way to carry intelligence of your advance to the English at Quebec. As I knew that such intelligence would materially affect your expedition, I despatched seven of my warriors to arrest them. They pursued them many hours, and at length came upon them, surprised, and took them prisoners. Thus, with the two-chiefs of the only tribes hostile to you, in your power, you have no fear of molestation.'

'Thou art a true friend to us, as well as a brave warrior, Abanaquis!' exclaimed Arnol with admiration. 'The service you have dor

us is incalculable.'

'Sabatis, I had my suspicions of from t'first,' said Captain Morgan, after warmly

essing to Natanis his sense of his services. I knew he was a friend to the English.'

'How can we reward such services as these,

noble Chief?

- 'I ask that Canassa, and Sabatis, and Sharp Knife be at my disposal after you have seen them, and your eyes have told you that my words are true.'
- 'They are yours to do with as you list. Hast thou another favour?'
- 'I have, Chief,' answered Natanis, colouring with modest embarrassment.

'Name it.'

'I have told thee that the daughter of Canassa is betrothed to me. I would have you see him, and as he speaks English well, state to him my wish to marry her. Make his freedom (as if he were your own captive) depend on his consent. Show him the advantages of a union of our tribes; and use such other arguments as you may deem wise and to the purpose.'

'Let me manage this affair, General,' said Captain Morgan. 'It is a love-matter, and in such things I am quite at home. But, first, tell me, noble Natanis, was not the messenger lad who came to us, the maiden in question? Nay, you need not say yes, for I see it is so, in

your confoundedly handsome eyes.'

Natanis smiled and conducted the American officers to one of the Lodges, upon the mount on which sat Canassa stern and majestic in his bonds. He haughtily and with a look of de-

fiance, acknowledged the salutation of General Arnold.

'If the great war-chiefs' blue-eyed brave will talk with Canassa,' said Natanis to Arnold, glancing his eyes earnestly towards Captain Morgan, 'I will now conduct thee to Sabatis.'

'Sabatis should be given up to me, Natanis,' said Arnold, as he quitted the lodge, leaving Morgan alone with the captive chief of the

Nerijewecs.

'Sabatis is the brother of Natania,' answered the young warrior.

'Thy brother!-dost thou mean sons of the

same mother?

'I do, chief of the Pale-faced warriors. In taking him prisoner I have therefore shown my love for the Bostonee.'

'You have, indeed,' answered General Arnold, struck with this Roman greatness of conduct. 'Sabatis and thy other prisoners are thine to do with, as seems good to you. I can confide in your honour and faith.'

It shall be my endeavour to reconcile my brother to the Bostonee. If he refuses, he shall remain my prisoner until you are safe through the wilderness. His person and that of Canassa I shall hold as hostages for the good conduct of their tribes.'

Some further conversation took place beyond the hearing of the two captives, who, silent and full of revenge against their chivalrous young captor, stood, each apart from the other, in a corner of the lodge, Sabatis walking backward and forward, his arms pinioned behind him, looking like a native lion of the forest chafing under his bonds.

While Natanis and Arnold were thus conversing outside of the lodge, Captain Morgan approached the former with a countenance animated with hope.

'Chief, Canassa would speak with thee.'

'Hast thou been successful, Morgan? demanded Arnold.

'Come and see!' he replied, smiling.

When Natanis entered the lodge in which Canassa was, the latter rose up and said—

'Young warrior, chief of the Abanaquis, I have heard the white, blue-eyed chief's words. They are good! Canassa will be at peace with the Bostonee. Canassa will also seek peace with the Abanaquis. Dost thou love the daughter of Canassa?

'As I love the light of the sun, great chief,'

answered Natanis.

'That she loves thee, I know. Be then united, and in your union bless our tribes long hostile. United, when I am gone, reign over the Abanaquis and Nerijewees; henceforth, let us be at peace. We have sprung from one father, let us be brethren. Lest thou shouldst suppose I have yielded to bribery from this blue-eyed chief, know Natanis, that thou hast had an eloquent and successful pleader for thee, here. Come forth, my daughter !'

As he spoke, he raised a curtain that divided the back part of the lodge from an inner enclosure, and blushing, and with downcast eyes, Willews appeared before them. She was dressed in her graceful female costume, which Neonah had gone for to her lodge after she had left him in the boat, to execute her stratagem upon her father.

Willewa,' said the chief, 'I now fulfil my promise to thee, made last night, that if Natanis asked thy hand of me in marriage, it should be his; for thou lovest him!'

The Chief then took her hand in his, and looking at Natanis, said with dignity—'approach Abanaquis!'

'First be thou free, noble Canassa,' cried the surprised and happy young chief, severing at a single blow the bonds which crossed the majectic chest of the noble old warrior.

Canassa then placed her trembling hand in that of her lover, and said with solemnity and tenderness.

'May the Great Spirit smile on you both, my children, and make you rulers of a mighty nation!'

Natanis gracefully embraced his bride-elect, while Captain Morgan exclaimed with warmth,

'Didn't I say that handsome Indian lad was a woman?

'I will yield to you, Captain, after this in such matters,' said General Arnold, smiling.

But confound the old chief! I thought all the while I had brought this happy thing about so nicely, all by my own glibness of weeks. And after all, it is the work of the last.

SCARLET PRATHER.

gazelle-eyed, little nut-brown beauty, who looks as happy as a robin on a sunny spring morning. Well, they are a noble pair, and would grace any court in Europe. But where is our Chaplain? Let us have them married on the spot!

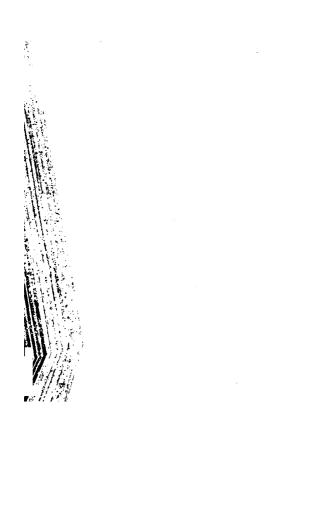
After some hesitation on the part of Willewa. when this was suggested to her, her consent was blushingly given, and the Chaplain was sent for. The ceremony took place on the level area upon the summit of the mound before the lodge, in which Canassa had been captive. Ayane stood by the side of his chief, and an Indian maid beside Willewa. Sabatis and Sharp Knife, were surprised witnesses of this reconciliation between the two rival chieftains, and the former felt that his power and influence were now gone among the tribes of the East. When the ceremony was concluded. Avane took by the hand the Indian maiden who had stood up with Willewa, and being conducted before the Chaplain by Natanis, they also were united in marriage. Neonah was not present; and when Willewa looked for him to receive his congratulations, she heheld him flying along the river path towards the rapids with the wild speed of a deer. He paused an instant as he reached a rock upon the verge, then turning towards his lovely mistress, whom in the silence of his young heart he had deeply and purely loved, he waved his hand in farewell. and plunged into the vortex of waters which closed upon him forever.

In an hour after these events, the whole extray

commenced its ascent of the river in batteaux, and after five weeks of the greatest hardship and perseverance they at length reached and made an attack upon the citadel of Quebec. The result is matter of history; upon which, as a novelist, we shall not presume to intrude. Sabatis, subsequently released, visited Governor Carlton at Quebec; but not receiving that reward which his faithful adherence to the British cause merited, he retired to his forests in grief and disgust, and there died after having outlived nearly all his tribe, and seen the once haughty power of the Abanaquies fall before the sweeping scythe of civilization.

END OF THE SCARLET FEATHER.

BOYUCA.



BOYUCA.

CHAPTER I.

ial de aquella senalada Fuente, que que bolvia a los Hombres, de viejos, havia podido hallar por baxos, i ec contrarios. — Herrera, Dec. I

ken link of that long chain deaneral name of the Bahama or I and about three hundred yeas he cavaliers, in bright steel a sing on the thin soil spread on the treeping vines, in the mic y palmettees. The graceful cund them, farther than the them, except in looking toward cended straight, smooth and are than any shafts with who is and powerful of human hoped the domes of their cat.

ing and expanding from the green and swelling summits of these pillars of nature, overarched the whole with a canopy of verdure, which excluded the sunbeams, while they borrowed brightness from them. A soft and balmy fragrance, redolent of many odours genially blended, and not overpowering to the sense, breathed The figures of freshly through the grove. armed men in these 'pillared shades,' were in strange contrast with their deep tranquillity. The Hidalgos seemed to have yielded to the influences of the scene, as they listlessly reposed their stalwart and mail-clad limbs, each reclining his head upon his hand, and apparently wrapt in musings. They wore the large sombrero, with its graceful drooping feather; but it was plain that even in this peaceful solitude they were not inapprehensive of danger. Their ponderous and glittering casques tufted with sable plumes, heavy gauntlets sheathed in intertwisted rings, pieces of armour, and partisans lay around them. Near them was couched one of those terribly strong and sagacions hounds, whose lineage is recorded, but of which the breed, if not extinct, has been long materially changed. He was not of the largest size; but, even in his watchful repose, the power as well as the agility of his limbs might be discerned. In colour he approached almost to red. He was black in the muzzle; and his regular and white teeth might be seen, firmly set, and looking as dangerous as brilliant. His eyes were hazel, but were illumined with a



ADDINDA

light, which, kindled by rage, might fla electric fire. Around this group a few a were scattered recumbent, or leaning or long pikes, or examining the condition on bows and arquebuses. An Indian, partl in the Spanish costume, was among them.

As the cavaliers looked towards the hrough the natural aisles of this sylvan ter he prospect was one which, with its associa presented to their minds, was at once lo id grand. Where the grove terminate at direction, the surface of the island slo wn imperceptibly, for some distance, to ich, covered with enameling wild flower ry colour, in bewildering mixture and on; and even down to and upon the peb shell-strown beach itself, the sea-gr and flowering shrubs and vines were qui tating and blossoming, as if they had that the mighty and treacherous po vhose borders they were encroach hich armadas are the 'toys,' and wh 'es at its will the boundar doign to

antique lamps which occurs most frequently. Their masts were of great height in proportion to the size of the hulls; and their long bowsprits, rigged with square sails, made so elevated an angle with the water, that they more resembled masts bent forward from their proper position. Streamers fluttered from all their tops; and from that of the tallest mast of the larger galley a silken banner fitfully and partially unfolded itself to the gentle breeze, in which, amid letters and heraldic devices wrought in gold, a green cross was displayed.

Far beyond stretched upon the eye the blue expanse of waters over which that memorable flag had first floated but twenty years before, and from which it now exacted homage. Here and there upon their glistening surface, some little emerald island might be seen, yet unamed and unexplored, and offering temptation to the insatiate spirit of adventure, curiosity

and cupidity.

Silence, as we have said, reigned over the scene, or could not be said to be disturbed by the suppressed breathing of the sea, the whisper of the ripples on the shore to the couches and many coloured shells and stones which they were kissing, the glancing of the circling gulls, as they displayed fitfully their white bosoms, or by the motion of the gentle air, scarcely more audible than the pulsation of life. Occasionally the tiny colibry, nature's miracle in the winged creation, darted by not fax off like a pencil of light thrown hastily from a prism;



ADDENDA.

but its weak and simple note reached the ear. The feathered v spot, few in their variety, were dis where, or had been scared by th trusion. The innocuous little I party-coloured and beautiful coat, lessly through the carpet of the grvenomless snake lay coiled in his sounds of shrilly uttered orders, or riment, nor chants that lighten th or amuse his idleness, came from for their commander had enjoined observance of quiet, and it was for of his followers, as it had been th obev.

'So then,' in an under-voice, said cavalier, 'if this old hag disappe take it for granted she must, in ye object, and will in mine (though, rigible heathen, she has thus far p a more true and skilful guide t woman I ever knew or heard of,' ceives us, your excellency will mak your way back to Boriquen?'

'Why,' asked the senior, in rat tone, 'why, Senor Perez, do you cs excellency?" Am I an adelantado governor of a wretched island, that thus saluted? What am I, friend gentleman adventurer, who, if thi prise fails totally, must be gratef allowed to enjoy a small repartimic good-by to ambition, wealth, and g

The sturdy warrior who thus spoke ha before passed the prime of man's life, 'il curso della vita nostra; -and hard s which had embrowned and scarred his fe and made his helm-worn locks, peaked and grim mustachios more gray than grizz certainly not made him appear younger he really was. His forehead, not unt high, but full and ample, was corrugated the deep furrows of toil, and thought, an The outline of his countenance, comma grave, half-stern, intelligent, and looking it exacted from others such true intell as they might have to give-with its slightly aquilline nose, and compressed cheek-bones rather high, and coldly a though fixed and penetrating eyes, as it a in the rude engravings which ornames folios of the old Spanish chroniclers exploits, reminds us somewhat, save in c indications of its liability to become pe and impatient, of that of several worthies own revolution, whose features live on ca or in memory, or yet in the flesh. In the lineaments of the cavalier must have strikingly imaginative character, traces of were still visible, particularly when they lightened up with animation.

"Yes, Juan," he continued, after a paus this old crone has now misled or deceive as you gloomily anticipate, I must return hacienda, arrange my affairs, and rot pe before I die, leaving further exploration



ADDEEDA.

and Alaminos—or to the vulgar si if you were successful in your resea probably wrest from you both pi nown; and by sharing in the secretthen be common, would prolong worthless and dull existences, cum fair islands, and those still fairer w found beyond them, with their pu presence; impeding the progress of and perpetuating their own stupid berless generations, as clod-like, me souled as themselves."

'Senor Almirante,' said the Perez de Ortubia. "there is a deal the latter part of your observations. to wonder that the idea never str fore. Now that we have nothing e an hour. I would fain talk to you same fountain, which puts me in m unreal ones which those who ha Africa tell of, as deluding the thirs in the desert. Our lady grant may be no sorcery in it. But of th you please to hear me. I must say. and unfair in you to suppose that (pilot and I, your devoted lieutenant prive you of your lawful credit a even if we could do so without risk as, I allow, you have been served But that shattered caravel cannot l thuse intricate seas, botch her up s we may; and should you part from soon follow you to St. Juan, wheth . this Boyuca. or Bimini, or return wi the hair on our heads. Even then, our vessel may come back with good tiding if not, are we to count our hundred ski narrow escapes, and many losses and for nothing? And must we stand wit arms, in stony gloom, like those me rocks you took a fancy to call the Mart the discovery of that beautiful island (flowers and perfumes, which seems larg Hispaniola, and which we found on the festival of Palms, to be accounted as I The savages have well called it by a ne plying secrecy. By San Fernando, I'll it has secrets worth keeping. Thou may be no Boyuca there, there are thi substantial.'

'Yes, Perez,' slowly replied the groof the two, as his lieutenant pause breath, 'I suppose I may write home of my adventures to the king our much good it would do me. Or I m person to court, and tell of the fier in which we have been whirled, the shoals against which we have been thousands of ferocious cannibals beset us, and the fine countries w But what avails this without gold—as if we knew where to procure it

Gomers says the Indians called the sought after, which search led to the div Beywood.

ADDENDA.

g the truth of our story, have not been useless and ll, what is this gold, which and jealousy, and bloo ins; which these heathens 'e must so soon resign if | ng to hear what your wi about the fountain of yout e again, Senor, you have, i emarks, touched upon wha adling, if you be so please say that you are in a glo when you speak of that pl contempt, which—to say mists, who can read the , but have not yet been abi any brave men, since the olf first sailed, have toiled s for these heathen create as they do our decent app i; because they know nei ormer here, nor of the latt ; is gold but that which en build houses, serve our so children respectably in the vance ourselves and then flice, and title, and promo church by exterminating heathens? Gold!—I do l y of it in Cautio—or Flori piously and properly call untain of life_

'Ay, as to that, Senor Perez, I said that I was

willing to hear your discourse.'

'Then, in the first place, and under your correction—for I have had but little leisure to learn from the clergy what the doctrine was, and my uncle, the canon, turned me out of doors when I was quite a lad, and our chaplain died of a surfeit the day before we sailed (a bad omen)-I say, I have my doubts whether Holy Church may approve of the object of our, or rather of your adventure. Certain it is, that no such well, or fountain, or river, has ever been consecrated by any saints that we know of. It may be that San Salomon or San Paule. who, I believe, were great navigators, was here, once upon a time; but seeing the unspiritual state of these savages, I doubt it particularly. If there be any such waters, I am afraid the Devil gave them their virtues; and they will turn out a damnable fraud at last, like all his worke.'

'If this be all you have to suggest, my friend, your conscience may remain quiet. We are Christian men,' (and as the leader spoke he crossed himself devoutly,) 'defying the enemy and all his works, in the name of our Lady and San Juan. Learned men, Peres, and holy fathers have held that, by Divine permission, such seeming miracles might be; though it has been doubted whether they were according to the course of nature. The waters of the pool of Bethesda were only healing after the angel had troubled them, as I heard from a learned

monk, who presched in the cathedral at Leon ? and he also said, that when some eastern king was sent by a prophet to bathe in the great river Jordan, to cure him of a loathsome disease. the waters had no virtue to cure any others than himself, though they might have had if it had pleased God. But why should there be any miracle or any sorcery in this famous fountain of which we are in quest? We know of many springs that yield relief to the sick, and prolong life, perhaps, to the ordinary period of its duration. Why should not others be by nature gifted with like qualities in a more intense degree, so as at once, by a proper use of them, to restore the vigour of our bodies, as it was in their most complete and full organization? And why, if it were but a fable, should these ignorant savages have dreamed of such a subtle invention?

'It seems to me,' said Perez, 'that I am often obliged to reply to your excellency's—I beg your pardon—to our admiral's observations, backwards; taking the bull, as the proverb says, by the tail, instead of by the horns; which is perhaps the safer way. Are not these heathens, if not the Devil's own children by generation, the children of his kingdom upon earth?—as Fray Bartolomeo said in the last discourse I heard him preach in San Domingo, before I last left Hispaniola. And is not he the father of subtle inventions? But suppose such a fountain to exist. I take it, its virtues are no charm against accident. We should be

no more secure from harm, when away from Bimini, than we are; or than poor Salzedo was proved to be by those who drowned him, to try if the Spaniards were immortal. We may perial in the ocean, or by the poisoned arrow, or by any vulgar casualty.

Ay, Perez; and what would life be worth without hazard and danger? How else should we feel its value? I am not so foolish as to desire immortality on earth, even for my

memory. But I would renew life-

'For how many generations? 'For one-or two-or more. How can one answer such a question, Senor Perez! Are we not here, as it were, at the commencement of this New World, as the patriarchs were at that of the old, after the deluge; with all before them where to choose? But, alse for us! they were the fresh descendants of giants, -of men who numbered life by ages; not by those flying years which hurry us on to the grave before we can half-conceive, much less execute, grand undertakings. They lived till their children' children grew into nations, hale and strong and enjoying all that makes existence happy and when they laid their gray hairs in the pulchre, a people, the offspring of their o' loins, gathered around it-'

'I take it,' said Perez, 'they had not m' hard fighting to do, and drank no aguardie Besides, there are a great many more of a believe.'

Not too many-not enough gallant

to explore—we know not what, that may remain before us, in the round world (if round it be, as I do believe); to subjugate the barbarians, and establish new empires and imperial cities. Oh, Perez, it is not only the flight of our sails over new oceans, or of our banners over new worlds that I regard; but it is the onward progress of the human mind, immortal as its Author, not shackled by the meanest agents that fulfil his pleasure. Why should not the free in soul be free in fact? And will they not be? Methinks I see an awful, radiant form, all armed and equipped, like the unbegotten goddess of the old pagans. The earth thrills beneath her tread, and her spear-head shines like Lucifer. She is invincible and immaculate, and her name is Libertad! But now we do but labour for posterity; and when that which we should win is reached, we do but see it as the patriarch Moses saw Palestine from Piagah,—and we die. Look at the great admiral. What did he gain, besides a vision of the harvest left for others to reap, save chains, neglect, and a sorry epitaph? When he was too old for service, they left him to eat his heart with vexation, and were glad enough to be rid of him.'

'His son, however, to whom you owe no special good-will, has succeeded to his power.'

'And may lose it to-morrow. May God preserve our lord the king, Perez—but hark ye, between ourselves, give me youth and hard; followers, and let me go onward with the sun

and I will found new empires, not to be blown from my grasp by the breath of a history or a cardinal. I will find a new world, not for 400 Castile and Leon, but for one Juan Ponce, humble private gentleman of the latter kingfree

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And I might be your adelantado. would be capital. But, Senor, let us consider. Would the chances of success be so much more dom. in your favour, during a new lease of life, with all your experience, than in that of one commencing his course of adventure for the first time, with the knowledge obtained by tradition? Good luck and bad would probably come in the ordinary proportion; and you might have as much trouble with the vulgar various, who would renew their youth likewise, as you prophesied I might when you opened our con-And disappointment, I take it, would be no sweeter for coming the oftener, fabulation.

'I spoke, Perez, in a gloomy fit. By San Juan I I would find a way to deal with the but quite the contrary. What you say of disappointment may well apply to the soum of cities or slaves of the soil at home to the drudges who toll but to prolong a miserable life on a few equare yards varlets. of beggarly earth, or the lying pimps and parasites of deceitful courts. But here all i fresh and new. This air has never been sair rated with the breaths of sortid looms, no recked with the foul smoke of their heart Here to respire and range at pleasure hy free as yonder ocean, and to be unconquerably fixed in the determinate purpose of the soul. I feel—I know that I can overcome all opposition, and bend all meaner spirits to my purpose. Give me but the strength of my youth, and time for action, and execution should follow my volition, as naturally as the effect does the cause.'

'Always by our Lady's grace?'

'Ay, always—always'—(and the cavalier crossed himself again devoutly). 'But now, with battered health and broken fortune, if we are deceived at last, I go to lay up myself and yonder crazy galley together, and none will think the wreck of either of us worth repairing.'

Again your gloom is upon you. I shall say nothing of the certain overpeopling of the world, even were it ten times as large as we reckon it may be, by the number of knaves who would needs insist upon plunging their filthy carcases into Bimini, unless indeed, they dried it up.

'By all the gods,' said the elder cavalier, 'not a scoundrel of them all shall pollute it. I will defend the island with a strong hand—even against our lord the king himself, unless he will come to my terms.'

'That might not be so easy,' said Perez; 'and we might as well find it first, before it will be

worth while to talk treason.'

"None but ourselves and our guides, and such as shall be sworn to secreor, shall know

where it is. It cannot be a river, or it would lose its virtues, or communicate them to other waters. We will wall it up, and it shall be watched as carefully as is even the holy sepulchre itself.'

'Into which all manner of beastly infidels have occasionally entered. Others have been on this quest before us, and they may already have done what you threaten to do. But, as I said, let us find it first. There is another matter of which I shall say but little. Do we not, the longer we live, stand in more jeopardy of committing deadly sin? And with a renewal of the hot passions of youth, will not our risk be double? May we not perish without the benefit of ghostly shrift and absolution, and scatter our bones over some unconsecrated desert, where Christian men may, in some distant day, spurn them as those of idolaters, unworthy of burial?'

'Indulgences may always be had; and while we sail under that banner, our cause is a hely

one.

'Well—what I want to say even makes me sad to think of; and like you, Sener, I could be melancholy enough. My parents and the friends I loved best, where are they?'

'Your parents are in paradise, I hope.'

'I doubt it not. They died in the true faith, and no rites of the church were wanting. I remember them well, and I hope to see them again as glorified spirits. But now, Senor, comsider this matter. Could we bring all we love,

at any time we pleased, to bathe in this restoring well, they would still have no indemnity from harm by the assault of enemies, or by the perils of fire, air, earth, and water. And so, the longer we were enabled to protract life. the more we should have to sorrow for. If we lived on, one by one they would disappear, and our memory would be a churchyard record of those whom we thought fittest to live, and to make life happy. Would our new friendships have the freshness of the old? Bimini may give back the strength of youth; but could its waters restore the well-spring of the soul? I trow not, unless, indeed, they had the dull powers of some old river I have heard of, by drinking of which men forget all the past. Give me memory, with its pleasures and its pains; but let it not be too much overburthened, or more than it must be, in the common period of life. Senor, when you were young, you must have loved some object, better than all the rest-

'I did.' And the stern warrior passed his hand across his eyes. 'But it is long since she

was-nothing.'

'Nothing here, but an image living in the soul, which must sometimes sigh to rejoin the soul that has departed. I have—but how know I when I too must say I had—one who loves and expects me in Boriquen. She must be weary of my absence, and perhaps, poor soul, thinks I have been ere this food for the fishes or the cannibals. Our best affections cannot be stifled by the turmoil of war and conquest.

or by the struggles of ambition. Why, even a or by the struggles of amplitud. It has, even a dog, could be understand the offer, would not accept a renewal of his short life, to be again and again the slave or companion of new masters. What sayst thou, Berecillo ?**

The animal thus addressed started to his feet, erected his ears and his long head, and snuffed the air, and seemed waiting for further orders with bright expectant eyes. At a sign from the senior cavalier, he made a few gyratory movements, recomposed his limbs, and closed

Even so, said Perez, when his term is up, or when he may have lost his master—may his eyes. that period be far distant—even so would be fain lie down in his last quiet sleep, leaving his renown behind him; though for him, poor fellow, there is nothing to come after death.

(Ahi! well, Senor Perez, said the cavalier,

I never knew before how deep a philosopher you were, nor supposed you at all a sentimentalist. Let us waive our discussion. sigh for the fountain of life!

* Gomars, who describes this animal, calls him Becerillo in the text before me; but it is probably a misprint, as the other authorities spell the name as in the text.

CHAPTER II.

Ventum erat ad limen, cum virgo, poscere fata Tempus, ait.—Virgo.

A SILENCE of some minutes ensued. The senior relapsed into gloom, and the younger was resigning himself to slumber, when the dog again arose, sensible of the approach of another party. But his low growl of recognition intimated that it was no stranger. Presently a female figure. if such it might be called, appeared, advancing with a slow and regular gait. The step was firm and light, and the form erect, of this old and shrivelled Charaibe woman. Lank spare gray hairs hung round her broad square head and over her lofty forehead, which had been flattened after the manner of her nation, and over her wild black eyes, which wandered with quick uncertain glances, as if her brain was unsettled. Her teeth were yet white and regular, though no one knew how many years had passed over the head of this crone; and there seemed to be no flesh under the loose skin, originally of a Spanish olive colour. but still bearing irregular dull red vestiges of having been stained with annatto. She wore no garment but a red cotton cloth or hamaok, depending from one shoulder, slightly girt below with a rude cincture, and hanging down loosely to the knee. Buskins of the same terial encased the lower part of the leg. 8 was the haggard form that now stood be the cavaliers, and pointing with her bare withered arm in the direction from which had made her appearance, exclaimed, 'I I found Bimini!

"Ha! is it no new delusion?' cried old soldier, starting up hastily, while countenance kindled and glowed with int

and even fierce expectation.

'She certainly has not tried it herself,' Peres, rising more slowly; 'or if she has has not made her look any younger. Hast washed in the fountain, Cuanaboa?'

The sybil fixed her glance for a moment the querist, uttered a low hollow laugh, fo her arms over her skinny bosom, and wi look resembling one of contempt for question, and in a shrill and almost angry ther gray locks vibrating as she shook her lquickly, and several times, from one aid the other, she replied, 'No!' Again she at her head more slowly, and in a lower sadder voice repeated, 'No!'

'Truly,' said Perez, 'you Charaibes or libis (for I cannot make out your heat names), are an unaccountably strange sor people. I wonder not that you despise g for you don't know its uses. But you, anaboa, may have been a good-looking gir hundred years ago, or less; and though I go your savage husbands do not treat you v

common decemey, I cannot believe that there was ever a real woman who did not wish to restore her beauty;—though she may be the last to find out that she has lost it. It proves, however,' he observed, turning to his commander, 'that they are not of the same species with ourselves. Padre Bartolomeo was certainly right.'

The elder warrior stood confronting Cuanaboa, wrapt again in many thoughts; and regarded her with a stern gaze of interrogation, not unmingled with suspicion. She stood awaiting his speech, in an attitude as ridged as his own; and now met his glance with one that did not quiver nor deviate, but was composed in its brightness.

'Tell me, Cuanaboa,' he said, slowly and in deep toned accents, 'did you believe you had found the spring, and did you not even taste it?'

This woman, it should be mentioned, had been casually found by these wanderers of the deep, some time before, on a small island of which she was the sole inhabitant, and which they named La Vieja,—ex nomine facti. She had learned enough of their language to speak it indifferently well for common purposes, and acted sometimes as an interpreter, but more particularly as a guide, in their intrinate nanigation.

She replied in brief and broken sentences to the queries of the soldiers, growing more animated and gesticulating, not ungracefully. as she proceeded-'Halea Tibou (good be t you). Senores.' She held up her hands mi times in succession, spreading out their los attenuated fingers. 'So many times,' she cor tinued, 'have the great rains and the gree heat come, after each other, since one calle me Yene neri (my wife). My children hav gone to their father's country. I am alone. wait to follow them. Tamoussi will soon ke me go there.* The evil spirit permits yo white and bearded men to take away the faire lands from these cowardly Arrowauks. H teaches you to make the brave Charaibes as be as the worst of you. This brings the hurricane oftener: and the brave and the dastards peris together. Drink ye of the fountain! Liv slay, and conquer. I would not live to h your slave. I would not live to win back all have lost. I lost them long, long before yo came; but they are with me as if it wer yesterday. I would not live to have them, an to lose them again. They are in the pleasar land of Guiana, on the farther side of th great mountains, and live for ever in pride an happiness. There you can never be, alive dead. There they build great houses of the gold you are ever seeking for. + There th

^{*}The "Universal Father," in the language of ti Calibis Indians of South America, from whom the i sular Charaibes are supposed, with sound reasons support the theory, to have been descended. See E ward's History of the West Indies.

⁺El Dorado.

hurricane never sweeps, nor is the air disturbed with the thunder, nor the sea and the land with frightful quakings—'

'Why may not we be there, and why will you not show us the way, Cuanaboa?' exclaim-

ed the lieutenant.

Again a low chuckling laugh, and a smile of almost withering sarcasm, interrupted the sybil's discourse, and the enthusiastic expression of her features.

'Why?' she screamed; 'Tamoussi will not let you. The spirits of the brave will not let you. Bathe in the fountain! live, slay, and conquer! But there ye may not come. I go to my goodly home for ever. I have seen one by the fountain ye seek, who has been with me whenever I called him, so long as I have told you, from the time when I was first alone until ye found me.'

'She is old enough, I take it,' interrupted Perez. 'But can it be possible that she has lived sixty years in total solitude?'

'She could have kept no reckoning,' said the

commander.

'I know what you say, Senores,' said the Charaibe. 'You may wander, and fight, and kill those who have done you no harm, and search for the yellow stone which is your god, and forget how often the trees have changed, and the flowers, and the grass, and the moon, and the sun himself. But so long as I have

wes slone, alone, but the when I called him.

when I called him.

when the smoke was pleasant the set berbs, the smoke came was, as a set of the came. He called me required stars were He called me would not he when the hurricane would not only the when the hurricane would not only the when the hurricane would not only the when the hurricane would not be when the when the hurricane would not be when the whon the would not be with In one when the puricane would of d me when the hurricane would be a me when the hurricane would be to same, and found me wating. It we some without my calling the to be without disappears have the tweether them, because I my people.

The waters we seek, gather up me to the waters we seek. my beoble. Then according to the Material Seconds and Market As accepted and Market As acce So the demon, styled by the old Spr the Pevil's particular agent, and by the n on Indian superstition the tutelary seniu on manage superstruon the continent north of ing to the report made by Gonzalo Ferr ing to the ting of 5 this applicate. The these savades on the continent was o rnese savages on the continent was o man that or their descendants in the The conjurer to whom the T make his revelations. some particularly distinguished eraft, according to Oviedo. to the Spaniards themselves, dattered by the appellation. This Patriarchal custom of the Charalbes, and an ar their oriental origin.

ver me from the light and air. Cuansurns to her father and mother, her husad her children.'

l it be safe or proper, asked Perez, 'to her, father, since she has confessed her swith the Devil himself; and hath been company in person less than an hour

l'equina sat herself down; and reclining a palmetto, began to chant an aryetto w dull strain of monotonous cadences, her own language.

naps she is even invoking him now, ed Perez. 'I am a good Catholic Chrisd I do not at all like this business.'

e, Perez,' said the senior. 'Do you he enemy, if indeed he visits this hag, ow himself to the true soldiers of Holy, and in sight of yonder blessed emblem? oa, when you have rested from your we will set out for this same spring—nuttered to himself, 'though we should if end guarding it. Perez, if you have ou may remain.'

s!' said Peres, quickly; 'save for my have forgot them, if I ever knew them.' v his long straight sword from the scabnd having reverently kissed the cross ormed its handle, said, 'Let her lead on one, will follow.'

the poor creature have some little re-Yet I would fain set out; for she never seems to feel weariness, and the sun is half-wa

'Her journey is to end, she says, with h setting. If the Devil keeps his word with he we shall lose the best guide we have had.'

'As you said yourself, but a short time sine

he is the father of lies.'

But Cuanaboa did not long keep them i suspense. Her chant being ended, she ares and said, 'Let us go.'

'Did you meet with any Indians on you

way? asked the senior.

None. I met with none but Tuyra. The

are none here.'

We shall then have no need of carrying superfluous weight, said the knight, adjusting his short scarlet capa loosely over his arms shoulders. 'Nevertheless, we will take two soldiers with us, as we may want them. Cathem, Perez, and bring the interpreter to Let a strict watch be kept here till our return and let no one leave the spot, as he values heves and limbs!'

^{*} A common military punishment among the Sp niards in those days was mutilation.

CHAPTER IV.

Dux famina facti.-VIRG.

THESE arrangements having been made, the cavaliers followed Cuanaboa, who moved on at a moderately quick and regulated pace, to which she timed the muttered chant which she had resumed. While thus engaged they knew she would answer no questions. Berecillo stalked by their side; and the Indian and the

guards brought up the rear in silence.

Though many of these islands were found to be very populous, there was no evidence that this small one, thus visited, had ever undergone the slightest cultivation, or had, indeed, been trodden by other footsteps. The nature of the soil, which in most places but thinly covered the rock beneath, and the almost impenetrable thickness of the woods, were unfavourable for the simple agriculture of the Indians; and the fruit-trees which, in many of the other islands, spontaneously flourished in such variety and abundance, were not visible here. Perhaps, too, an incident which will be related, or some superstition may account for the absence of all inhabitants from this 'Bimini' of the Tequina.

It was towards the close of the dry and hot season; and delightfully as the breeze from the sea had crept upon them, while at rest, the sea

valiers, in motion, could not bus moustanding the excitement of the dimate. Telaxing influence of the ardent and the relaxing influence motionlass. relaxing initiones of the article at the measure air became more motionless; and the measure ar pecame more motioniess; and the utter, the measure lene was scarcely tread. Even the heavy or and unresounding with the continuous decreases how men stemmed with the continuous decreases. 14 bow-men stepped with the caution of a dev bow-men stepped with the caution of a dey precinct with the caution precinct whose might well entering the sanctuary and it might well most sacred to his eyes; and if rusking the most sacred to his eyes; and of rusking been supposed, that instead of denosite new youth at the following to the last place of denosite following to the last place. new youth at the fountain of fite, the following to its last place of deposite following to its last for ever. the painte which life had left for ever. the painte which life had left for ever the point which life had left for ever the point which life had left for ever the point which life had left for ever the paintenance of the and its neighbourhood, assumed the ascending in what soon assumed the ascending, in what soon assumed the asconding, in what about assumed the form of a gloomy and narrow valley, in the or a groundy and marrow value, rough or hearhrons then both summit, and dark trees of a vast growth, as a durk trees or a vase growth, as at the sea where they first observe the sea where they first observe the sea of the iale. deeper as they advanced, not w through the interlaced fibres, ance of the isle. vines, and over the far spree projections of the far spree mighty trees around them and other venomous creep tion of which the savages with which their arrow he and for the mortal effects nicated to the blood b jards then knew no

ings round the ankles and legs of the armed nen. They were further embarrassed with the natted and luxuriant vegetation, springing up n a wildernes of profusion and variety, in which they waded knee-deep. Sombre mahorany-trees of the hugest size, solemn locusts. and tall cedars wearing a funereal hue, towered up on either side of their path, if path it might se called, upon the ascending ground, to a vast altitude, mingling their dark foliage in undisinguishable masses: while the vines, climbing even to the branches of the loftiest trunks. hence spread themselves in wanton snake-like extension, with inexhaustible exuberance of ength, mingling and intertwisting, and hangng the arches of the dense forest with sepulthral festoons. No slanting sunbeams quivered through this 'contiguity of shade,' and the ight imperceptibly admitted seemed unnatural. In this lone haunt, as in that of the Den of Error-

"The glistening armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade."

The gloom was indeed as that of the 'selva soura-

" Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte"----

n which the poet of hell found himself at the commencement of his informal pilgrimage.

Nor were the specimens of minute life which

litude calculated to repressive and close lone. The armadilloes, crawlbetween fissures of the end contracted within igh above, diminutive n, with prominent wild ils, stared at them with and ugly gestures, and intly heard below. Of well-trained Berecillo st notice. Receiving a to only with a soldier's is way through the obwith a precise and si-

need, and the 'brown ned to deepen, no openront of their circuitous e air became cloggy to oisome to the smell. ee to his taciturn comonwards hitherto with steps, suppressing, peraculations which might lips, when encountering us obstacles, now broke bold voice sounded as if tones; like that of one l, subterranean vault. , said he, 'we shall be suffocated. indeed, seem to be the Devil's own naboa! shall we be soon out of it? here?

sh (as she was, according to her own herself) had for some time ceased numbled incantation, or whatever it e been, still moving onward in an ig manner, as if she was perfectly ith the route by which she was he labyrinth. Nor did she turn her y any sign of attention whatever, to on of Perez. But presently she sudded, in manifest trepidation, while, a moment, with a terrible growl, the inded from the side of his master, the rugged ascent on one side, and om sight in the black and savage

se,' cried the lieutenant, swiftly blade, 'if thou hast led us into peril is, thy own, irredeemably sold as it t depart.' nore apprehensive of an ambush,' ommander, following in action the Perez, but with less haste, and more

lental saga stood trembling and unnot hearing these exclamations. were fixed on a particular point in and she asked, in broken eccenta. it thus I must die?

But ere she had said so, a crashing of branches was heard amid the underwood, with the continued barking of the dog, re-echoing from unseen rocks or elevations, and made more terrible by the unearthly effect produced by the same cause which altered the sound of the human voice. But still more terrible, and altogether strange, was another cry, which might, but for the same cause, have been as loud as the roar of a bull, but was strangely compounded of plaintive agony and mad wrath. The soldiers closed up to their officers in uncertainty and fear, crossing themselves as they prepared their arms for service; and with them stood the interpreter, exhibiting in his shaking limbs and wandering eyes the unequivocal signs of vague terror.

It was but a moment, before peering through a tangled thicket of underwood, creepers, weeds, and inextricable brake, they suddenly saw, at not more than twenty yards' distance from them, two bright, malignly fierce eyes, darting their glances upon Cuanaboa, through a dilated and inflamed iris of sickly, yellowish brown, circled with black and white, as they rolled in the huge, lion-like head of a monster, with projecting black ears, tipped with white, broad tawny breast, and great red fore paws, with long protruding fangs, couched as if preparing for an instantaneous spring. The Charaibe woman almost sank to the earth; but it was in infinitely less time than the circumstances can be related in, that, catching a glimpee of the group

beyond, the creature, with its awfully dolorous cry, resembling a prolonged 'hoo! hoo!' or involuntary screams of pain, uttered now under the pangs, and now in the intervals, of excruciating torture, withdrew its eyes and fangs from their sight; and the rustling noise it made in its departure was drowned by the sharp, uninterrupted baying, and ringing clamour of the dog, struggling to penetrate the thick-set progeny of the forest floor.

"Por la santa Madre de Dios," exclaimed Perez; 'you are called for, Cuanaboa. Your time has come. Here—kiss this blessed symbol,—(and he tendered to her his sword, at the extremest distance which the length of his arm and that of the weapon would permit, and more too; while the bright blade trembled and vibrated irregularly up and down, as the point rested in the grip of his gauntleted fingers)—'kiss!—kneel!—pray!—pray!—or follow where your master bids you.'

'Ochi !'* cried the interpreter.

'It is a tiger,' said the commander, who stood with fixed eyes and ears attentive to every sound. 'Raise your point, and be on your guard.'

'A tiger! There be none here—what should

they prey on?

'Indians,' said, or rather fearfully murmured the half examinate interpreter.

The name given by the Charaibes of the continent to the animal sometimes called the South American tiges.

'Ay, it is Santanis himself, who ha for her as he premised; and he may or all of you, that I know of, by good right

As he spoke, the lugubrious koo! hoo savage beast, not like the voice of one cr the desert to repent, but like that of one to prepare for eternal anguish, was hear the other side of their station; and in an a long red quadruped, with a swollen b tail of the same colour, and of at least t in length, in rapid motion, was seen sp through the air, and immediately climb tall trunk of a locust. It was among itab in another instant; and from a cleft them, fifty feet at least above the lower on which the party stood, the glarix again appeared. In the brief time pe them for observation, during its flying they could perceive that it almost dou size that of Berecillo, who now rushed h them and the tree on which the prodi fastened, foaming at the mouth, and w the movements of his adversary's eyes; ar ing up incessantly an angry roar, as he his position, leaning back on his haunch bracing his rigidly-knit limbs, as if in ance of the stranger's leap.

They also perceived that the hide latter was, in its ground-work, of a tawny red; quaintly streaked from the of its back with black and fallow stripes nishing in size as they apprecised the

ADDINDA.

of the belly and extremities; that it had among them spots that looked like eyes, and; he showed in all his formation amazing neth, ferocity, and activity. Ever and anon, is eyes became fixed on Berecillo, and he aed about to spring, he shrank back, as his coss wandered to the soldiers;—glances ch

"Made no sunshine in the shady place,

seemed to emit through it lurid beams of ow fire. But the Indian interpreter now sared to have regained his self-possession, had led one of the soldiers with him a few is farther off; hastily and earnestly giving ctions to the reluctant veteran. Bringing butt of his weapon to his foot, the latter w the strong cord to its tension; and adjustto its groove a heavy bolt, adapted to a long l arrow-head, furnished with broad and ply indented barbs, raised it slowly, and not military style, to his shoulder, as he hearngly winked at the furious and to him unlligible savage, in his frightfully beautiful shining coat,-who, with fixed look and tracted limbs, must have fairly given the ulse for his fatal spring upon the dog, when Indian touched the soldier's shoulder. The th cord twanged; and it was plain enough ther the bolt had sped; for they were the ving into the yellow breast of the moneyer. and heard his demoniac shrieks of pai menting the very marrow of their bones red blood crimsoned his rich and mottle as, for a few seconds, he clung to, or was ba upon, the tough limbs he had chosen for and then, with fainter but not less thrilli fearful yells, he fell, crashing all befor and rolling over and over down the dec to within a few yards of the party.

As Berecillo was sweeping round his ever and anon, in a paroxysm of rage, pre to rush upon the entirely new and dan stranger (for such he was to him), not, he with that fearless speed, sudden, straigl swift as that of an arrow, with which I wont to seize his designated victim, amon ever great a multitude, but with dreadful ings, and almost whinings, he was succe called off by the Indian, the bowman, a master; and it was with an entire breach seemly discipline becoming a man-at-a that, or of any age, that he growlingly, a unequal movements, obeyed the stern cor of the latter.

Meantime whichever way the mortallyed creature turned, the barbed steel, as he
ed it in his vitals, or as it was forced in
shaft coming in cantact with the ground
rolled over or fell, tortured from him a
which no human ears could ever forge
no human voice or language could fain
sortibe or imitate, were even the creat he

Chrysostom's attempt a practicable one. But their ears could not be shut to those infernal sounds, nor their eyes, by distressing fascination, be withheld from occasionally reverting to the exhibition of horror long to be protracted as they followed their guide and interpreter, at their earnest entreaties to proceed; the former assuring them that the Ochi would be dead before their return.

'Ay,' said Perez, gloomily, 'that may very well be.'

The beast tore up the underwood and the earth, and the sparks flashed as he ground the rock with his teeth. With convulsive leaps, he at one time showed at full length his crimsoned breast and wildly-struggling limbs, with the infuriate eyes bursting out of their sockets, and so fell prostrate backwards; and then, after writhings intolerable to be beheld, he would jump from his feet, and fasten claws and fangs on some huge trunk, tearing off great shreds of the thick tough bark, and splinters of the wood itself, until he fell again from the temporary exhaustation. They were soon out of sight of this scene, but still the piteous wails and yells, that shook every nerve

* Hare que el mismo inflerno comunique Al triste pecho mio un son doliente, Con que el uso comun de mi vos tuersa, &c. Don QUIXOTTE. Part I. chap. 14.

ADDEEDA

men, followed them with perion.

Illing the tiger, as it was at first called, d the description of the beast and its ith few variations, from the report of red to. M. Buffon gives but a poor ar of Guiana, as he calls the animal. ncourt, whose description is given in dition of Buffon, agrees in most rebut he denies that the Indians were an the whites. They have had, howe of some hundred years to improve reprove their superstitions; one the Ochi would select an Indian for ly white men. It is very extraordiis jaguar, orwhatever it was, got late the Bahamas, as they belonged only so says the legend; and as it conforms so many instances, the logical infer-: here.

CHAPTER IV.

How great, while yet we tread the kindred clod, To stop and pause, involved in high presage; Through the long vista of a thousand years, To stand contemplating our distant selves, As in a magnifying mirror seen, Enlarged, ennobled, elevate, divine, To prophecy our own futurities? And chase we still the phantom, through the fire, O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death? Yowes.

The line of their march was now more irregular and hasty, though their advance was not more rapid than it had been; and this auricular torture made every moment seem a divisable portion of tedious time, to be counted as in sickness, or in waiting for an answer to a half-hopeless application for relief, made in imminent trouble, by the dull ticking of a lazy-going chronometer.

The leader himself addressed the woman.—
'When shall we escape from this darkness,—
when shall we see the fountain, Cuanaboa?

'It is now but a little way, and my travel

will soon be done for always.'

It is importinent to the story, and the dry, matter-of-fact legend we follow says, of course, nothing about it; but may we not vesting a guess what were the feelings of a hitherto

ointed, but still superbly ambitious adointed, but still superbly ambitious ad-rer, when the 'amreeta cup' was Is in by be feared that judgment yielded to to be feared that judgment yielded to to be reared that Judgment yielded to gination—and faith-built hopes of spiritual

giness, to dreams of earthly fruition! piness, to areams or eartiny trutton or un-Worlds | Worlds | __all | the imaginable or un-

ıd-

d

Mightiest empire, to the destined walls Of Cambally, seat of Cathalan khan;

Wealth, pomp, and splendour!—all that can blaze and glitter,

sion of a

41 1 A'

In 8

glory

the that 1yu of

aτ

11

Sponets on per kings parparic hearls and fold is we Dominion | caciques, and khans, and caliphs, prostrate in oriental man worship,

prostrate in oriental man worship, to ask holow, and even Casars not daring Pleasure low, and courting friendship; rety, average, but courting infinite in variety, never renewable at will, infinite in variety, renewable at will, infinite in variety, enough among whom to choose for the partition enough among whom to choose for the partition enume, som peginning; __rrogeny i_numerous enough among whom to choose, for the partition enough among whom to choose, for the partition of his falling mantle, to national assertation assertation as illist. Glory seeking not in assertation as illist.

vain to enlarge itself till it graded the round warn to entarge traces and to gardieu ene troube

. "And children's children shall the crown mission."

dependent Immortality,—or so long a possesson of all this, that

"Still as up he sped
Above him still the immeasurable spread:"—

a word, 'the kingdoms of the world and the ory thereof,'—all, all may have overwhelmed imagination of the leader, as he reflected at a few paces might bring him to the mystic mph, by laving in which, at will, the power overcoming time, place, and circumstance, id destiny would belong to a poor and ititled gentleman, Juan Ponce, of Leon.

'I guess we are almost out of the woods,' id Perez; 'but the weather portends a squall some kind or other. In the name of all the ints, senor, let us transact this fresh-water siness, whatever it may turn out to be, as lickly as possible, and get out of hearing of screeching of that devil incarnate! You read to be here.'

But not to those screechings, shrill and earercing as they were, did the chief now attend;
r did he mark, as the ground before them
came more open, that the appearances deted some movement near at hand in the now
aggish elements. He looked only forward in
edirection in which the woman was advancing,
where, through the more scattered forest-

owth, a precipice arose, as it almost seemed, the aky, againt the now rather inky bus of

which, in that direction, a bald black crae which crowned the summit was gloomily relieved. Below, the scarred and seamed face of the rock gave evidence that it had experienced the action of fire at some remote day; which was confirmed by uncouth incrustations and jagged formations above, quaintly fashioned like turrets and towers, circling what might have been the mouth of a crater. Up to this elevation in the immediate perpendicular line of vision, the abrupt ascent was ruggedly interspersed with savage and deformed specimens of vegetation. presenting monstrous figures to the imaginative eye; while immensely long trails of seemingly charred weeds and creepers hung downwards, with the melancholy effect produced by the trappings of wo, used to decorate some antique chamber where dead pride was laid out in state. when revisited at long periods, after the name of him in whose honour the mockery of mourning had been got up had passed into oblivion. On either side of this front, however, up to the naked summit, the hill was clothed with dense and awful woods, the irregular outline of which at the tops was unfringed with any lighter hues borrowed from the heavens. If volcanic power had, as seemed probable, hollowed the centre of this rude pile, it might well have served for the residence of some angry Prospero, and as the reception-chamber for his ministers of evil.

Looking to their left, the train of this pilgrim of hope, who seemed to be approaching the strangest conceivable shine, for the residuation of his prayers, observed that the sun was of a dusky red hue; and that a dimness had come over the pure depths of ether. Dull was the light in which they beheld the haughty and superb, but baleful manchineel, uplifting its stubborn and symmetrical limbs, and exhibiting among the dark foliage its golden but poisonous apples, like the King of Terrors, masked and clothed in purple; or some trunk that, from the nature of the crevice from which it had forced itself in its infant wantonness, had grown along the surface with its sinuous and massive folds, even like the 'leviathan, that crooked serpent' of the prophet Isaiah; and which might have said, with a slight alteration in the language of another divinely inspired poet, 'My path is my own, and I have made it for myself.' But to the Europeans who now observed it, with its prickly coat and branching crest, it seemed more like the dragon of more modern and romantic invention; for they knew a precious little about the writings of the prophets.

The sky, as we have said, was dull, and by the glimpses they caught of the sea, they might mark that it was also of a leaden colour, and seemed disturbed. A sound arose as of distant subterranean thunder, which they would naturally have ascribed to the beating of the waves on the beach, when the element of which they were the vagabond proteges gave the usual notice of its being vaxed and income. But this noise was not like that of the

sounding main.' It seemed like distant thunder from the caverns of the earth; smothered but prolonged, as they made their way over the unequal floor, where the scraggy protrusions of honey-combed coralline rock, besides the inequalities of the surface, impeded them in their way to the mountain, through the immemorial dust, and ashes, and worms of the forest, as the superstratum of its floor might have been called without an overstrained metaphor. It required no quickness of association to assimilate the rugged forest-girdled enclosure, with its insurmountable wall, towards which they were journeying, to some unconsecrated cemetery; and the murmur that came up to their ears, to the moans of unpardoned ghosts.

Still the atmosphere continued to be oppressively close; while they were sensible of a new and disagreeable odour which appeared to find its way from the seaside to the west. Hitherto they had met with no water in their progress. But now they came close by the side of a pool or spring, overshadowed by locusts, cedars, and mahogany trees, at which the Indian woman cast for a moment an inquisitive glance. As they marked the action, and looked at the unilluminated surface of the miniature lake, they observed bubbles constantly rising and breaking upon it, and a slight faint hiss as of water beginning to boil.

'Is this Bimini?' saked Peres, hesping to the brink, and plunging his hand into the reservoir.

By all the saints,' he exclaimed, withdrawing

it speedily, 'it is as cold as the grave.'

A smile, as chilled and chilling as the image employed by the lieutenant for a comparison, came to the face of Cuanaboa, as she said, 'Ye seek for the fountain of life, and this is that of destruction. They are near together. Put a torch to this, and you will see it burn like the fires your people told me of, which they must pass through before they go to be happy.'

'She blasphemes,' said Perez; 'and she is as false as the fiend her master. Is it near this seething caldron, in this ugly and noisome desert, and with this infernal rumbling beneath our feet, that we can find any thing that is

good?

'Cuanaboa,' said the chief, pausing, 'I have trusted you; I trust you yet: but if you prove a traitress, the hound shall tear your living body to pieces. You said the other fountain

was near; shew it to me.'

She gazed on him with a stern and frowing aspect: and a flash of indignation broke from beneath her haggard brows. 'Let your fierce dog now rend and slay me where I stand; and if you could depart alive, what would you have gained by all your foolish wanderings? But, no! yonder is the water you seek,' pointing to the rocks strewn at the foot of the precipice which they were now near; 'and much good,' she muttered, as she went on her way towards it, 'may it do ye, after ye have drunk.'

They were soon mounting or scrambling of oddly piled and inconveniently angular for ments of stone, covered with the common, po plexing, tough, and deceitful network of vine and not without shuddering they saw, in t tangled and wide interstices beneath, coil anakes that thrust up their crests, with reven fully red eyes, and hissed as they seem unfolding their slimy convolutions; or fi headed gray lizards, whose gripe they dread as being fatal. The hollow and ominous sou from beneath became deeper in its loudne and seemed to come up to them directly fro the entrails of the earth, as they at length sto within a few yards of the bare face of t mountain, which here rose sheer up above the its grotesque tracery of unpatronised parasit wretched wild-pines, broken projections, as lava formations of fantastic shapes, in the upp elevations, alone breaking the view up to t zenith, now overshadowed with a veil, dim, distinct, and gloomy. Right in front of, a extending downward beneath them, was shallow but high and deep cavity in the nak and rude stone, black with seeming stain wherever the percolating moisture silent trickled through unseen and minute cranni Silently we say, for the exudation would ha been as inaudible as the progress of the liqu was imperceptible, 'at the calmest and t stillest' hour. But now, from a hollow circul space of a few feet in diameter, at the ve nottom of this grotto, the noise they had heard came up with more violent and awful effect.

The Tequina leaped to the brink of this chasm, and was followed with anxiously quick steps by the chief. Perez also, from an emotion of curiosity, or a sense of duty, lazily and incredulously presented himself, confronting his commander on the other side of the cavity. while, a little way behind his master, the dog stood, with his feet firmly planted against the broken and scattered stones, his limbs quivering with terror, and his short hair fiercely raising itself, as with instinctive affright, over .ll his strong and shapely body. The men-atarms and the Indian interpreter gazed curiously down upon the party, whose speculations they seemed to have no desire of disturbing by more close approximation.

'I guess,' as a lake poet would say, 'that a striking picture might have been made out of the group, thus arranged in that wild place, and peculiar light; could a painter have caught the expression of the individuals, and of the scene, and the combined expression of both.

'Here,' said Cuanaboa, pointing downwards to the aperture, with a motionless apathy of countenance,—'here is Bimini.' The tones of her voice, usually distinct and not unmusical, sounded hearsely, and as if prophetic of doom, heard as they were amid the re-echoed roar, sullen, angry and solemn, which came from the opening at their feet.

2 m

ez applied the tip of his fin ger e of the humid rock, where the dularly twinkled, showing that ther n in the thin moisture which glassooking downwards, exclaimed, 'God is this your Bimini? I have half a ow you ito it.'

chief also peered into the well. I element was plainly to be seen, per h as the polished surface of black mich a ray of dingy light might be as forit did not quiver, but only shew, thus and sombre quietude of the w is the repose of death' he uttered.

nd the dreadful sound from beneat Perez, 'is made by those whose u be everlasting!

e old woman grimly smiled.

o! Diego, lend me thy casque a said the chief, kneeling and betthe edge of the well. It was most differentiate how near to the mouth the latter than the sides of the enclosure affectibles for descent. It was impossibilities for descent. It was impossibilities for descent.

n conjecture as to its depth.

ore the crossbow man could comply
der's requisition, even had his power
and habit of obedience not been
by superstitious and by natural fer
c gloom came over the scene. The
was altogether and suddenly hidder
clouds—black unequivocally. The

ADDENDA.

from the west arose and blew a ga stant. The roar from below degener murmuring growl; and they became a tremulous motion, as it were, of beneath their feet, accompanied wi ness which made them insensibly r thunder from overhead answered in a peal to the rumbling below; as one l of blue electric light dazzled their a to blindness, and shivered a proud locust: the cleft, half of which fel and crushing near them. Still the increased to fury, and every veget was whirled and twisted into ag power. The earth trembled now They might feel the shock of the w as the ocean flung itself against i sudden madness: 'the boldest breath for a time.' But in the hu earthquake, or the airquake, as so writers call the commotions whic those isles, the boldest and the mo upon a level, when the destroyer c pectedly upon them; upon the sam all will be when the whole earth wil by the blast of the last trumpet. came down in flying torrents. At (total darkness wrapped the scene : next a broad sheet of lightning c livid colouring all its horrors; s giants of the forest, writhing, be crackling, and often breaking, branches, with uptorn vines, ton eddies in the whirlpool of the air; showing. too, the pallid countenances of the party, as, having retreated to some distance from the well with trembling and uncertain steps, they were cast to the earth, and clung with the tenacity of desperation to whatever fixed object they could grasp. They heard the rush of descending masses of the rock, and the shivered fragments thundered by, and around them.

The whirlwind rushed by as suddenly as it made its destroying visitation. It swept the black mantle from the skies, and its roaring died away on the ocean, whose sullen moaning was now only heard. The howling of the dog. and the piteous cries that had blended in the dreadful chorus, ceased. In a few minutes the bruised soldiers, who had almost miraculously escaped without serious injury, slowly arose, as if doubtful whether they could maintain their footing, and gazed wistfully and fearfully upon each other.

'Holy Maria be praised!' falteringly exclaimed Perez. 'I vow to her a shrine of gold in her chapel at San Juan, whenever all I can win will purchase one. Is it possible that we have escaped? Ay, all are here but the priestess of Satanas that beguiled us hither. But our comrades and our ships—where are they?

'They may be safe, I hope,' said the commander. The storm passed not in that direction, and its path was a narrow one. But, by heavens ! it was terrible, and what haveout he made !

They gazed now around upon the scene of desolation, over which the declining sun threw a ruddy hue, painting the face of nature with the tinge of autumn; and the chilliness of the air added to this effect. It seemed as if they had passed at once into a totally different season, by art magic. The face of the hill before them was changed. Part of its rocky crown had been detached: and in its fall had carried all before it on the face of the precipice, where it had left everlasting scars. Its shattered ruins were strown all around them; and, advancing with difficulty among and over them, no traces of the well were discoverable, or even of the shallow cavern which had projected over it. A confused heap of stone, surmounted by one huge fragment, which the long and painful toil of multitudes could scarcely have broken or removed, was all that presented itself to their eyes. But another spectacle arrested their attention, as, led by the whining of the hound, they found the Charaibe woman prostrate on the earth, and bleeding profusely from a wound on her head, where she had evidently been struck by a flying piece of the stony avalanche. Her face was turned towards the setting sun, on which her eyes were fixed. She regarded them not, but was murmuring in her own language. The Indian bent over her, and said she was conversing with the souls of her dead relations. The grisly fissure in her skull, into which the gray bairs had been forced by the blow, was too wide and deep to admit of any hope that amistance, if they had been able to render it, would have protracted her life for many moments.

The sun, 'a palpable sphere of flame,' translucently and fiercely red as the burning and whirling throne of Arimanes, lit up the sky and the ocean with crimson fire, as his dial touched the bosom of the sea. The woman's eyes brightened strangely. The interpreter explained her last murmured expressions to be, 'I see Bimini.' Her lips and eyes thes. closed, and she was dead.

The 'glorious orb,' which 'was a worship ere the mystery of his making was revealed, had disappeared. Quickly as the fading pageantry of some dream of oriental splendour,-of some such dream as that of Kublah Khan, which resolved itself into music that did not remain 'unwritten,'-the red glory which had 'come down on the land and sea' paled and departed. The stars came forth swimming and floating in their eternal beauty, in skies where they are most beautiful; and as their shafts of diamond radiance quivered in the now impurpled waves. or pierced the recesses of the ruin strown forest, they seemed inquiring with brightly pensive glances into the cause of the coming of the strangers, who silently surrounded the mangled body of poor Cuanaboa.

'Let her wish be complied with,' said the commander, 'and let our promise be fulfilled. Let us cover her remains from the beasts, and

then let us depart.'

There was no difficulty in preparing a sepulchre, extemporaneously, for it was close at hand. A hollow place, fit for the purposes of a grave, had been formed among the massive rubbish, which it was not probable that aught save another commotion of nature would remove, perhaps, for ages. It was with mingled feelings of regret and superstitious aversion. and an undefined reverence for the remains of the lonely one, which they were about leaving for ever in that lonely place,—that, having cast broken branches into the accidental sarcophagus, so as to form a platform for the repose of the corpse, and having swathed it round with its red mantle, the rough crossbowman and the Indian gently lifted it, even as it lay, and deposited it in the cavity. Over the top they drew the broadest and flattest pieces of the stone which lay around; and heaping them up into a pile, the mausoleum of the Tequina was completed. They worked in silence and sadness, with the bright stars for their funeral candelabras, while the emerald flashes from the beetle, and dancing vellow gleams from the fire-fly, added their irregular illuminations to the high, mysterious, and dishevelled old wood. The lizards and crickets with their monotonous descant, and the monkies who mingled their eldritch responsive cries, were the only choristers; and the subdued moan of the ocean was the only requiem at the sepulture of the Recluse of the Lucayan Isles.

Where nothing is left to tell which is net matter of history, or which the dullest may not imagine, it would be impertinent to dwell en the return of the voyagers to their ships, which, being on the protected shore of the island, had not been shaken from their moorings by the brief Ras de Maree, if such it might be called. They sailed on the following morning, and the commander returned to San Juan. Every one knows that the lieutenant afterwards rejoined him, having indeed found the island, but not the fountain he sought for.

And every one may know, that, some ten years afterwards, Balboa, having found the vast Pacific. had been decollated as his reward; and that the fame of Hernando Cortes was then bruited through the world. A soul more imaginative, and possibly less sordid and cruel than tenanted the bosoms of either of those adventurers, then winged its flight for the certain immortality, a misty type and perhaps unholy dream of which it had cherished on earth. the dim eyes of the aged and disappointed Ponce de Leon gazed their last on the black cross which the servant of the church held before them, while dim tapers burned gloomily around, and the solemn service for the parting soul was read, may we not hope that he too. like the poor Indian solitary and enthusiast, who had once been his guide, was enabled to think that he saw BIMINI? For among the words that came to his dying ears were these:-

'There is a river; the streams whereof make glad the city of our God; the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.'

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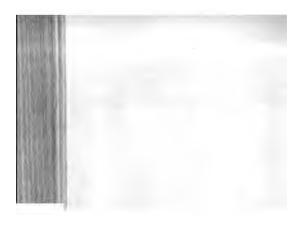
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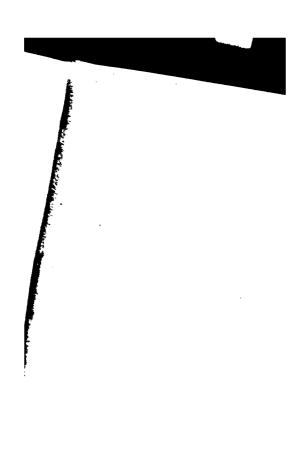
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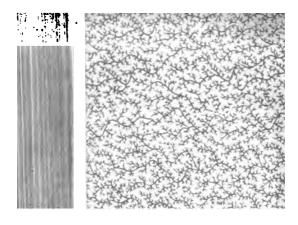
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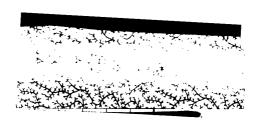
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